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THE EAGLE.

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THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE,

SUPPORTED BY

MEMBERS OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

VOL. I.

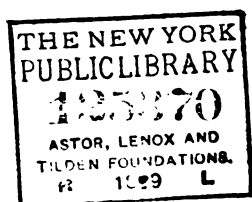
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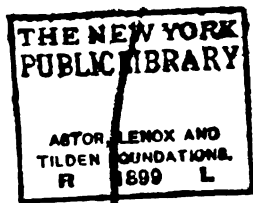
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THE EAGLE.

THE year 1858 will form a most important epoch in the History of the University of Cambridge. During this year the reforms from within, and the reforms from without, will first assume a definite form and existence, and from the deliberation with which the former are being effected, and from the free discussion to which the latter have been and will be subjected, it may reasonably be hoped that the University will attain to a still higher degree of efficiency. The first and most obvious remark that is made by men who have left Cambridge ten or twenty years, is, that the reform is wholly uncalled for: a little more knowledge, and a little more reflection, will speedily modify such an assertion.—Precisely the same remarks are applicable to this innovation also, the starting up of this Periodical in St. John's College. It is wholly uncalled for; a mere whim; certain to fall through in a term or so; are some of the most tenderly expressed opinions with respect to "The Eagle," and the most considerate for the feelings of the unfortunate innovators, which we have heard from those who on the ground of its novelty cannot heartily approve of it; whose worst wish is that it may speedily die a natural death. To others it appears to strike at the foundation of all University morality;—that Undergraduates should write, and perhaps publish; that Undergraduates should think of writing any thing, except of course translations and bookwork, is a proposition subversive of all decency, and not to be viewed without horror. To both we would reply that the fact of its existence proves that there is at least an imaginary call for it; and the cordiality with which it has been welcomed by a large body of subscribers, and the promptitude with which contributions to its pages have been forthcoming, shew that, if it is a whim, it is a whim

shared by many. With regard to the probability of its continuance, a word or two may be said. "How long "do you think it will last, Mr. Editor?" is a question that has often been asked in the tone with which a very important and searching remark is usually made:—"well, "well! exitus acta probat; we shall see in a year or two." Now there is a dangerous plausibility in this, which may be thus exposed. It is assumed that *success* in a gross and material sense is our object; this being not a pecuniary speculation, the success, it is argued, must lie in its continuance; in the next place, by a very convenient sophism, success in this matter is made the test of its being right or wrong; convenient, because it saves the trouble of forming any opinion on the subject; a sophism, because an old and good practical proverb is wholly misapplied.

The objections of one or two obstructives are practically two-fold: first, you cannot write; secondly, you ought not to write; and these merit a separate consideration.

When a man has something to say, he will soon find without much trouble a way to say it: whence it appears that the inability to write proceeds from vacuity of the brain, or want of something to write about. Now if this is literally true, if in deed and in truth no man in St. John's College has anything he wants to say, this is surely very lamentable. Verily we should clothe ourselves in sackcloth and walk softly, instead of strutting about in caps and gowns, the external signs of a thoughtful Student. If this is indeed true,—

Grace to boot!

Of this make no conclusion; lest you say
Your queen and I are devils,—

whispers Alma Mater in our ears in the words of Hermione; and we dare not disobey her: for indeed the extent to which such an assertion is true, suggests very unpleasant reflections on the nature, extent, and depth of our educational system, reflections on its expansive power or the want of it, reflections whether there is no ground for the charge of quackery against us, in our attempting to heal all mental diseases, to purify all intellectual veins, and strengthen all spiritual constitutions with one Universal Pill.

We pass on to the second point, which is of greater practical importance. "No more Senior Wranglers for "St. John's! our First Class men will become Second Class "men, our Wranglers will be Senior Optimes, Lady Margaret

"will weep over the degeneracy of her Sons." We cannot help feeling that all this is exaggerated; the frightful consequences are very imaginary: for there are numbers of men who have ample leisure even in term-time for the production of an essay; and surely none to whom the vacations do not bring the time and the peace of mind that an author longs for. On the vacations then we mainly rely; for nothing could be further removed from our wishes, than to interfere between a man and his reading, so as to prejudice his college interests. It is in the full belief that this undertaking will provide a field for the energies of those for whom the ordinary reading possesses no charms, and open a Campus Martius for our lustier athletes to disport themselves upon, when disengaged from sterner conflicts, where instead of wearying themselves by their wrestlings, they will gain the suppleness and manysidedness which will ultimately prevail; in the belief too that this is no metaphor, but sound matter-of-fact, that we have set on foot a Magazine, and dared to give it the name of the mighty bird, the attendant on the Saint whose name we bear. If a man is disposed to waste his time, innumerable facilities for his so doing have been already thoughtfully provided; and undoubtedly we furnish one more facility; if any one wishes to avail himself of it, let him half finish a carelessly written essay on some ill digested subject with which he has no concern; but we utterly repudiate the notion that the writing of papers, notes, and poetry, is synonymous with wasting of time, if they give proofs of reflection and judgment. Assume the position that we are to give ourselves wholly and solely, body and soul, I had almost said, to the attainment of University honours, yet we can make our ground secure; adopt any other view of our life and position here, so it be a consistent and reasonable view, and we shall not fear to stand its test: but if exercise in careful writing on well considered subjects, which is perhaps the highest and healthiest exercise, difficult to beginners, yet which must be begun, and is the best test of talent and education, is of no value, we have no ground left to stand upon.

Here then we may cease this apologetic strain, and add one or two words in explanation of what we hope and intend, with the good will of our contributors, to accomplish.

We should like to see "the Society of the Eagle" established on the same footing as the Boat Clubs or Cricket

Clubs; its secretary weary with writing the names of contributors and subscribers. We wish to see the best men of every year consider their College honours incomplete, unless they can point to their initials in our pages; and at the same time to learn something of the unaccredited heroes who stand below them in the list. Many such there are, who pass on in silence and unrecognized, till their place here knoweth them no more; because, forsooth, they cannot swallow the Pill. We would fain elicit a respect for them while they are among us. We would see articles, grave and gay, come in from all the classes that compose our great society, resident here and elsewhere; recognize years hence the favourite social theories of a friend at the bar; the capital stories of old So and So of the Indian Service; the acute criticisms on poetry and art, which could come from none but our old friend, at his curacy in Yorkshire. We would see philosophy and criticism, art and science, poetry and prose, filling our pages, it being ever remembered by the younger portion of us, that, while their productions must have independent merit, they are not here as young cosmopolites, and that they must seek to interest the reader by being first interested themselves. We would also remind them of two things; first, that the object of reading poetry is not to write it; and secondly, that the object of writing poetry is not necessarily to publish it. On these accounts, as well as because poetry is much easier than prose to write, and of less value when written, in the case of most young authors, our censorship of it will be somewhat severe. Finally, we hope for some indulgence at first; our pens are new, and do not run fluently: we must be content with short flights till the Eagle's wings are strong. Only let us all pull together in this concern, with a strong pull and a steady swing, that the Eagle may be a rallying point and a watchword among us; something to fasten College spirit upon when here; something by which we can carry it down with us when we go away; the spirit of old Brookes; the spirit which cracks up its own as the best College in the best University in the best country in the world.



HOW FAR A POET MAY COPY FROM A PICTURE WITHOUT PLAGIARISM.

PLAGIARISM is the appropriation by one mind of ideas or language which are the peculiar property of another: the term 'language' being taken to include any mode of expression. Ideas may be appropriated without the language, and language without the ideas.

Plagiarism naturally and fairly divides into two classes, quite distinct,—Conscious and Unconscious. The first is at once immoral, and cuts deep into the root of all individuality: it establishes an intellectual communism which is not to be borne. But the second is by no means immoral: not even blame-worthy beyond a certain point. We blame an unconscious plagiarist in proportion to his want of care and watchfulness over his own mind, over his ideas and modes of expression: but on no other grounds. And if we go no further, we deal fairly with him; for he will not generally have much difficulty in discovering whether an idea be his own or acquired; whether a framed sentence be really framed by him, or out of the storehouse of his memory. If he has difficulty, likely enough the sentence or idea is only common place; in frequent use, and no one's in particular; of some common cinder-heap from which any one may mend his path.

Our inevitably passing over anything unwittingly plagiarized, when proper care has been taken to avoid the fault, seems a sufficient penalty: for almost all the injury an author inflicts is on himself. At the same time, it must be borne in mind that it does not follow that a thought is not original as far as one mind is concerned, because some other mind may also have entertained the same: and an author must be allowed an approximation to his full credit for an idea, in proportion as he may be supposed not to have been in any way influenced by its pre-existence.

It is however with conscious plagiarism that we have rather to do at this time.

Having once or twice met with instances of a poet describing from a painting, as for instance, Keats in "Endymion," from the "Bacchus and Ariadne," it has seemed to me an interesting point to investigate how far a poet may appropriate from a painting or a picture without plagiarism.

It does at first sight appear that an objection to the use of such investigation presents itself at the outset; which is this:—that the poetic faculty is essentially creative and imaginative; and that a poet of true genius—a *maker* the objector says emphatically, neither needs nor condescends to avail himself of the help of another. This idea is sublime enough, but not particularly precise; in fact will on near investigation be found to be incorrect. Because a painter uses colours, his picture is not the less regarded as his picture, nor considered less original, because dependent entirely on his availing himself of elements which he does not and cannot create. The sculptor's art is not to make the marble, but the statue; and his skill that regulates it into form and beauty is not the less *his* skill because the marble is appropriated. And so, the poet. If he represent a willow as weeping, the idea may be his own, but the willow is not: he has seen it, or been told of it; in short, has appropriated it. If he track a brook among its cresses for you, belike he has seen a brook, or heard of it, or seen a picture of it; it does not matter: he has appropriated the brook; as also the cresses. He combines in the kaleidoscope of his genius hill and dale, fountain and brook, piping winds and sea and fairies; and then you see strange pictures, and beauty-groups; and the fairies dance to the piping winds, "by rushy brook" and "pavèd fountain."

In his most ethereal flights the poet must borrow from common facts about him; even to a fault, and to untruth. Thinking dim-seen and clouded glory better than no glory, he teaches you through perishable media, as far as may be. One of the highest, in his consciousness of this unavoidable imperfection, almost felt an apology to be necessary; or at least that a plausibility should be suggested, to balance somewhat the absurdity of his descriptions:—

What if earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on earth is thought.

He can only convey to us ideas of things in Heaven by clothing them in earthly garb; he knows how this must seem discordant; so he strikes the note of plausibility to reduce the whole to harmony.

Thus we grant that the poetic faculty is essentially creative and imaginative, and yet find that the poet not only condescends, but is necessitated, to avail himself of helps.

There is one branch of the poetic art, most closely connected with appropriation, which does not touch the immediate point before us: I mean Description. It will be allowed at once by every one that a description of a piece of painting or sculpture is not a plagiarism. Yet the poet consciously and deliberately copies in detail the whole of the piece: in fact is actually considered to be performing a meritorious work in so doing. How is this, and wherein does the merit consist?

The merit of such a work consists purely in the power shewn in the describing; in the clearness of vision and distinctness of expression manifested; but in the ideas, so far as appropriated, not at all. Many ideas, colligative or explanatory, are usually interwoven; many mental conclusions or suggestions of the poet are submitted. These will have their own peculiar merit from their own peculiar virtues, (for creative power, for instance) as is right they should: but such merit must not be confounded with that due to imitative power. And hence, from an inaccurate manner of speaking, and neglect of the above distinction, we generally give more praise and attribute more merit to a description than strictly belong to it as such.

To take a familiar passage in illustration:—

The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulph around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald.—

Our impression upon reading this is 'what a splendid piece of description!' we regard it as such, and we praise it as such. Yet the maximum amount of nature described in it, as actually appearing, might have been put in six lines; and in itself would not have claimed much praise. That Velino pours from a great height, over a precipice, rapidly, with a noise which shakes the abyss, with foam which washes the surrounding rocks, and spray which rises very high, and slowly falls again, is a full statement of the phenomena nature presented to the poet. The rest is apt symbol and metaphor and comparison working upon our passions and imagination; pleasing us from a multitude of causes; from fear, terror, flattery of our knowledge; from affording pleasurable exercise of our powers by the mind's straining to follow in the poet's steps and conceive his conceptions. The speed of the falling water has to be quickened to that of light; the noise heightened to howling and hissing; the spray to be lifted to the skies; and then poured down with all the gentleness that is in our nature; its influence on the ground has to be made an April; that April to be made eternal; and the ground itself to be clothed with grass of a green beautiful as the emerald.

The above instance of description from nature answers our present purpose as well as any other from sculpture or painting. Thus far have we proceeded: we have shewn that much of a description so called is not description at all; that much of the merit attributed to it does not belong to it at all as description; and that in so far as it is mere imitation, without any exhibition of power in the execution, it is perfectly innocent of any merit whatever.

We now come to appropriation, strictly so called. Of this there seem to be two kinds; appropriation of fact, and appropriation of idea.

A fact, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, is an event, a truth, a reality, perceived directly by or evolved from experience; established upon indisputable evidence; evidence allowed on all hands to carry conviction. But this is not what we mean by a fact in Art.

An artistic 'fact' is anything which has, may, or might have become matter of knowledge with any one independent of another's help; which is revealed, not by the volition of some individual mind, but from the circumstances of its own reality; which has something of truth and meaning, independent of any interpretation which may be put upon it; which would be, though any one particular mind

were not; which has its root in actual nature, not in the internal mind, or Art. An 'idea' is opposite to this. It is a peculiar distribution, combination, or harmonizing of facts; or a deduction from them; does not appear, but is the result of mental volition; has its root in the mind, or in Art; is, in short, some particular mind's interpretation of certain facts which that mind chooses to present to us.

Thus a beautiful or terrible combination of waterfalls is an idea; each waterfall, considered apart, a fact: supposing no subordinate idea to be put forth in some one waterfall. The chaste effect of some particular harmonizing of flowers is an idea; while each individual flower, or even a harmony of flowers, is a fact. Thus again, suppose a poet, who wishes to describe a winding brook, and has not much knowledge of how a brook does wind; to take up sketches of such a brook. He only appropriates facts, so long as he describes pictured windings which are copied from, or in accordance with, windings to be found in nature. But if he imitate any peculiar winding, or combination of windings, not to be so found, suggested by the painter as windings which would be very beautiful or otherwise; then he appropriates ideas. So, a man, the passion of grief, the passion of grief expressed in a man, are facts; but the passion of grief expressed in a particular way in a particular man, if the whole conception be not of ordinary experience, is an 'idea,' the property of the portrayer. The facts, however, remain facts, though now perhaps for the first time ascertained by any one from such portrayal.

There is a piece of mountain scenery by Auguste Bonheur which peculiarly illustrates the distinction we wish to make out. I describe from memory merely. A shepherd or some such, is driving cattle down the mountains, and is at the moment at a considerable elevation. The picture may be said to be a combination of numerous facts, with one 'idea.' The facts are, mountains, the nearer deep umber, the more remote of a subdued slate colour; large, grey, rude stones in the foreground; shaggy, wild cattle, with broad red patches; heather; dirty clouds; a shepherd, his blowing cloak; and many others of like nature. The 'idea' is bleakness. Each of these facts is, or may be, experienced; is independent; could not be altered from what it is by being combined otherwise. But the idea is the artist's only. In this his consummate art is exercised: while to have painted each item separately would have called forth but little. You have bleakness

everywhere: in the effect of each separate mountain; in the combination of all; in the ruggedness of the heather; the slaty grey; the dirty clouds; in the wildness of the cattle, and black, gloomy sky; in the very attitude of the animals, that of being precipitated down the mountain; and chief of all, in the blowing cloak, which, and which alone reveals the wild being and working of the wind.

It is evident that a poet might appropriate both the facts of a painter and the ideas. He might paint a grey stone, slaty hill, or heather; shepherd, blown cloak, or red heifer. Or he might combine these into bleakness. In what way now might he be guilty of plagiarism? In what does plagiarism consist?

After the distinctions we have endeavoured to establish, the evident conclusion need scarcely be stated. The truth lies uncovered. It is manifest that a poet may appropriate a painter's facts, but not his ideas.

As far as nature is concerned, though in strict truth all are plagiarists from her, it is customary to regard any notions of her relations, or perceptions of her meanings, in the light of discoveries. Still, when anything, originally hers, comes under the artistic definition of a fact, and so is something which nature speaks plainly to all, it is pretty much the same, whether the poet copy it from the painter or from nature herself; whether he take a suggestion from nature's lips, or whether he gather from one who heard her speak.

Thus Milton sings,—

Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees.

This his eye caught from his own dwelling. But if he had seen it in a painter's sketch merely, even though such had not actually existed in the painter's range of actual experience, much less in the poet's own, would any one wish to detract from the merit of Milton's description; or say "this is a piece of plagiarism"? This idea would be a 'fact' in Art.

Again, suppose a poet to contemplate the "Huguenot" of Millais. It suggests to him a certain collision of duty and love. This bringing of duty and love into such collision is the main 'fact' of the painting. Now the poet may portray to us duty and love in collision without plagiarism; though he never entertained the idea before he saw the picture. Pretty nearly in the same way as he might have done so, if he had seen an actual parting like to this on the night

before the massacre. No one would be disposed to detract from the merit of his work, because the fact was suggested to him, not by nature, but through Art. For distinctness sake we may observe that the artistic idea of Millais' picture is not the collision of duty and love, so much as the particular intensifying of such which would be in the case presented. The deep faith of the Huguenot, the anticipated massacre, the parting, perhaps for ever, the great danger of the meeting now, the evident secrecy, and many other heightening circumstances, are all at work to make the picture what it is. And in this intensifying, as induced by such and such facts, drawn together in apt manner, lies all the originality the painter can claim.

A fact, then, is any one's, and so the poet may acquire a knowledge of it, and make use of it, and yet commit no robbery. But an idea is the painter-artist's own; shewn to the world to profit by; and the poet-artist must respect it. He may learn from it; delight in it; yea, publish it to others, as in duty bound, to the utmost of his power: only not appropriate it.

The poet cannot in strict truth say that another's idea is his own, provided he received it from that other, and did not also himself originate it for himself. This is patent to all. And truth is so sacred a thing, that unless he reverence it, what can all other worship be to him? For we give him credit for an earnest purpose; not a careless seeking for fame: we credit him with seeking to be, not merely to be thought to be; with longing to worship poesy with fit offering; to teach what he knows, has learnt, and by guided search discovered; that others may know also. But he will not honor poesy more by dishonoring truth: if he know not this, let him hasten to know it. Let him not think either that such a course is justified as tending to further knowledge. The very familiar law in common things shall chide him, 'not to do evil that good may come.' Or let him take counsel of a brother poet, who shall tell him from his high experience otherwise: that he must not expect true knowledge, knowledge which is good, to flow from him, if he teach or reveal it by falsehood, which is not good; that—

Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
That doat upon each other,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.

And on the other hand, loving truth well, let him not forget the importance of knowledge; nor be too scrupulous to appropriate facts provided for him. Any poet's experience of facts is so limited, that he must go upon the experience of others. He must be ever learning and gathering and storing up. He will discover no great truth without much hoarded truth to aid him. This may be gathered to no mean amount from the painter-artist's work. And in a hundred ways.

If he would describe some lonely river, rich and looming lusciously with hoary legend and tales of eld; yet cannot make it vivid as it should be from ignorance in him of fact; let him not describe a vague imperfect vision, expressing nothing; or from hatred of all vagueness, give up his work entirely, dreading lest he speak untruth: but let him take some pictured ruin from the "winding Rhine," and look at it till tales rise out of it: till ghostly gliding images move about in its deserted chambers, rustle its tapestry, peep at him through its ivy; thoughts and images suited to such place coming from its contemplation. And let him rear up out of it some castle of his own; crumble this turret; build up that; make new archways, and bolder oriels: though he could never have built up or made such, had he not seen oriels and archways, even as shewn in that same picture. This is no appropriation he need trouble himself to acknowledge.

Let him not suffer the snow-mountain to have too faint a glow in his sun-setting, because he never saw it where it glows; and can only measure it by those of his own land. But let him study well any available snow-mountain, which a brother artist painted as he saw it, in its crimson glory. And so in a thousand other things, of which these are imperfect instances.

Let him not shrink to be called plagiarist for this. If he only know his motive to be good, and serve truth with all his heart, then he may fairly venture to feel unsullied gladness for each new teaching or revelation he shall reveal or teach; for each new beauty he shall elicit for his fellows; be it an unseen sun-setting, or an unknown legendary river: though only rendered possible for him by such helps as we have noticed.

"O. B."



PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hold thou the good : define it well :
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procureess to the Lords of Hell.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE problems which, in some form or another, have occupied the attention of every Ethical Philosopher, and the attempted solutions to which underlie every system of Ethics are the following :

Why ought a man to do his duty? and what is that duty? or in other words, what is the full meaning and extent of the term 'obligation'?

The answer to these questions have been as might perhaps be anticipated both many and diverse; they have varied with the circumstances of the country and period, and with the nature of the mind of each thinker; and yet there may be clearly traced by the Ethical Student, amid this at first sight lawless confusion of systems, two distinct lines of thought; often indeed approaching one another and sometimes intersecting, but nevertheless always perceptibly distinct and originating respectively from the two great philosophers of the ancient world, Plato and Aristotle.

The Schools which have resulted have been called the Schools of Independent and Dependent Morality, though perhaps the *a priori* and *a posteriori* Schools would be a more accurate nomenclature;—their characteristic features may be broadly stated as follows: An inquirer of the former School endeavours to deduce the springs of action, and the principles that should actuate us, from the causes of those actions existing in ourselves and from our relations, *i.e.* from the nature of man and the conditions of his existence; while a follower of the latter would deduce them from the results of those actions and the exciting causes external to a man's self.

I propose to examine in the present paper the particular form which the *a posteriori*, or as it has also been termed, the Selfish System of Morality, assumes in the hands of Dr. Paley. I have chosen his work on Moral Philosophy in preference to any other based upon the same principles, not because it contains the most consistent, most thorough, or most philosophical investigation of them—it may or may not possess these characteristics—but because, being a College Text Book, and in fact the only work on Moral Philosophy put into our hands, it comes before us with greater claims on our attention, and to some extent challenges from every one examined in it an inquiry into the principles upon which it is based, and the results to which it leads.

The first step in the examination of any work must be to determine what was the author's own idea of its design and scope, what was the object which he intended it to fulfill.

This, omitting minor considerations, we find from the preface to have been in the present case of a two-fold nature. First to write a work which should answer more accurately than previous ones "the design of a system of Ethics, viz. "the direction of private consciences in the general conduct "of human life;" and secondly, to remedy a defect observable in many former writers, who "divide too much the Law of "Nature from the precepts of Revelation," to remedy this "by combining with the conclusion of reason upon each "article of human duty, the declarations of Scripture, when "they are to be had, as of coordinate authority, and as both "terminating in the same sanctions." In other words, he proposed to establish a system of Christian Ethics.

I will briefly consider each of these statements. "The "design of a system of Ethics is to direct private consciences "in the general conduct of human life." The meaning of this, as Paley nowhere explains the sense in which he uses the term conscience, and expressly declares his system to be independent of it, is not at first very evident. It certainly does not mean what, from the context, he appears to have intended by it, "the direction of private judgment, "&c.," or "education of private consciences, &c.;" in other words, that the design of a system of Ethics is wholly practical. Further, though Paley was justified in making this or anything else the object of his work, it cannot be accepted as a true definition of what ought to be the aim of a writer on Ethics. The Science of Ethics, like every other Science, must deal with principles; its object, as

every other Moralist has seen, is to investigate the principles according to which those act who act rightly. It will of course have its practical side, since a knowledge of the principles, according to which we ought to act, can scarcely fail to assist us in so acting, but this cannot be admitted as a full statement of its object.

We will now pass on to the next point, the relation of Ethics to Christianity, and the advantages possessed by a Christian over a Heathen Moralist. Since it was no part of the scheme of Christianity to unfold the moral nature of man, while it does contain declarations of the acts that ought to flow from it, it would seem as though the relation were no more than that Paley has stated. This however the following considerations will show not to be the case. A heathen Philosopher, when investigating the subject before us, had to rely almost entirely upon the powers of his intellect, with such support as he could derive from reflection upon himself and his experience of men; he had no test or standard by which he could measure the accuracy of his conclusions. He was moreover beset by the continually recurring questions:—Are the men around me, am I myself, fulfilling the object, living the lives for which we were created? Are we receding from or approaching nearer to a higher state, a more perfect Humanity?

Not so with a Philosopher of modern times. He knows that that standard of a perfect life, and realization of all the yearnings for a perfect manhood, revealed to us in the New Testament, which Aristotle's Ethics shew the want of, and which Plato loved to imagine, will afford him an unfailing test to which he can submit the conclusions of his reason; and by this test Paley's System also must stand or fall. It is Christ's Life, as well as his precepts, to which we can appeal as at once an example and a guide. He knows too that there is a perfection we are to strive to attain to, from which we have fallen.

So much for the preface, now for the work itself. Its plan may be stated as follows: that portion of the work which treats of Moral Philosophy, and with which alone I am now concerned, is divided into five books.

In the first, the Author defines and explains the meaning of the term Ethics (chapters i. ii. iii. and iv.); states and refutes the principle which he does not intend to follow (ch. v.); examines in a practical manner into the nature of Happiness (ch. vi.); and defines Virtue (ch. vii.); concluding the book with

an appendix on the theory of Habits, on the objection to Christianity from its not determining how much Virtue is necessary to Salvation, and on our conduct when one alternative is doubtful, the other safe.

In the 2nd Book he examines the nature of Moral Obligation—in fact, answers the question why we ought to follow one line of conduct rather than another? In the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Books, he examines what it is we ought to do—what are our Duties,—under the several heads of Duties to others, Duties to ourselves, and Duties to God.

It will be evident, even from this rapid analysis of it, independently of his own statement in the Preface, that the purpose of the work was mainly practical, to examine the relation of Ethics to our daily life, rather than to discuss the principles upon which it rests; to dwell upon the duties themselves, rather than upon what constitutes them such. Still, as it would be impossible to enumerate all our duties, while by stating the law according to which we are to judge what are duties, and adding examples of its application, we may be assisted in fulfilling them; it must be after all upon the truth of its principles that the utility of such a work can alone depend. I shall accordingly, in my remarks upon it, confine myself entirely to the first two Books, and, as the most systematic and therefore most satisfactory method, follow in our Author's own steps, and merely comment where comment seems called for.

He defines Moral Philosophy to be "that Science which teaches men their duty and the reasons of it." This is, however, as I have shown in my remarks upon the Preface, rather a definition of his own work than of Moral Philosophy. It is also too general. For Ethics, or its synonym Natural Law, treats not of the whole range of human duty, but only of that portion of it which results from our nature as men, prior to all formal revelation: in fact of what are called Moral Duties; the reasons for which, or that which renders them obligatory, must depend upon the constitution or circumstances of Man's Nature—that once determined, the duties follow of necessity. Hence Moral Philosophy might be more accurately defined to be the Science which investigates the Moral Nature of man and deduces from it the duties binding upon him.

The next three chapters serve only to draw out more clearly the use of the Science, and may be passed over without a remark.

This then brings us to the 5th Chapter, "On the Moral Sense." It opens with the following statement of the subject of dispute:—

Those who maintain the existence of a Moral Sense, or that "the perception of right and wrong is intuitive," affirm that an unexperienced, uneducated savage would decide in favour of gratitude and filial affection with the same certainty and truth that we do. Those who deny its existence affirm that he would not.

But this surely is an unfair way of stating it. Some may have held the remarkable opinion, ascribed to the believers in a moral sense, but certainly the majority have not. Butler, for instance, upon whom Paley is said to have lectured at Christ's College, and whose opinions he ought at least to have known, says, distinctly, that "if Conscience had strength, as it has Right, it would govern the world"—evidently implying that the influence of Conscience upon us is not so perfect as it ought to be, or as it might be. It might in fact be asserted with equal truth, that, because men have the faculty of reading and writing, therefore Paley's savage would at once be able to read and write; indeed one cannot but wonder that the absurdity of supposing the experiment tried, did not suggest to him that it was equally absurd to suppose any thoughtful man would appeal to it, or admit the truth of such a statement.

If the conscience is a faculty, analogy would suggest the probability of its requiring, like all our other faculties, development, training, instruction, and not of its being as perfect in the baby or in the untrained wild-boy of the woods (who could not even walk until he was taught) as in the educated citizen.

Let us however hear the principle which Paley would substitute for that of a moral sense, and which will, he says, explain the general approbation of virtue, and of course therefore virtuous actions, without the assistance of any such principle:—

"Having experienced, in some instance, a particular conduct to be beneficial to ourselves, or observed that it would be so, a sentiment of approbation rises up in our minds; which sentiment afterwards accompanies the idea or mention of the same conduct, although the private advantage which first excited it no longer exist.

"By these means the custom of approving certain actions commenced: and when once such a custom hath got footing in the world, it is no difficult thing to explain how it

"is transmitted and continued;" viz. from the influence of authority, by imitation, from habit or the influence of association.

As this theory, in itself by no means simple or self-evident, professes to be based on facts, I beg to propose to any supporter of it the following historical questions, to which I have a right to demand an answer before admitting the truth of the statement. You say that "by certain" means the custom of approving virtuous actions commenced, "and after a time got a footing in the world." I would ask, when did this custom commence, and where? Is it recorded what nation or man first commenced it, or what time elapsed before it gained a footing in the world? These difficulties, it may be remarked, cannot be solved by saying that the custom has been developed by civilization. For however far back we trace the course of history, we always find the same general principles of conduct, as gratitude, filial affection, truthfulness, honesty, &c., held up to admiration, although the particular application of them may have been in many cases, and perhaps still is, defective and erroneous. It is not the principles, but the application of them to our practice, which the advance of civilization tends to widen and improve.

But not only are the facts, upon which the theory is professedly based, unknown to us, but those that we do know contradict it. If men approve virtuous actions from authority, habit, imitation, or the influence of association, this approbation ought to increase as they grow older and these several influences become stronger and more matured; whereas experience proves the opposite to be the case, that the hearty love of all that is heroic, truthful, and self-denying, is far stronger in childhood and youthful manhood than it is after longer knowledge of the world has led men to weigh actions to some extent by their tendency rather than by their morality; in other words, that children and young men judge more correctly than those whom on this point they are supposed to imitate.

And after all the hypothesis does not explain the general approbation of virtuous actions, or the performance of those actions. What possible amount of authority, imitation, habit or association will explain the universal admiration of (to take a familiar instance) the leap of the Roman Curtius? How too can it be reconciled with the following proposition?—"That many professing to be original witnesses of the Christian miracles passed their lives in labours, dangers,

“and sufferings, voluntarily undergone in attestation of the
“accounts which they received, and *solely in consequence*
“*of their belief of those accounts:* and that they also sub-
“mitted from the *same motives to new rules of conduct.*”

So much for the proposed theory. The objections to the original one it will be scarcely worth while to consider, as they are objections to his own exaggerated statement of it. But when he adds somewhat later in the Chapter, that “it is not a safe way of arguing, to assume certain principles as so many dictates, impulses, and instincts of nature, and then to draw conclusions from these principles as to the rectitude or wrongness of actions, independent of the tendency of such actions, or of any other consideration whatever,”—a thesis which I imagine none will dispute—he appears to me wholly to misstate the relation which a belief in the intuitive perception of Right and Wrong stands in to a System of Morality. The relation of Conscience to the Science of Ethics is that of a guide to its fundamental principles, rather than of a proof of them. One who believes in a Conscience cannot fail also to believe in the existence, absolute and eternal, of a distinction between Right and Wrong, cannot fail to believe that there is somewhere a standard of reference for our actions to which, as the needle to the Pole, that *Law written in our hearts*, will, however dimmed and debased by neglect or sin, unfalteringly direct our wandering Wills, a standard which varies neither with time nor place, which stands apart from and is independent of the results of our actions and all attendant circumstances whatever. It was, I suspect, a disbelief in this which led Paley to doubt altogether the existence of a moral sense. Finally it may be added, that the result of the Chapter does in itself constitute a *reductio ad absurdum*; viz. “that the question becomes in our system a question of pure curiosity,” in other words, that the question whether God has implanted in us the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong is, in Paley’s system, a question of pure curiosity; then most probably the system and not the question will in time “be dismissed to the consideration of those who are more inquisitive than we are concerned to be,” and will not be admitted as a safe or practical guide through the intricate paths of Ethical inquiry.

Chapter vi. Human Happiness. This chapter is mainly a practical one, being occupied with a discussion of what happiness does and does not consist in, and might be passed over

with a remark upon its general tendency, were it not for the following passage: "In inquiring what human happiness consists in, I will omit much usual declamation on the dignity and capacity of our nature; the superiority of the soul to the body, of the rational to the animal part of our constitution; upon the worthiness, refinement, and delicacy of some satisfactions, or the uneasiness, grossness, and sensuality of others; because I hold that pleasures differ in nothing but in continuance or intensity: from a just computation of which, confirmed by what we observe of the apparent cheerfulness, tranquillity, and contentment of men of different tastes, tempers, stations and pursuits, every question concerning human happiness must receive its decision." When reading the previous Chapter, I could not help suspecting, that Dr. Paley had not a very exalted idea of human nature, that, as he held our best actions and feelings to result from self-interest, imitation, habit, &c., qualities shared with us by every animal, he probably did not place us very much above them in the scale of creation; and that suspicion the remark just quoted certainly does not tend to diminish. I had always supposed, and I think the New Testament would confirm it, that man was superior to animals, because he possessed a mind, a rational principle within him, which can and ought to keep in subjection the animal propensities of his body, and therefore that the pleasures of the mind were more suitable to his nature than those of the body, were in every way superior to them; but this I find is mere declamation, because pleasures differ in nothing but in continuance or intensity; and consequently, that the pleasure of eating a good dinner may be on a par with, in some cases even superior to, that of reading a good book, seeing a fine picture, hearing of a noble deed; that the pleasure of giving is not of a higher kind than that of receiving, or that of being merciful than of gratifying revenge, unless indeed it be characterized by greater length or intensity, which is by no means necessarily the case. That I have not exaggerated or interpreted too literally the meaning of the passage is evident from its application in the remainder of the Chapter; the prevailing idea of which is that no reality can be asserted of, no practical importance attached to, any pleasure or pain, which arises from the rational and spiritual elements of our nature. From this point of view, the Chapter is an admirable one, from any other, miserably defective. I should perhaps scarcely be accused

even by our Christian Moralist of excessive credulity, if I were to say, that I had read and believed accounts of men, who were happy in this world, as far as men can be, and yet whose happiness did not depend upon the exercise of either their social affections or their faculties, upon the possession of health or the constitution of their habits, but which did depend upon, what has not as yet been even hinted at, the fact that they were doing their duty or conscious that they were striving to do it:—again, what man is there among us who cannot speak, from actual knowledge, of women whose whole lives have been one long self-sacrifice,—and this may be with failing health, and without those social relations, which Paley, from his quite needlessly expressed blame or pity for celibates, seems to consider a necessary constituent of happiness?—And yet these women have been happy in the highest and best sense of the word. It would however be folly to tarry longer on a theory, concerning which, the only difficulty is how any man could have ventured to propose it, and I will pass on to the Chapter on Virtue, which would in most systems of Morality strike the keynote of the whole, and form one of the most important Chapters in the work, but in the one before us might be omitted altogether without in the least affecting its unity or actual completeness. Virtue is defined to be “the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the Will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness.” This is evidently the definition of an action or mode of action rather than of a quality of such actions; and as such is significant of Paley’s unfitness for abstract investigation. It is also inconsistent with the division of Virtue into Duties, subsequently adopted by him, for it contains no reference to “duties to ourselves” or “duties to God;” and further, since it must be conscious obedience, that the definition may have any meaning, “the rule,” viz. “the Will of God,” assumes that Virtue was unknown among heathen nations;—in fact as a definition it is radically faulty; but it involves a still graver error, in the motive assigned to Virtue, the examination of which will however take place more suitably when discussing the 2nd Book, to which I hope to proceed in the next number.

[*To be continued.*]

ARION.

1.

I saw, as tho' it were a dream,
Arion on his dolphin steed,
That, bright with ever-changing gleam,
He led with reins of melody :
His robes of song in wavy flow
Roll'd round him, white as mountain snow,
And, as their journey they did speed,
Behind the dolphin's glancing tail
There fell a silver-foaming trail
Far back upon the sun-lit sea.

2.

The charmèd Ocean lay asleep,
Smooth were the waves as upland lea,
And sea-nymphs oft would shyly peep
In crimson sea-weed coronets
Above the surface of the sea,
And in their pearly-cabinets
All creatures of the depths that be
Were charm'd by that rare melody.

3.

And lo! the white cliffs, topp'd with green
Stood out against the distant sky,
And sporting in the sunny sheen
Along the deep-blue space between
He saw the snowy sea-gulls fly—
Then like a cataract, I ween,
His music burst triumphantly.

4.

Then to a little stilly cove,
Blue sea beneath, blue sky above,
Where rocky horns of chalky white
Pierced thro' the herbage soft and bright,
With lyre in hand he leapt to land ;
The dolphin sought again the deep,
The gleaming, rainbow-tinted sea,
And he, he vanish'd round the steep,
But still, a pictured scene, I see
That sunny deep, and hear him sweep
His chords of matchless harmony.



SKETCHES OF ALCESTER BY AN OLD ALCESTRIAN.

REMINISCENCES of school-boy life may appear to many a trivial subject, and yet there are few who do not look back with pleasure to such by-gone days, enjoy discussing them with an old schoolfellow, or comparing with their own the experiences of another school. In such conversation the first freshness of life seems to return with its own peculiar charm, and memories of the past lighten the graver realities of the present. With this idea were these pages written; and be it distinctly understood that the writer is describing no particular and individual school, but endeavouring to blend recollections of many, in part perhaps from personal observation, but equally so from the traditions of other places. The sketches are mere outlines; and he leaves the finishing touches to be added, not by the critic's pencil, but by the warmer imagination of a friendly Reader.

I.

“Alcester! pleasant Alcester! many is the happy hour
“and many the fair prospect you have given me. Will
“these hours ever be renewed, or these hopes fulfilled
“when I leave your venerable walls where my last four
“years have stolen away? Hei mihi! seven months gone
“and my place will know me no more!”

So mused Ernest Raleigh as he lay on the slope of a hill which, like Colonus at bright old Athens, was ever sunny and ever sweet. It was a soft piece of turf terminating in a level plot, and an open space of ground, which stretched to the bank of the river Ald, and formed a sort of “Campus Martius” for the young athletes of Alcester. An old sycamore was waving over his head, and the October number of the Newcomes had fallen from his hand as he indulged in one of the dreamy reveries to which he was

somewhat addicted. Behind rose the grey school-buildings with their tower and pinnacles in clear relief against a cloudless sky: below, lively groups of boys were "disporting" themselves to their several hearts' content: there was the sharp crack of balls from the racket-court, and the ring of falling quoits; while far away on the river might be seen a lazy sculler or two dropping down with the current, or an eight shooting through the water to a long steady stroke, the oars gleaming for a moment on the feather, and the bodies going forward and back in a regular swing. In fact it was one of those days in early Autumn when one hardly believes Summer has departed, when it seems profanation to stay indoors, and the height of recklessness to lose a moment of the weather.

Raleigh had just resumed the interesting perusal of Clive Newcome's misfortunes, when up strolled Frederick Waters in an airy costume, devoid of coat and waistcoat, a racket in one hand, and a blue cap in the other, while his countenance looked a sort of human thermometer at 90° in the shade. "Hullo! Raleigh," he shouted, "beat 'em gloriously, first game to ten, and second to seven, and 'an't I hot just?" as he threw himself on the grass—"on the damp grass!" says maternal anxiety horrified beyond expression, 'why what a cold he must have caught!' but no! my dear madam, school-boys have powers of defying chills and laughing at digestions, little less than miraculous).

"Infatuated creature," replied his friend, "I'm sorry for you."

"Sorry, you great useless leviathan! what's the good of your thews and sinews if you lie here dosing, and dreaming, and dawdling over a novel the whole of this blessed afternoon?"

"To my mind," quoth Raleigh, "it is rather more agreeable to take mine ease with Thackeray for a companion and enjoy his happy touches of satire, than to go skipping about down below there, knocking balls to pieces with an implement just like the battledore my babyhood used to delight in; and what good you do yourself I don't see, unless it's an advantage to get desperately hot and precious stiff in the muscles."

"Ignorant fellow! never read Lord Bacon's remark on Tennis? it does not give you activity of limb, I suppose, nor yet 'a quick eye and a steady observation.'"

"I don't exactly perceive how these are to promote you classical perfections, but perhaps—"

"Oh! bother my classical perfections," said the irreverent Waters, "you talk like a confounded dictionary. I'm not going to a musty College, thank heaven; Emigration's the thing for me. Hurrah for New Zealand and the Bush!"

"There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind"—

"Oh! if you're going to do Locksley Hall, I'm off to calling-over, and perhaps your majesty had better do the same."

"Well I think I can gracefully condescend so far, especially as it wants about two seconds to the hour."

He was right, for next moment there was a 'kling-klang' four times repeated from the school clock, and followed by a series of tones each three notes lower, to intimate that another hour was gathered to its forefathers. The bell rang first sharply, then violently, then came to a spasmodic ending: our interlocutors rose and shook off the grass and the damp, our *κωφὰ πρόσωπα* from the play-grounds struggled into their various attires, and all rushed up to answer their names in the great Quadrangle.

Reader, if you are not already fatigued beyond all endurance, let us follow behind, and take a brief sketch of the two young men into whose characters we have already obtained some insight from the above conversation. Raleigh, you see, is tall, with a good though slight figure, somewhat spoiled by a general air of lassitude in his walk and carriage; he has fair hair, and eyes of a bluish grey, a face which would have been handsome, but for a certain weary expression, which detracted from its première fraîcheur, while perhaps it added to its interest: a pleasant voice, a good smile, and that unruffled temper which generally accompanies a lazy disposition, made him friends wherever he went. As to intellectual acquirements his proficiency was great in languages, ancient and modern; he had a fair idea of science, and general notions of politics and other topics of the day.

Now let us look at Waters: there you have him; a countenance animated and handsome, with that glow of health which constant exercise alone produces; rather below than above the middle height, but muscular enough for a young Hercules; always (to employ his own extraordinary language) "up to some lark or other, and equal to any amount of chaff;" clever, yet taking pains to spoil his abilities; tolerably well informed, yet affecting general

ignorance; and, in fine, having in his character many of those ingredients which constitute the "jolly good fellow," a fellow to wit whose goodness is apparent in a frank manner and an open face; who can sing a good song and tell a good story; who is great on the river and does wonders in the cricket field.

Lastly, a few words about Alcester school; it contained some two hundred members, but sent up only about fifteen annually to the two Universities, many of the Alcestrians preferring 'the military' to more peaceful professions. However, at Oxford as well as Cambridge, a brilliant series of well-earned honours had made their name formidable to competitors; an Alcester man was generally a good classic and an average mathematician with a smattering of other information, and a turn of mind somewhat too sociable to be over steady: the training and mode of life which produced these qualities we shall be able to judge of, as our sketches proceed.

The two friends had answered their names and were strolling in the Quadrangle before going into the house. Callings-over at Alcester were of a light, easy character; the Master who took them stood by and listened with his hands behind him, and one of the Prætors (as the first eight in the school were entitled) called over the list; boys lounged up to answer in various costumes, 'spotted like the pard,' and suggestive rather of cricket, boating, or whatever was in season, than of scholastic attire: there were no less than three opportunities of answering, and a good quarter of an hour's grace was allowed before the gates of the school were shut. This interval they generally spent walking about in pairs, or "two-two-ing" as Ferrer (one of the Prætors) expressed it, in an idiotic riddle about strolls and penny trumpets. Survey we the Quadrangle. There is Raleigh, lending a kind ear to the artless talk of his protégée, little Chatfield, who is telling him what a lark they had to-day with old Dupuis the writing master, who took their form in Tipper's absence, and who didn't know the Greek for 'beautiful'—no really he didn't! and how that audacious Southwood actually took a sight at him, and asked after his mother! and then Chatfield wants to know if Hare and Hounds is great fun, and if he'll be able to keep up at that killing pace which he has heard of. Raleigh looks on him pleasantly from his blue eyes, and is all

but worshipped by his young pupil. There are Waters and Langley arm-in-arm, chatting about the cricket season just over, and what scores they got, and how they warmed those muffs from Chenley, which adventurous club had challenged them for the last match of the season. They marvel how strong Ferrer is coming out at Football, and when the first run of the "Royal Alcester Hunt!"—save the mark!—is to come off. And then Langley doesn't mind telling Waters that he was staying at—oh! such a jolly place in the holidays—where there was the prettiest girl he ever saw, a Miss ———, a 'regular *stunner*,' and a young officer of H.M. 102nd, awfully sweet upon her, but of course quite cut out when he, the accomplished Langley, tried his powers of fascination. Thus passes the time till the clock sings out the quarter, "the hour of "retiring," when Raleigh bids little Chatfield good night, and sends him off to his house, while he himself hooks his arm into Ferrer's and Langley's, and the trio march through the Hall into their Prætorium with the air of being lords of the Alcester creation beyond the shadow of a doubt.

II.

The Prætorium was a strange old place, and strongly suggested the idea of "rough and ready:" it was an oblong room, perhaps thirty feet by fifteen, and looked bare and cheerless enough to any stranger that might happen to inspect it during the holidays: in the half-year however the Prætors would lay down cocoa-nut matting over the floor, introduce a chair apiece, and one arm-chair to boot, for the occupation of which last, great battles took place daily and even hourly. Comfortless one could hardly call it, when its walls were ringing with voices, its floors rattling with footsteps, and its huge fires blazing in a way to dispel the opaqueness of glooms. Two tables of 'the brave old oak' stood in the middle: the walls were covered on three sides with bookcases, and on the fourth with lockers to contain the properties of the illustrious occupants, the name of each being painted outside. Hats, books, and papers formed a glorious chaos on the table. Foils, gloves, and single sticks were arrayed over the mantelpiece, and, in the centre thereof, beamed from a print the benignant countenance of Dr. Chandos (the late Headmaster): a queer situation certainly for the venerable gentleman, especially as some

irreverent Millais had accurately delineated a pipe as supported by that smiling mouth, and a glass of 'something hot' among the theological works painted upon the table: the smoke in both cases was finished in the true Præ-Raphaelite style. Over the lockers was fixed a leaden bust, asserted by various authorities to be Socrates, Voltaire, or Porson, great uncertainty prevailing: anyhow it formed a favourite mark for taking shots at, and was to be highly congratulated on possessing a nature so unbreakable. At the end furthest from the door was a large bay-window looking out on the river, a pleasant enough recess to sit in if you had two or three rugs under you, otherwise the boards were but an uneasy couch: there was a view far over to the town, where lamps and lights were already twinkling, and the toll of a distant curfew hummed through the stillness of evening.

And now for the Prætors with four of whom we are slightly acquainted. The remaining four were Lyon, a burly looking fellow given to stolid observations, but not otherwise remarkable; Aytoun a hard headed and hard hearted Caledonian, who believed Euclid to be more interesting than any novel, and would have preferred a series of mathematical diagrams to the whole gallery of watercolours; Saville, a graceful and elegant boy possessed of an independent fortune, which he thought a good excuse (as many others do) for dispensing with intellectual acquirements; and lastly, McQueen who was very north country indeed, both in accent and manner, but as good-hearted and honest a fellow as ever breathed. The Captaincy of the school was held by Ernest Raleigh, as also the Presidency of the prætorium, a position which involved looking after the books, newspapers, &c. of the same, and taking the chair at the debating society. Langley was captain of the Cricket and Foot-ball Clubs, and Waters Master of the Hounds. These three distinguished persons sat at a table of their own, with Ferrer an extremely nice fellow, sensible enough to refuse all such public offices as being of rather more trouble than value; the Quartette accordingly laid down the law to their "co-mates and brothers" in a style to which despotism was quite a trifle.

The day on which our sketches commence happened to be a particularly busy one, which was doubtless the reason why Raleigh had spent the afternoon in reading the *New-comes*, Waters in playing his great match at rackets, and Langley strolling about the town with Ferrer. In fact it

was a favourite maxim at Alcester "always to put off to the last minute what you can possibly avoid doing before." They were now making up for lost time with a vengeance; nothing could be heard but the constant scratch of pens, or muttered remarks of a strong nature on verses generally and that subject in particular, or interesting questions about genders and quantities, or the rush of leaves rapidly turned over.

Meanwhile the Junior table were variously employed. Aytoun of course had his Differential Calculus from which he was believed never to have parted, keeping it at night under his pillow in order to soothe his slumbers. Saville, having with great ease written the smallest allowable number of Elegiacs, while the morning lecture was going on, had composed an extempore sofa with two huge lexicons one form and the chimney-piece, thus gaining the double advantage of enjoying the luxuriant poetry of Alexander Smith, and excluding the smallest sight of the fire from Lyon and McQueen who were indulging in a peaceful game at chess.

"I say," said Waters at last, looking up from a chaos of books, with his hair all dishevelled from intense application, "here is a line in Tibullus so admirably adapted to the subject that I'm blessed if I don't appropriate it. 'D'ye think Cameron will be down on me?'"

"No," quoth Ferrer, "the old boy won't twig it: I copied a lot of Cicero in my theme last Monday and he corrected it severely as being the worst Latinity he'd seen. To be sure I altered the moods and tenses a bit, to make it look like my own."

"Well," said Waters, "if he says anything I shall remind him of what he told us the other day—'that we couldn't do better than *copy* Tibullus'—won't he be sold neither?"

"Or quote the Critic," suggested Langley: "two great minds hit on the same idea—only certainly Tibullus had it first."

"Well, I declare some of Scrymgeour's verses in the Classical album cut out the ancients a few. Did you ever hear of Scrymgeour's extempore in old Chandos' time?"

"No! let's have it, old fellow."

"Why you see boating had begun just then, and the revered Chandos set his antiquated face against the same. So one day in School he gasps out, regularly choking with rage, 'If the—ugh—men *will* go on—ugh—letting out 'boats to the boys—I'll,—I'll,—ugh—have 'em before the

“‘magistrates.’ In the twinkling of an eye Scrymgeour
“shoves these two lines down on his desk—

“Si cupient homines pueris conducere cymbas

“Ante magistratus Chandos habebit eos!*

“*Conducere* was not exactly right of course, but the thing
“went down wonderfully. There was a tremendous ‘Pshaw!’
“and the subject was dismissed.”

The Anecdote was well received and would doubtless have been followed by another, but just then the bell rang for supper—there were *always* bells ringing at Alcester—and at the same moment Waters pulled away one of the Lexicons supporting Saville’s couch. The unfortunate occupant rolled over on the floor and was covered by an avalanche of forms and rugs, not to speak of various books, mostly *his own*, dropping on the top of him. Aytoun fell into an ecstasy of laughing and coughing. Perhaps Waters expected the like demonstration from the chess-players and was disgusted at their preoccupied state, perhaps he was only in search of amusement; at any rate he aimed a Liddell and Scott in the right direction, and crash at one fell swoop, over went the board and the men!

Præceps immane ruinæ:

whereupon McQueen declared positively he should have given mate in two moves, and Lyon, who had much the best of the game, stolidly responded by a remark about “your eyes,” of which the first part was happily inaudible.

Meanwhile the Quartette had walked into the hall and occupied the best places at table, leaving their friends to pick up the chessmen, and the disconsolate Saville to put himself generally to rights, and in particular to brush a furry garment familiarly known as “the cat-coat,” but which really was “a super beavor, fur cuffs, velvet collar, lined,” as his tailor would subsequently inform him to the tune of £3. 3s.

Φ.

* A true story communicated to us by a member of Shrewsbury School.



DEATH-SONGS.

(UHLAND).

I. THE SERENADE.

What pleasant sounds come to me,
And wake me from my sleep?
O mother, look, who can they be
That under the window creep?
"I cannot hear or see them;
O, gently slumber on:
They bring thee no songs at night now,
My poor and sickly one."
It is no earthly music
That makes my heart so light;
But angels that sing, and call to me,
O mother mine, good night.

II. THE ORGAN.

"Yet once again, good neighbour mine,
This organ play to me!
It thrilleth me; it quick'neth me
With holy melody!"
The sick man begged; the neighbour played;
So played he ne'er before;
So pure and grand, he knoweth not
His own weak playing more.
It is a strange, a blessed sound,
Vibrating from his hand:
He stops in fear; no friend is here,
But in the spirit-land.

III. THE THROSTLE.

"I will never go into the garden,
But lie the summer long;
And hear the happy throstle ever,
That out of the bushes sang."
Some one caught the bird for the child;
It sits in its prison there;
But its little head droops, it will not sing
Those pleasant songs for her.
In pity and pain she looks, she weeps,
She looks beseechingly;
One clear song gushes; its bright eye flashes;
It flashes only to die.



SHAKSPEARE AND SHAKSPEARE SOCIETIES.

Reade him therefore; and againe and againe; And then if you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him.—*Pref. to Shak.*, 2nd fol. ed.

“AND here I have occasion to mention divers Societies
“among the Students, at the which if any man marvel,
“I do him to wit that I speak of nothing which my own
“eyes have not beheld. For each College hath its boat
“or boats, manned from certain Clubs or Societies within
“the College, and that not after the manner of a ferry for
“convenience of others, but for the pleasurable exercise
“therefrom derived; the lads wear bright and particoloured
“dresses, as do the women; but that it is no women’s
“work ye may hence gather; for they chase one another
“in races, the one boat behind the other, by reason of the
“narrowness of the Cam, after the fashion of geese on
“a common, and labour if by any means they can attain
“to touching the boat which they do thus blindly pursue.
“And I have seen lads unable to sit down, the reason
“whereof is the soreness of their bodies induced by the
“violent rowing; at the which they do not repine. There
“is also a great Debating Society, hight the Union, where
“lads do gravely discuss the businesses of the nation;
“also there are lesser Debating Societies, both public and
“private, which differ not much in kind from the Union.
“But of the Societies within the Colleges I will next speak,
“of which there is wonderful variety. For the lads combine,
“six or ten together, to read the works of those who have
“greatly written, such as Master William Shakspeare,
“Master T. Carlyle, Master Alfred Tennyson; the hour
“being eight of the clock on Saturday evenings: others
“do meet to read divers authors according as they list;
“others to eat heavy suppers, where they do drink much

"wine and beer, whereby the chapel seeth them not on the Sunday morning; there are moreover Anti-Proctorial Societies, and one cleped a T. P. Society, of which it is not easy to gather the object: a 'Tripe and Trotter Club' is known to me by name only. There are many others also, such as German Societies, and Natural Philosophy Societies, in the former whereof the lads smoke, talk and drink after the German fashion, and in the latter they do transcribe essays from books, for their mutual edification. Of the Cricket and Religious Societies I will next speak.".....

I have thought it advisable to give this extract in full from the very curious MS. hitherto unprinted, which bears the title "*Fuller's Dream of Cambridge in the 19th Century*," as being probably new to the reader, though a small part of it only bears upon the subject immediately before us.

These Societies form a very curious and not unimportant subject for reflection, as regards both their origin and the relation in which they stand to our great Society: for they form not the least important of the instruments of a University education. If any able boating man, some future Bishop of New Zealand for instance, would write for *The Eagle* a paper on College Boating Societies, their capacities, conduct, and influences, he would do a good deed. Of Shakspearians alone is the writer of this paper at all competent to speak, and to these our attention will now be confined.

Shakspeare is more adapted for reading in such Societies than any other author; the most cursory reader can scarcely go away empty handed, and the most faithful and patient student will never cease to dig up fresh jewels from his inexhaustible mine; and standing in the position of the representative of English literature, of whom no man dare be ignorant, he is also one of whom we may be content to learn in reverence, without venturing on profane, and therefore injurious criticism. Hence there has been a continual succession of Shakspeare Societies in the College for many years: there have been those in which elocution alone was studied, and possibly with some results; others have acted the plays, but we fear admitted no spectators: in some a play is the subject of a term's discussion, in others a play must by law be read every week; in this Society each man, without any attempt at acting, reads the part of a particular character assigned to him, and is the Othello or the "gulled gentleman" of the evening; in that each man reads a whole scene preparatory to its

discussion. We propose therefore to investigate more particularly with respect to these Societies, what are the objects which they propose to attain, with some remarks on the collateral questions, how far they are consistent with College work, and how they may be best constituted.

Now if elocution is the object of these evening readings, the gain may be fairly weighed: it is (or is not) an appreciable and marketable per-centage on the outlay of labour, and as such does not lie within our aim. If the supper forms the main part of the entertainment in any such Societies, with these we have nothing to do. If the object is to talk about Shakspeare and literature, the less that is said of such the better. "Read not to find talk and discourse," said Bacon, "but to weigh and consider." But there are those in which Shakspeare is *studied*, fairly worked at like the Agamemnon, with minuter criticism, discussed on more general grounds as a poet and artist. "What! work at Shakspeare like old Æschylus! I thought poetry was a relaxation, not a study; at least I used to think so when I read Scott and Byron on the grass; latterly I confess I have not thought much about it either way." Quisquis es, O modo quem ex adverso dicere feci, let us bring this question fairly to an issue. We assume then that there is something to be gained by studying Shakspeare, something worth the labour, and something which reading together assists us in obtaining.

Now the first of these assumptions is strictly such, and admits of no proof that could convince an unbeliever in it: for the truth of it is perpetually experimental, and presupposes certain qualities in the reader, without which no study would be profitable. Hence only some readers of Shakspeare even appreciate him; on many, after years of faithful reading, the deeper truths on his pages begin to dawn, and what they enjoyed for the stories, the fun, the exquisite diction, and the pretty conceits, as boys, discloses to them in their manhood the profoundest philosophy and poetry. The passage of St. Augustine, quoted in Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, is peculiarly applicable to our poet. Sic accipite, ut mereamini intelligere; fides enim debet præcedere intellectum, ut sit intellectus fidei præmium. Golden words, which if rightly received would hush many an ignorant and shallow scoff at other writers besides Shakspeare.

But it is necessary to say something more distinct and definite in answer to the question, What do you expect

to gain by *studying* Shakspeare? "It is a trivial grammar-school text, but worthy a wise man's consideration."

And first, whatever pleasure and profit a mere reader will obtain, will flow in seven-fold on the student. His marvellous English, his oft quoted lines, his quaintest conceits, his most loved speeches, are not made less dear to the student. Whatever refinement of taste, vigour of imagination, reverence for the pure and true, is gained by the reader, will be the more certain and more abundant reward of the student. And thus it may be affirmed that he loses nothing but the novelty of the incident.

But this is not all; there is much in every poem which deserves the name, from which the mere reader is necessarily excluded. The obscurities in the allusions and style of writing require some attention, and these are considerably increased when one of the older poets is the subject of study; yet these form but a small part of the difficulties to be encountered; in the modern poets these consist in the fragmentary appearance of many of their writings, and in the rapid transitions, which obscure their unity as a whole: and in the nature of the subjects discussed, which are rather the conceptions of the individual, than those external and universal subjects which have formed the basis of the poetry of every nation in the youthful days of its literature. Where the personality of the poet is felt, the difficulty is always increased. For to enter into and judge the poem fairly, one must endeavour to lose one's individuality and to take the poet's standing point, to read it as he would have read it, with no attempt at criticism upon it till one is fairly imbued with the spirit of the poem, perceives its unity, comprehends all that was intended, feels all that was felt, by the poet himself. Then, and not till then, is the reader qualified to pass any opinion upon the merits or demerits of the poem. But this transformation is an active exercise of some of the highest mental powers: imagination is no mere passive submission to the guidance of a poet mid the flowers of his fancy, but the active following of him, the following of a man of greater activity, of more rapid steps than one's own, into strange places and bewildering combinations of objects. Sometimes he wanders on calmly and gently, and a child may follow him; and anon he soars, with so sudden a flight that a careless eye loses sight of him, and with so powerful a wing that none but a poet can keep him in view. And if these are the difficulties in the modern poets, there are kindred difficulties

in Shakspeare; and to these the student must direct his attention. The personality of Shakspeare is so vague that it is hopeless to endeavour to assume his point of view; his plays must be contemplated as pictures, of which it is the object of the admirer to detect and single out the grand central idea, and to shew how every figure, and every tint combine to illustrate and enforce it. A child may admire the colours, a man may judge of the fidelity in the drawing, an artist alone of the grouping and effect of the whole, with anything like an intelligent appreciation. So the field of the highest criticism of Shakspeare is occupied by the central idea, the plot, the grouping of the characters with their endless contrasts and combinations, and the cooperation of every character in every scene of every act to the heightening and establishment of the unity of the whole. Here then is the work before the earnest student: he will get little help towards it from others, unless he have recourse to Germany, whose critics make it their boast and not without reason that they have done more for Shakspeare than his own nation; Coleridge indeed, and Henry Reed whom a too early death hurried away from his loving labours, have done not a little towards founding the higher criticism, but as original critical writers are generally placed in a lower rank than Tieck, Schlegel, Schelling, and Ulrici. But without troubling the Germans he will find plenty to occupy him in Shakspeare alone, and his conclusions, as well as his method of investigation, will gain in the compactness and firmness that attend on originality alone.

But again, a dramatic poet is one who manifests in execution the eternal laws of the Creator. I am now on higher ground, but can only look around me as I pass. If this is in any degree true, without defining what is meant by poetic inspiration, and merely presuming that something is meant, the conclusion is inseparable, he is worthy of all study. For the aim of all study, of all life, is to know ourselves, and to know God: this is the only foundation for our various studies here, and for our various pursuits hereafter: this alone gives a unity to the individual life, and a meaning to the great society of which we are members. Men cry Lo! here is truth, or Lo! there: the goal is far distant, our horizon is narrow, and we run after truth in every direction. How priceless to such wanderers is the keen eye of the seer! Who can afford to despise his guiding finger. "Whom God hath endued with principal gifts to "aspire unto knowledge by; whose exercises and labours,

"and divine studies he hath so blest that the World for
"their great and rare skill that way hath them in singular
"admiration; may we reject even their judgment likewise,
"as being utterly of no moment." (*Eccl. Pol.*, Bk. II.)

Our personal experience is limited to a small field, and a few years; and the laws that govern the world seem inextricably confused in their operations; who will assist us to obtain a more comprehensive view? With this object we ransack history, with this we study physical science, and with this object we turn to our great metaphysical writers and poets; and from them we gain the experience of nations, and of nature, and the results of the profoundest observation on individual character. Nor is this a fictitious and unreal gain; it is not the substitution of other men's experience in the place of our own; it is the teaching by example how to systematize that experience for ourselves; nor does its healthy pursuit tend to make us evade the great struggles of the inner life which every man must sometime fight out for himself, nor to deceive us into the belief that they are past, which is the tendency of many of the religious works and memoirs of the present day: but to shew us of what nature our own flesh and blood is, what it is capable of doing, daring, and suffering, and by this to excite our noblest longings and sympathies. In the ordinary routine of life the daily development of character is imperceptible; but let a time of excitement come on, let the strongest passions rage in fierce conflict, let love or jealousy, ambition or revenge burn within the breast, and an hour may see a mighty change wrought. These are the occasions that a dramatic poet will seize; on these he turns his potent camera, and straightway we see in operation the laws by which we and all men are governed. If this then is the field in which a poet works, these the subjects of his visions; if a poet is in any way distinguished from ordinary mortality, if his poems are the result of a wider experience, a more comprehending intellect than our own, he must deserve and require study.—These *are* worthy objects of study, if not the worthiest, and not to be attained by arm-chair reading.

Again, dramatic poetry is as a visible History; and the study of History is allowed to be of the first importance: yet it is of no value except in those points which it shares with poetry. Of inconceivably small value is it to know who succeeded Darius, or when Morgarten was fought; and these facts, and such as these, are the peculiar property

of history. The truth of the events of history recommends them to our attention; and we see the same events transfigured and combined in poetry.

The study of a life too is among the noblest of studies. If one might work for a few years at the history, intellectual, spiritual, and external, of one great man, of Luther, Cromwell, Goethe, Shakspeare, to know him in his words and works; to love him not blindly, and learn from in silence, how well spent would be the time. To know Shakspeare indeed perfectly from his works is almost hopeless: he appears in more forms than Proteus, and in none can we bind him, and say, Here is Shakspeare. Yet much may be done even here, in the way rather of speculation than of study: one may bring the closest powers of observations to discover with which of his creations he may be best identified; and in which he has outstepped his range of internal and external experience; Timon and Falstaff shall alike tell of his melancholy humours; the inhumanity of Iago no less than the loving Cordelia shall attest the gentle Shakspeare; and all shall speak of his true manhood; nor will it be an unprofitable occupation to blend together his merry and brave Prince Hal, and his retiring and philosophic Hamlet to make one consistent William Shakspeare.

This is indeed a subject of no small compass; one might go on to speak of the strengthened powers of imagination, of observation, and reflection on the things around us; of the new and fruitful ideas that spring up; of the beauty of the creations that we have made our own, of their ennobling influence on man's selfish nature; of the cement that we gain, the cement of the moral feelings by which the stones of the intellect are built up and consolidated into the temple of Wisdom: and much would be left unsaid; yet the question proposed has been answered, and the real pleasure and profit to be obtained has been pointed out. Much of it is wholly incommunicable. Who can pretend to describe his impressions on reading Lear, I will not say for the first, but for the twentieth time. What words can paint, what gestures represent his superhuman grandeur, the volcanic explosions of his wrath and sorrow, mingled with the ever-flowing sweet and tender stream of his affection for his lost Cordelia. Who can pretend to describe Lear in the greatness of his indignation, Lear in the impotence of his rage; and to lay down the law which his wandering powers of reasoning follow. I read it, and am Lear; Cordelia is my daughter; Goneril my serpent child; and by terror and pity, as Aristotle hath it, my passions are purified.

There is an objection to this treatment of the subject which may be noticed; it has been a question of profit and loss; we have been swayed by the most mercenary motives, instead of poetic enthusiasm, and we may be reminded of Archimedes' reply to the mercenary student of mathematics.

Willst du nur Früchte von ihr, die kann auch die Sterbliche zeugen
Wer um die Göttin freit, suche in ihr nicht das Weib.—*Sch.*

I admit it cordially, I wish the objector a clear conscience, and wish Archimedes' advice may be widely taken. But the reason for this treatment is scarcely less obvious: this was precisely the point to be established. Let us have no freemasonry among the students of Shakspeare.

This discussion has occupied so large a space, that a few reflections on the second head must suffice. It is true that not many will be vigorous students of anything, who are not vigorous in the regular course of College and University reading: it is also not to be denied that this study will occupy time which might otherwise be employed, and will furnish subjects of reflection for the hours of recreation, when the mind might be lying fallow, to gain strength for the next crop. On the other hand must be placed what is gained in intellectual freshness, and growth, and vigour, by the change of study, and the study itself; a study which forms the complement and the antidote to scientific studies, and by the ever-recurring arguments and discussions, compensates for the loss of the disputations in the schools; and in the consciousness of an expanding mind, which will amply compensate for the little loss of time; a loss so little, that if a degree is injured by it, it surely deserves to be so injured. But in point of fact this is not the question: it really is, how shall we dispose of our Saturday Evenings in the most pleasant manner. Saturday Evenings have from time immemorial been rescued from Moloch, and consecrated to humanity in the form of tea fights, whist parties, chess, suppers, readings or such diversions: and without undervaluing any of the others, we have been expressing our preference, and the grounds of our preference for the last.

One word more on the constitution of such societies. Let half-a-dozen men, of about the same standing, who thoroughly respect one another, meet and read Shakspeare together next Saturday Evening; let one be great in classics and æsthetics; another in mathematics and common sense;

one in editions and various readings; another in literature and German; and two in nothing to serve as ballast; and I will guarantee them a pleasant and profitable evening: let them know something of the play beforehand, and not go too slowly, or too fast, over the scenes; and they will learn sometimes how men with precisely the same facts before them will hold opposite conclusions, from which no arguments will dislodge them at the time, though each has argued so well, that at the end of a month it shall appear that each has convinced the other, (and the same is a valuable lesson); sometimes how they erred toto cœlo in their judgment of an expression, a scene or the whole play; and sometimes how a word of their own, flying straight to the mark, will disperse a mob of half starved arguments: let their criticism of the poet be reverential, of his critics severe, of his commentators (if possible) grave, of one another polite; let them spend two or three hours in such diversion, (they will seem no longer than one hour in lecture), and then let them shut up the tomes, and let chat, jokes, and the pewter be passed round. And after a year let one of them write for *The Eagle* a number of "Noctes Shaksperianæ" to thank us for our recipe.

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ON ENGLISH COMPOSITION, AND OTHER MATTERS.

I SIT down scarcely knowing how to grasp my own meaning, and give it a tangible shape in words; and yet it is concerning this very expression of our thoughts in words that I wish to speak. As I muse things fall more into their proper places, and, little fit for the task as my confession pronounces me to be, I will try to make clear that which is in my mind.

I think then that the style of our authors of a couple of hundred years ago was more terse and masculine than that of those of the present day, possessing both more of the graphic element, and more vigour, straightforwardness, and conciseness. Most readers will have anticipated me in admitting that a man should be clear of his meaning before he endeavours to give to it any kind of utterance, and that having made up his mind what to say, the less thought he takes how to say it, more than briefly, pointedly, and plainly, the better: for instance, Bacon tells us "Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark;" he does not say, what I can imagine a last century writer to have said, "A feeling somewhat analogous to the dread with which children are affected upon entering a dark room, is that which most men entertain at the contemplation of death." Jeremy Taylor says, "Tell them it is as much intemperance to weep too much as to laugh too much;" he does not say, "All men will acknowledge that laughing admits of intemperance, but some men may at first sight hesitate to allow that a similar imputation may be at times attached to weeping."

I incline to believe that as irons support the rickety child, whilst they impede the healthy one, so rules, for the most part, are but useful to the weaker among us. Our greatest masters in language, whether prose or verse, in painting, music, architecture, or the like, have been

those who preceded the rule, and whose excellence gave rise thereto; men who preceded, I should rather say, not the rule, but the discovery of the rule, men whose intuitive perception led them to the right practice. We cannot imagine Homer to have studied rules, and the infant genius of those giants of their art, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven, who composed at the ages of seven, five, and ten, must certainly have been unfettered by them: to the less brilliantly endowed however, they have a use as being compendious safeguards against error. Let me then lay down as the best of all rules for writing, "forgetfulness of self, and carefulness of the matter in hand." No simile is out of place that illustrates the subject; in fact a simile as shewing the symmetry of this world's arrangement, is always, if a fair one, interesting; every simile is amiss that leads the mind from the contemplation of its object to the contemplation of its author. This will apply equally to the heaping up of unnecessary illustrations: it is as great a fault to supply the reader with too many as with too few; having given him at most two, it is better to let him read slowly and think out the rest for himself, than to surfeit him with an abundance of explanation. Hood says well,

And thus upon the public mind intrude it;
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,
No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it.

A book that is worth reading will be worth reading thoughtfully, and there are but few good books, save certain novels, that it is well to read in an arm-chair. Most will bear standing to. At the present time we seem to lack the impassiveness and impartiality which was so marked among the writings of our forefathers, we are seldom content with the simple narration of fact, but must rush off into an almost declamatory description of them; my meaning will be plain to all who have studied Thucydides. The dignity of his simplicity is, I think, marred by those who put in the accessories which seem thought necessary in all present histories. How few writers of the present day would not, instead of *νύξ γὰρ ἐπ' ἐργέετο τῷ ἔργῳ*, rather write "Night fell upon this horrid scene of bloodshed."*

* This was called to my attention by a distinguished Greek Scholar of this University.

This is somewhat a matter of taste, but I think I shall find some to agree with me in preferring for plain narration (of course I exclude oratory) the unadorned gravity of Thucydides. There are indeed some writers of the present day who seem returning to the statement of facts rather than their adornment, but these are not the most generally admired. This simplicity however to be truly effective must be unstudied; it will not do to write with affected terseness, a charge which I think may be fairly preferred against Tacitus; such a style if ever effective must be so from excess of artifice and not from that artlessness of simplicity which I should wish to see prevalent among us.

Neither again is it well to write and go over the ground again with the pruning knife, though this fault is better than the other; to take care of the matter, and let the words take care of themselves, is the best safeguard.

To this I shall be answered "Yes, but is not a diamond cut and polished a more beautiful object than when rough?" I grant it, and more valuable, inasmuch as it has run chance of spoliation in the cutting, but I maintain that the thinking man, the man whose thoughts are great and worth the consideration of others, will "deal in proprieties," and will from the mine of his thoughts produce ready cut diamonds, or rather will cut them there spontaneously, ere ever they see the light of day.

There are a few points still which it were well we should consider. We are all too apt when we sit down to study a subject to have already formed our opinion, and to weave all matter to the warp of our preconceived judgment, to fall in with the received idea, and, with biassed minds, unconsciously to follow in the wake of public opinion, while professing to lead it. To the best of my belief half the dogmatism of those we daily meet is in consequence of the unwitting practices of this self-deception. Simply let us not talk about what we do not understand, save as learners, and we shall not by writing mislead others.

There is no shame in being obliged to others for opinions, the shame is not being honest enough to acknowledge it: I would have no one omit to put down a useful thought because it was not his own, provided it tended to the better expression of his matter, and he did not conceal its source; let him however set out the borrowed capital to interest. One word more and I have done. With regard to our subject, the best rule is not to write concerning that about which we cannot at our present age know anything

save by a process which is commonly called cram: on all such matters there are abler writers than ourselves; the men, in fact, from whom we cram. Never let us hunt after a subject, unless we have something which we feel urged on to say, it is better to say nothing; who are so ridiculous as those who talk for the sake of talking, save only those who write for the sake of writing? but there are subjects which all young men think about. Who can take a walk in our streets and not think? the most trivial incident has ramifications, to whose guidance if we surrender our thoughts, we are oftentimes led upon a gold mine unawares, and no man whether old or young is worse for reading the ingenious and unaffected statement of a young man's thoughts. There are some things in which experience blunts the mental vision, as well as others in which it sharpens it. The former are best described by younger men, our province is not to lead public opinion, is not in fact to ape our seniors, and transport ourselves from our proper sphere, it is rather to shew ourselves as we are, to throw our thoughts before the public as they rise without requiring it to imagine that we are right and others wrong, but hoping for the forbearance which I must beg the reader to concede to myself, and trusting to the genuineness and vigour of our design to attract it may be more than a passing attention.

I am aware that I have digressed from the original purpose of my essay, but I hope for pardon, if, believing the digression to be of more value than the original matter, I have not checked my pen, but let it run on even as my heart directed it.

CELLARIUS.





NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF CERTAIN WORDS IN SHAKSPEARE.

THE origin of the surreptitious quarto editions of some of the plays of Shakspeare is yet an unsolved problem. The most plausible theories respecting it are that they were supplied by some of the inferior actors, and hurried into the market, or that they were printed from notes taken during the acting. The decision of the question must rest on the internal evidence derived from minute examination of the separate quartos, and if the latter is in any case the true solution of the difficulty, it cannot fail to be detected. On this I hope to enter in a future number, and have stated thus much because the latter theory, or a collateral one that the quartos were orally dictated, is incidently supported by some of the following passages which I select for a different object.

It is to be presumed that the pronunciation of words, as well as the spelling, has materially changed in the last two centuries and a half; and this change must often make a pun fall very flat, and occasionally completely hide it from the reader of the present day. I am not aware of any authority we have on the subject of the pronunciation of words in the reign of Elizabeth, so that the following are mere surmises, and rest solely on the evidence that the passages themselves furnish: which will be limited to a very few, extracted solely from Shakspeare, which turn on such words as *speak*, *eager*, &c., which I imagine were then pronounced with what is now the Irish accent, as *spake*, *aiger*.

The first passage I shall quote is from King Henry IV., Pt. II., Act. I., Sc. II.

Attend. Give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fals. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave thou wert better be hanged.

Now I challenge any but the most forced interpretation of Falstaff's reply except upon the supposition that *leave* was pronounced *lave*, in the double sense of permission, and of belongings *left*, in the most general sense, as it is used by the older English, and the Scotch poets.

The support given to the above mentioned theory of the origin of the quartos by various readings in them of words which have, on this supposition, the same sound, is obvious, especially where a common word, wholly inapplicable, is substituted for a rarer one which was not recognized; a very common mistake, as every one who has tried short-hand reporting knows.

In Love's Labour Lost we find *break* and *speak* rhyming, and in the same scene a various reading of the same words. So in Othello "the drugs that *weaken* (or *waken*) motion," a passage which has tried the commentators, and produced a vast amount of not very edifying discussion. It is not improbable that the puzzling word *bating* has crept into Juliet's much tormented speech in Act. III., Sc. II. from its similarity of sound with *beating*. The passage is this—

Come, civil night...

Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks
With thy black mantle; &c.

the reading as it stands at present seems to require a very harsh Greek construction, which is entirely foreign to the English.

One more passage to the same effect. The reading which is, I believe, generally adopted in Hamlet, Act. II., Sc. v. is the following,—which is the quarto reading with reduced spelling;

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial
Which... doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk
The thin and wholesome blood: ...

What on earth is meant by "eager droppings"? How can the reading have arisen? I turn to the 2nd folio Edition—

With Juyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl...
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: ...

The "aygre (or aigre) droppings" are intelligible enough, and on this hypothesis alone can the quarto reading be explained.

There are many jokes that have been lost by the modern pronunciation; but the truth of conjectures on such points is very doubtful. For instance, it is scarcely likely that Bottom meant a pun on *tear* in *Mid. Night's Dream*, Act. 1., Sc. 111.; and doubtful whether we derive any new pleasure from the similarity of sound of *fear* and fair in Banquo's speech in *Macbeth*, Act. 1., Sc. 111.; and I can imagine a Theban not perceiving the new point given to Moth's song in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act. 1., Sc. 11., but we cannot afford to lose Falstaff's excellent quibble on raisins and blackberries, so entirely in character with the jolly old knight. It is the well known passage in *King Henry IV.*, Pt. 1., Act. 11., Sc. 14.

P. Hen. Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fals. What! upon compulsion? No: were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

These examples will, I hope, be sufficient to illustrate my meaning; and will perhaps elicit a few notes from others on the same or collateral subjects. The internal evidence for the origin of the quarto editions of Shakspeare is especially a subject full of interest.

"W."



TENNYSON.

To those who have not met with the early Edition of Tennyson's Poems, the following description of statues of Elijah and Olympias, which found place in a note to the Palace of Art, in the edition of 1833, but have since been omitted, may be both new and interesting :

One was the Tishbite whom the raven fed,
As when he stood on Carmel-steeps
With one arm stretched out bare, and mocked and said,
' Come cry aloud—he sleeps.'

Tall, eager, lean and strong, his cloak windborne
Behind, his forehead heavenly-bright
From the clear marble pouring glorious scorn,
Lit as with inner light.

One was Olympias : the floating snake
Rolled round her ancles, round her waist
Knotted, and folded once about her neck,
Her perfect lips to taste

Round by the shoulder moved : she seeming blythe
Declined her head : on every side
The Dragon curves melted and mingled with
The woman's youthful pride
Of rounded limbs.

The following stanzas also " expressive of the joy where-
" with the soul contemplated the results of astronomical
" experiments" were contained in a later note to the same
poem, and were not inserted in the text only because the
poet thought it already too long.

" In the centre of the four quadrangles rose an immense
tower—

Hither, when all the deep unsounded skies
Shuddered with silent stars, she clomb,
And as with optic glasses her keen eyes
Pierced thro' the mystic dome,
Regions of lucid matter taking forms,
Brushes of fire, hazy gleams,
Clusters and beds of worlds, and bee-like swarms
Of suns, and starry streams.

She saw the snowy poles of moonless Mars,
That marvellous round of milky light
Below Orion, and those double stars
Whereof the one more bright
Is circled by the other, &c.

" M."



ADVICE TO A MODERN HISTORIAN.

A CONSIDERABLE change has, since the last century, taken place in our ideas respecting the proper character of History. Our forefathers would have considered it vain to expect, and unreasonable to require, a strict and undeviating impartiality. They were content to set the prejudices of one side against the prejudices of the other, and to strike the balance between them. For a man to be without opinions on matters of the greatest importance to his countrymen, would have seemed to them unpatriotic indifference; to dissemble them, pusillanimous dishonesty. A man, who pretended to such a character, would have been reminded of the law of the Athenians, which forbade any man to be a mere spectator in the contests of his countrymen.

Nor, independently of such considerations, would they have conceived that a history constructed on such principles was likely to possess any high degree of literary excellence. The greatest writers, they would have reasoned, those, whose colours are still fresh, and whose lines are still clearly marked, often seem almost fascinated with the characters that they have contemplated. Can we indeed expect vivid images from the dull pencil of an impartial uniformity? Could a painter, who cared not for the appearances of nature, depict a lovely landscape? Or could a sculptor, with no ideas of beauty, have designed the Venus de Medicis? We should laugh at such absurd suppositions. Can we then believe, that a man can gain a clear insight into another's mind and heart, and yet neither love nor hate, admire nor despise? Or that a writer who strives to convey to our minds the ideas, which exist in his own, can fail to infuse into his page some part of the feelings which occupy his heart? And, if he did, what should we gain? We are, it seems, to address the historian in this strain; the form, that you have seen, may be beautiful beyond conception, but it is not that, that we

wish to see: remove the colour from the cheeks, the glance from the eye, the symmetry from the figure, and shew us the bare and naked skeleton. Such would probably have been the sentiments not only of the ordinary mass of mankind, but even of the wiser portion of them. They would not have been deemed unstatesmenlike by statesmen, nor unphilosophical by philosophers. And certainly it would at first sight appear, that there is much to be said in favour of these ideas. For let us consider what we mean by such a term as impartial, when we apply it to history. It is plain, that we do not mean something wholly independent of our thoughts, that we do not refer to a quality which would exist, even although no one believed that it did. We do not mean such a history as would be written by a man supposed to possess unlimited genius, and to be entirely devoid of any bias or prejudice. For if so, impartial is the same with just, or true. An impartial view becomes the same as a just view of any period, or sequence of events. But the very fact that we use two different expressions shews that we intend by them two different things. And although men of one party will naturally consider, that historians of their own opinions have taken the justest view of events, yet, while they will think their histories to be better than any others, they will hardly apply to them the term impartial. An impartial history can in short mean nothing else than a history generally acknowledged to be impartial. It must be one to which all parties can appeal, whose authority all will acknowledge.

Let us now see how far our ideas of the scope and object of history agree with this definition. A celebrated writer of the last century defines history as Philosophy teaching by examples. Could one, who entertained this idea, fail to point out the nature of the examples that he adduced? Could he fail to indicate which were examples of things to be imitated, which of things to be avoided? But this he certainly could not do without drawing upon himself the animadversions of opponents, and from partizans the imputation of partizanship. Such a work therefore will not stand the test, that we have proposed. The conceptions of another may have been of a higher nature. To encourage us to imitate examples of Christian fortitude, and virtue; to hold up to our view patterns by which we may regulate our own conduct; to place before us the lives and actions of men who in their time were good and true, which, if we will but lift our eyes to them, may serve to

heal us of that degeneration of the heart, that moral insensibility, those low and false views of the motives of our fellow-creatures, which a continued implication in the world's business seldom fails to engender; such may have seemed to him the province assigned to History. And a noble view it undoubtedly is. In commerce, in trade, in public affairs, and in professional life, we see more knaves than honest men; and of the latter we see only the worst side. Moreover, continual engagement in pursuits, which though they *may* benefit mankind, we undertake because they benefit *us*, tends in no small degree to concentrate our thoughts on ourselves, and our own gratifications. To prevent such effects, the better sort of men in all stations have betaken themselves from the noise of the camp, the acrimonies of the senate, or the drudgery of the counting-house,—from all the dry and dusty paths of the present, to the green pastures and still waters of the past. Every time of life there finds its model, every ill its medicine. But for history to be so used, the characters must be well, and fully delineated. And could one who strove to embody these principles, and to give force and efficacy to them fail to meet with characters that had been unjustly vilified or unjustly praised? Could he shrink from plucking the mask from successful villany? or would he deem hypocrisy the less hypocrisy, because it had deceived whole generations? As he would think a Martyr's crown a nobler emblem than the highest earthly bauble, would he not be roused to indignation, if he should be induced to believe, that a party had without any regard to truth or to decency degraded that holy name to the vilest of mankind? Or if he believed, that facts barely chronicled, and unaccompanied by any reference to the time in which they happened would give a totally erroneous impression of one whose character he loved and admired, could he fail to add the needful explanations? to relate the exigencies which justified, or the difficulties which extenuated them? And what chance would such a History have of being deemed impartial?

Such arguments would we think have been urged in the last century. They are of course ridiculous, and though they might have deceived our forefathers, their sophistry will easily be detected by their wise children of this learned and enlightened age. The views that we hold are sounder and the course which we adopt more economical. Men who aim at compassing the whole extent of human knowledge have no leisure to read two or three different histories.

If we must read one, we wish it to be but one. And we therefore cry out as eagerly as the Romanists for the supporting hand of some infallible guide.

But if we place more confidence in our historian, so ought we to scrutinize his credentials with the greater caution. It becomes therefore of the utmost importance to lay down some rules which may aid us in our examination. This then shall be our object in the subsequent part of this essay.

It is obvious in the first place, that our attention must be directed to such external influences as are most likely to affect the judgment. Of the internal conformation of any man's mind, we can know nothing on which we can rely. Perhaps no one believes himself incapable of forming a correct judgment; certainly, no one would acknowledge himself to labour under such a defect. A man's own assertions are therefore of no weight. 'Not guilty' is the plea, which he will be sure to make if accused of any party bias. Nor will a man's known honesty lessen the force of this conclusion. The most upright may easily deceive himself in such a matter. It is on the historian's previous intellectual habits and culture, that our estimation of his powers must be based.

It must be remembered too, that, although mental indifference is the first point which must be secured, a modern historian stands in need of other qualities almost equally essential. Indefatigable perseverance, and endless research is now expected of every writer who presumes to lay his thoughts before the public. Does a man write on the extension of the franchise? He must be acquainted, or pretend to be acquainted, with all learning, ancient and mediæval, that the most pedantic antiquarian can even conceive as having any relation to the question. Principles deduced by the clear light of common sense, and the aid of such an ordinary knowledge of history as most educated gentlemen possess will scarcely secure him even a hearing. He must, if he wishes to be read, commence with the time of King Edward the Confessor, write a prolonged dissertation on the Wittenagemot, deduce it from the customs of the ancient Germans, as recorded by Tacitus and other ancient writers, interlard his pages with unintelligible French, and still more unintelligible Latin, and present to the astonished eye of the bewildered reader tremendous foot-notes, referring to *Dug. Orig. Judic.* III. 9. *Mag. Ch. Ch. de Forr.* *Les termes de la Ley.* *Bract.* XVIII. 1. *Cro. Eliz.* III. 5.

Repp. II. *Case of the Fellows of Mag. Coll.* With so many guides to direct him, how can the reader fail to determine, whether the qualification for the freehold voters should be exalted to 50s. or debased to 20s.? But if diligence of so extraordinary a nature be required from the writer of a mere ephemeral pamphlet, or political diatribe, it is a hundred-fold more essential to the writer of history. To this recommendation indeed all historians lay claim. The toil, that they have undergone in quest of new matter, the courtesy of the officials at Paris, the rudeness of the subordinate officers at Berlin, the vain search for an important MSS., the fears, the perils, and the hair-breadth escapes of the sincere seeker after historic truth, is the matter which the preface contains. Improved engines, we are told, have been employed on old mines; and many valuable veins hitherto concealed have been for the first time brought to light. No quotation has been taken at second-hand, no fact on trust. Nay, if we mistake not, one historian has gone so far as to render the public an account of the number of hours, which he every day devoted to his task, and to excuse himself for not accomplishing more in the evening, on the ground that the candle-light was injurious to his eyes. Surely our country has reason to be proud of exertions such as these! Surely we ought to be deeply grateful for the fruits of such untiring energy!

Valuable, however, as such labour is, it will be useless, unless accompanied by an unswerving impartiality. The historian must ever bear in mind, that his office is purely objective. Truth, which is merely subjective, he must reject: his search must be for that which is objective.

One so constituted, or so trained, as to keep his eyes steadily fixed on these objects, is, it will be allowed, seldom to be found. Those too who would willingly endeavour to bring themselves into the required condition may fail through the want of rules and principles to direct them. There may be others, whose diffidence would lead them to assay the material of their mind, before they commence to coin and utter it, and who may not be provided with the means necessary for accomplishing their purpose. To meet the requirements of such persons, we will endeavour to enunciate a few practical rules. Imperfect, and incomplete they will necessarily be, but they may not be entirely useless. Because distance-marks are not placed along the roads at intervals of 10 yards, it would not therefore be an improvement to pull up the mile-stones. If any one shall feel

conscious that his mental formation coincides with the type that we shall delineate, let him by all means commence a work, which few but he are able to perform. Most gladly shall he hail the arrival of the rightful owner, who will hold as his own possession, what others have only taken upon lease. To him, then, who aims at perfection we would offer our advice in some such terms as these. First as to mental training. Read nothing which can excite the imagination, or move the heart. For you let Milton to no purpose have been touched with fire from God's own altar, let Shakespeare 'warble his native woodnotes wild' unheard by you; let the wisdom of Bacon, the smoothness of Addison, and the sonorous eloquence of Burke be to you as though they were not. For such trifles you will have no time. Your life must be spent in perusing, and reperusing the Saxon Chronicle, in collating the Doomsday book, and in grubbing amongst the musty parchments in the Chapel of the Rolls.

When you commence to write let the impassive quiescence, which such conduct will naturally produce be clearly visible. Take this for your principle so to write, that men may doubt whether what they read is really the work of a human being, or the production of some newly-invented fact-recording machine. Let nothing move you to tears, or rouse you to indignation. Fling aside the various lessons, which history will almost obtrude upon you. Avoid deducing any truth, which will be unpalatable, or paradoxical. Right principles may be marked by a train of light, wrong principles by a trail of blood. But shut your eyes to all such indications, and let them not disturb the even tenor of an impartial narrative. Shed no tears for the unfortunate Charles, or his more unfortunate grandmother. Feel no pity for the murdered Huguenots, or for the authors of that horrid massacre. If in spite of all your efforts your own sentiments will sometimes break forth, bear this in mind, that to differ from every one else is always the mark of a superior and impartial disposition. Prove therefore this awful crime to have been an act of exemplary virtue, and hold up its contrivers as examples of earnest, though mistaken, piety. Look on with indifference at the struggles by which Society passed from its Mediæval to its Modern form: see without pity nation after nation contend for a freedom that they cannot preserve; their strength consumed by fruitless efforts, their hearts wearied by hopes deferred, and themselves at length crushed beneath the

irresistible weight of military despotism. Nor let it call forth any sound of joy, that your own country's liberties were not shipwrecked in those tremendous storms, that though when the waters subsided every where else were to be seen fragments of free constitutions, and the ruins of noble laws, the flood which covered the highest mountains of the Continent, did not reach to our island. Such expressions of feeling will be out of place in an impartial Historian. In short though you will call your book a history, let it really be a ledger.

THE RETURN,
(*from Catullus.*)

GEM of all isles and capes that sleep
In either realm of Neptune's rule,
Pillowed or on the glassy pool,
Or the broad bosom of the deep;

So blithe and glad to thee I fly,
That half-incredulous I find
The plains of Asia left behind,
And thee, sweet scene of safety, nigh.

How blest to set our cares at ease!
What time the mind throws off her load,
And we regain our own abode,
Worn out with toil beyond the seas,

When on the longed-for couch at last
We sink to sleep in strange delight—
That moment will alone requite
For all the labours of the past.

Hail, lovely spot! thy master greet
In concert with the rippling foam,
Ye joys that lurk around his home,
Come all, and laugh a welcome sweet!

“T. G.”



GRAPPLING.

READER! have you ever had a good day's grappling? There's nothing in the world like it, believe me. Angling indeed! a worm at one end, and a fool at the other, as cynical old Sam said. Boating perhaps—nonsense!—a mere superficial amusement. Cricketing, you suggest—tush! the elder sister of marbles. Grappling must be at least as old as the creation; I have not consulted the Talmud, or I have little doubt we should read of Adam's grappling the feeders of the Hiddekel; or the MSS. of the Rolls Office, or I would tell how Caractacus and Vortigern spent their Eostre Monday up to their knees in a beck. Grappling! why angling is nothing to it. If old Isaak had known what the feeling is of a live trout under a stone at the tips of his fingers, he would have flung his rod into the Dove, and set off at a brisk walk for the hills and becks of bonny Cumberland. Angling is all very well for philosophic youth, (Paley was exceedingly fond of it, and he *was* a philosopher), and for stout old gentlemen in drab coats and gaiters; but give me grappling. A Southron, poor fellow, cannot expect to know much about such things; when we go to London sight-seeing we submit to be lionized, and treated like children: a man may tell us the way to St. Paul's, and the price of a Hansom per mile without fear of retaliation; but let him beware; if he jump into our cab and talk about fishing and sports, we turn and sternly ask our poor Cockney, what is grappling? Why bless us! he looks pale and glances out of the window for a policeman—we don't mean to hurt you, little 'un, grappling is nothing more than tickling trout. Nothing more—"only that and nothing more;" you have it all in one word. What the Pope's eye is to lovers of mutton, Exeter Hall to the musicians, the *Eagle* to the lovers of light and instructive reading, that is grappling to your lover of nature, and manly sports.

I have never even put finger into a brook since leaving those dear old becks in the North; it seems profanation of my skill and skin to dip my pickers and stealers into a slow Dutchman of a ditch, crawling over chalk or limestone or mud. What is the use of grappling a stream between neatly kept grass banks, with here and there a bridge and a mill, or, it may be, a village and sheepwash, and such abominations to the grappler, and never a hollow bank, or a stone that Ajax Telamon could not play marbles with. And I never will dip finger into a brook (except for purposes of ablution, potation, &c.) till I can find such another as Gray and Dick Metcalfe and I with our fags grappled three years ago last Easter Monday. We were then scholar-lads, as the bucolics called us, at the Fellside Grammar School, and Easter Monday had been from time immemorial devoted, as the first day of the season, to grappling. Fear not, ye tender-hearted, when you read of our fags: not Tom Brown, (though he has written a preface about it) not you would object to such fagging as this: weeks and weeks beforehand had Toby and little Gray and Jim Tostle-tree sidled into our sitting-room, to know if they might carry coats for us on this day, and Gray had run after breakfast to the turnpike every blessed morning for a month to put himself in training for it. They knew what grappling was, and what fagging was too, for in the reign before Gray's there had been sharp work among them as tradition said. However they lived to tell the tale.

Houghillbeck tumbles into the Rother at a most charming spot about six miles from the school. There is a slight bend in the river, which is there rather deep, and flows silently between two gradually steepening banks of red and brown pudding-stone, clothed with luxuriant moss, and crowned with tall ferns and ash trees, which almost intertwine their branches over the still stream: higher up, and just within sight is a long bank of shingle athwart the current, over which the water sparkles in the sun, and makes melodious music; and just at the bend foams down the gully it has worn, the Houghill beck. "Here is a spot to dream of sunny hair and eyes, and float away in the memory of bygone wanderings by brookside, &c.," says our spooney friend. "Glorious place for flyfishing," says the practical man, "and that ledge just above the surface of the water, what a station for a nooser!" Verily ye are both quite right; of the two, Spooney has the best of it; but we came here for grappling; and if all the Naiades and Nymphs

were to sport in the sparkling stream, and woo us with speech and song, we would just tell them it was a very fine day but rather windy.

Rob Thwaites, who had joined us on coming out of morning school, and Toby looked rather puffed; for we have run these six miles in something like fifty minutes, from which is to be subtracted precisely the number of seconds that are required to drink a cup of coffee and cut a huge hunch of bread for breakfast. Gray and I are old hands, so Thwaites and Dick watch us preparing ourselves for the sport. We leisurely divest ourselves of cap, coat, (waistcoat and neckcloth had been left behind in a locker of course), shirt, flannel, and then begin at the other end, and doff shoes and stockings, till we stand, like pure gold, in bags. However, shoes go on again, while the fags take charge of the clothes, and put watches, knives and halfpence into their pockets; and we step slowly and carefully into the cold stream.

"What? got one already?" shouts Dick, as Gray sings out "look sharp, Jim! Here's one" and flings a writhing glistening trout high up on the bank, "that's quick work." In two or three minutes the line is formed, and steady work goes on: "Two, three, four; I have got half a dozen," says Toby, who has the honour of stringing them on the bank. "And I have not caught one" says Thwaites; "have you, Mecca?" "No!" says Dick, despondingly.

"What on earth are you after, Gray?" No answer; as indeed might be expected. Look at him! Full length on the stones, with the wavelets breaking on his ribs and neck; his head almost out of sight under the bank and the water, and his arm reaching into the very bowels of the earth! Still thrusting his arm in and in. Stay, here he comes—no! in again for a moment; till he backs, like a terrier, stern first out of a hole, and jumps up on one knee, with a splendid trout flapping alternately his nose and chin, held fast by the gills in the *ἔρκος ὀδόντων*, and another looking resigned to his fate in his hand. "Bravo! Gray; you are a stumper!" "Yes; that is a pretty "considerable bite," says Gray, as he pitches them on to the bank; "how many have you caught?" "Only two," I reply, "but one is a splendid fish; caught him under the "great Troutstone by the wooden bridge."

We have no time to look about us, or we are now in glorious country: magnificent heath hills (with such grouse) in the back ground, and a blue sky with light clouds

driving high before a south wind behind them, and broken high banks in front, with furze, and fern, and foxglove rising from the green strip which flanks the brook; and a few trees to the left, where a decent looking farm-house attracts our attention for a moment: to the right is an open bit of grass land with an old horse, and a steep earth bank with furze at the top about thirty yards off. Whiz! "who on earth flung that stone?" "Mind your eye! there comes another;" and sure enough one comes rising from behind the aforesaid hedge, and plunges into the river close by Dick's head. "I say, come on," cries Dick, and we charge the hedge: Thwaites keeps the rear safe, and protects the fags; for he is a cautious party. We are over the hedge in half a second, and right among five great awkward cubs who look not a little astonished: and now mind your peepers, you Thebans, for Dick is a crusher. Two or three taps on the head are enough however, and four run off and discharge *ἔπεα πτερόεντα*, like the Parthians, in their flight: one young Samson remains. "Now, young 'un! were you throwing stones?" "Hauns aff! or I'll knock your face in two twos?" "Were you throwing stones, young un?" says Dick again, "na! what's the use? ye're braw laddies enough," replies Samson slowly: "ha' ye taken many?" "Pretty average," says Gray; "so you did'nt pelt us." "Na! I did'nt." "Well give us your fist," says Dick, "you an't half a bad fellow after all;" and they shake hands as if each was trying to dislocate the other's shoulder; "come to our sports after the cricket match in May, and try a wrestle will you: there are prizes no end, and all free and fair." "I know," says Samson, "why, mun, I wrostled last Michaelmas with t' little tight lad; Smith, they call him, that's gone south to make a parson or some such of himself;" "By Jove! so you did," cries Dick, "I'd forgotten you: you were in the last couple with Smith to be sure, and precious hard work he had with you:" "Na! na! he's a fine lad; a fine tight lad; he'll throw everybody down south that gives him a chance; but I'll come and try a fall with you." "All right," replies Dick, "and good luck to you:" so we jog back again, and Dick shews Thwaites the great red and white mark on his shoulders that young Palæmon's fist made.

We are now right up among the mountains in the shadow of Tawny Longback, and are filling up the third dozen. Thwaites has caught a couple, but crushed off the head of one against a stone. Dick has caught five, and

a miserable eel—a Tartar to catch with one's hands. "Here's a grand one," murmurs Thwaites as he kneels, head on one side and pressed against the bank, and arms and hand groping among the roots of a sycamore tree that stood on the bank: "here's a grand one, if I can but get it. By Jove—here he is—a thumper; look out Toby!" and up mounts a fat old frog into the air, and splits on falling to mother earth. Gray laughs, and Toby laughs, and drops the fish to laugh, and we all laugh at Thwaites' disconsolate and disgusted face. "Better luck next time, old fellow! But wasn't it a thumper, that's all?" and we bend down again.

Suddenly there is a sound of voices, and just above, where a little path leads down the burnside and crosses on stepping-stones, three young lassies walk trippingly down, and laugh and chat quite unconscious of our presence. The first lassie suddenly sees Gray, and screams with a most becoming fright at such a white Indian. "Don't be alarmed," says Gray, "we are not water rats," as he eyes the first maiden very tenderly, a pretty child who had seen some ten summers pass over her flaxen head; the bonnet hangs negligently behind upon a little scarlet cloak, and is perfectly charming. "These stones are not quite safe, so I shall carry you across;" off she sets like a fawn, and off he runs after her; it is all in vain; she has not run ten steps up the bank before Gray has seized the laughing little flirt, and bears her off in triumph; and when he set her down on the opposite bank, he stoops down perhaps to whisper something, for she runs off, and declares he is a naughty boy, and she'll never go to school that way again; and stands at the top of the bank, and looks a real little beauty. The others resist all offers of Mecca and Thwaites; who, somehow, have not got the knack of doing that sort of thing like Gray.

We have gone up the beck now about five miles, hedges have disappeared, and we are in the region of stone walls; the water is tumbling over great stones, and in the dubs there are splendid dark trout, for this is one of the Black becks, a "winefaced water." Thwaites thinks four dozen is as many as we shall know what to do with, and that it is time to set off home; however we grapple the stream to its very fount, groping under the banks and the great smooth stones till our fingers are so cold as scarcely to tell a stone from a fish. Flop, flop—"there's a glorious one gone," cries Dick, "my fingers were so cold, but he's gone up stream;" "here you are," shouts Gray, and scoops out on

to the bank the identical trout with his hand, just at the top of a small waterfall which the fish had barely cleared, "that's great luck; you see it was staggered by the current."

Oh! the delight of feeling a flap at your fingers ends under a stone, and groping about delicately, very delicately, till you just feel his tail in the farthest corner, and follow up along his body till you can get no further for the stones, between which he has hidden his head like an ostrich. Be patient, my dear fellow! you are sure to have him; tickle gently and he will back out, all slippery and cold into your hand, then firmly grasp him till one finger is safe in his gill, and draw him out and pitch him to Toby on the bank, and then you have done what Meg Dods would say, "is the first step towards cooking trout."

However, it is a quarter to one o'clock, and we have seven miles to go over fell and field and road before two p.m. so we adonize on the bank, and dispose of a couple of dry biscuits and the contents of a flask of whiskey, after which Dick proposes a race home, which Thwaites thinks is no fun. It would be long to tell of our run,—Thwaites falls into the rear with Toby and Jim; Willy and Allan Gray, Dick, and I keep on ahead; and Dick and Willy alarm an old lady in her cottage by the side of the path, by a sudden request for a drink of water. The old lady brings a great bowl of buttermilk, watches Dick pour it down slippingly, and then eyes Gray. "Well! y'ar a fine pair!" "Ay?" says he. "Are ye brithers?" "Yes," says Gray, "brither scholars." "Well! y'ar a fine pair! are ye twins?" "Pretty nearly," says Dick, laughing. "Well! Y'AR a fine pair!" so we pat her little granddaughter on the head, thank the old lady, and set off again.

We have not run far when Dick suddenly begins to limp, and complains of lameness in his left foot. We are very sorry, and little Allan offers to stay with him and cut dinner, but Dick won't let him, and sits looking very melancholy on the bank, and picking primroses, till we are out of sight. On we trot, thinking what poor Dick will do with himself, when horsehoofs are heard close behind us, and up he comes, riding as hard as he can ride, without saddle or bridle, or anything but a rough branch which he brandishes in his hand, and which descends on Powney's flanks, whack! whack! and passes us triumphantly 'mid a volley of laughing abuse of him for a crafty fox. So Dick gets home in state, and we meet Powney walking back looking rather warm, at five minutes to two in the afternoon of Easter Monday, 1855.



PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

BOOK II.

Que mon nom soit flétri, pourvu que la France soit libre.—

Danton.

I HAD originally intended to commence this division of my subject by analysing, as fairly and completely as I could, the argument on Moral Obligation; that my readers might have clearly before them at the outset the results at which Paley arrived, and the steps by which he reached them: but, on attempting to do so, I found his treatment of the question so hopelessly confused, that I relinquished the attempt in despair—and must content myself with faithfully setting forth what appears to me to be the general connection of the principles upon which he rests the practical portion of his system, and with referring the reader to the work itself to examine the accuracy of my summary.

These principles are as follows: *The desire of gain or fear of loss is the only motive which can be sufficiently violent to make a man feel 'obliged' to do one action rather than another. The motive then of every action, good or bad, is private happiness; the distinguishing characteristic of a right action being that it is consistent with the Will of God. Hence private happiness is the motive to all right doing, the Will of God the rule; and Virtue, or the habit of acting rightly, is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the Will of God, and for the sake of everlasting happiness. Further, since God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, the method of determining his Will concerning any action is to inquire into its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness; in other words, actions are to be estimated by their tendency: it is expediency alone that constitutes moral obligation. To calculate this tendency with respect to each action would however be impossible, and on closer examination will be found not necessary; for whatever*

reason there is to expect rewards and punishments at the hand of God, the same reason is there to believe that he will proceed in the distribution of them by general rules, and it is to these general rules that every question of right or wrong must ultimately be referred. For instance, the obligation to perform promises is deduced from the general rule, that confidence in promises is essential to the conduct of human life; and fornication is sinful because it tends, if generally permitted, to diminish marriages; and marriage is a beneficial institution.

These then are the principles of Paley's System of Moral Philosophy, and few, I should think, could rise from their perusal without a doubt whether they knew anything of the race of Beings the Reverend Philosopher had been treating of—whether it could be possible that this was gravely proposed, as an analysis of the motives of men of the same nature and with the same general objects in view as the Holy Apostles and Martyrs of our Faith, as the youthful David before Goliath, as the heroic band at Thermopylæ, or as our honored fellow-countrymen at Balaklava—whether this could really be alike the Christian and the philosophical explanation of a son's loving, honoring and succouring his parents; of a citizen's courting death for his country's sake; of a mother's life of love and self-sacrifice for her children. Still fewer would, I trust, admit the truth of principles, which so evidently contradict all the best feelings of our nature, and destroy so many of our most treasured words,—even though enunciated by a former Tutor of our Sister College, a reverend dignitary of the Church—or supported by far stronger and more unanswerable arguments than I hope to be able to show that they are.

My examination of this part of the subject will naturally fall into the two divisions adopted by Paley himself.

First then, the motive: "Private happiness is or ought to be the motive of every action." It is no trifling objection to this, that, as I have already suggested, it wholly destroys or at least changes the meaning of such words as gratitude, love, patriotism, friendship, disinterestedness—no trifling objection to the minds of those who believe that the experience of a people is recorded in its language—that the words of a nation, like the furrows on an old man's cheek, are strokes of the signature of Time; for a system with which these, the symbols of a people's faith, cannot be reconciled, does in effect deny the principles which have found their unconscious utterance in them, and which, to

have so influenced our daily speech, must lie deep-rooted in our nature.

As an illustration of this, let me remind the reader that with Paley *duty* ceases to be something *due*, becomes in fact merely an intelligent prudence, and also that all reference to the word *ought* is omitted, perhaps wisely, in the book on Moral Obligation; but it is still more significant that when, in the 3rd Chapter, he compares the claims for his vote of a person who has a small place at his disposal, with those of one on whom his fortune depended, he does not appear to contemplate, what is however a conceivable supposition, that he *ought* under certain circumstances to give it to the one who could make him least return. And yet this defective illustration is the only appearance of an argument in favor of his principle.

Let us however look at it from another point of view. If private happiness has been the motive to every right action, the desire for it must have been present to the mind at the time of performing the action. This, which is implied in the word motive, enables me to test its truth by a well-known instance—the parable of the good Samaritan. The Samaritan knew, we will suppose, that it was God's will that he should succour the distressed, relieve the unfortunate; he must then, since his action was a right one and is held up to us as a model, have so acted because he hoped it would increase his happiness. But what says St. Luke? "That a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, 'came where he (the robbed and wounded traveller) was, 'and when he saw him he had compassion on him, &c.'" He does not say, though he gives the motive of the action, that the Samaritan thought within himself—here is an opportunity of fulfilling the Will of God, and of increasing my own happiness; but, that he had compassion—i.e. that he loved this sufferer because he was a fellow-man, and the love was called forth into feeling and action when he saw him in pain and distress. Assuredly the Samaritan's happiness was increased by so doing, but he as certainly did not do it to increase his happiness.

Again, if the desire for private happiness is the motive which ought to actuate men, it must have been the motive which actuated the Perfect Man. And yet so says not the New Testament: whilst it does speak of a work which Christ came on earth to perform, of a duty to fulfil; and which he fulfilled not for his own glory, but for the glory of his and our Father in Heaven.

If the selfish principle failed in the former case, does it not do so much more, is it not seen to be Unchristian in the present?

Further, supposing we admit that "the desire of gain or fear of loss is the motive of every action," does Paley's deduction necessarily follow: "that, since everlasting happiness is the highest gain, the desire for it must be the motive to every right action?" Is he justified in calling everlasting happiness a *private* gain in the same sense that he does human happiness? Is he not by so doing really taking advantage of a confusion between the terms which he himself has introduced? Does not the principle so stated involve the assumption that everlasting happiness is of the same nature as human happiness, and merely an indefinite extension of it?—If this be so, surely I need not examine the question further, every page of the New Testament will refute it. But if, separating it entirely from Paley's principles, we attach to the term everlasting happiness, or, as I should prefer to call it, to avoid ambiguity, Eternal Life, any notion not dependent upon his definition of happiness, and at all warranted by Revelation, then the proposition will require a more careful consideration, for it does, as thus stated, embody a large element of Truth, the presence of which explains, as I believe, the hold the Selfish System has retained on many, who would reject with indignation both its general principles and its logical conclusions.

In the first place then, I find the general teaching of the New Testament to be, that Eternal Life will be the reward of those who do that which is lawful and right, who live in purity and godliness here on Earth, which certainly would lead one to infer that a right action must have a meaning totally distinct from its reward, that to act rightly and lawfully cannot be the same as acting for the sake of Eternal Life. Moreover, still arguing on Christian principles, from which alone, as distinct from Ethical principles, this motive is deduced, I should say that since the two great commandments are 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God,' and 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour,' from obedience to them ought every action to spring, and not from any Selfish aim, for, however great the reward to be attained by so acting, to act for its sake would be selfish.* Again,

* "The purest motive of human action is the love of God."—
Dr. Paley, Sermon III.

the motive to an action ought certainly to have some reference to the object of it, and in like manner the moving principle of man's life, or of the aggregate of his actions to his object on earth, in other words, to the work he has to do in the world—his duty—and not to something which will in another life result from doing that duty.

Still, if we attach a more definite conception to the term *Eternal Life*, and say, that it is the state of perfection of man's nature, when his will, being at unity with itself and not as now torn by two rival principles, is also at unity with the Will of its Creator, then indeed it is evident, that since we can have no higher or truer aim than that implied in the petition '*Thy Will be done,*' the desire of *Eternal Life*, so interpreted, is in fact *the* motive which ought to actuate us; but it is equally evident that in admitting this we have widely departed from the principles of the Philosophy before us—for its very statement implies an abnegation of Self: moreover, I have, in so doing, really passed on to the remaining division of any subject, the *rule* of Human actions.

After having been obliged to differ from Dr. Paley on so many of the fundamental questions of morality, it was quite cheering to find, on advancing to an examination of his rule of human actions, that I could heartily agree with at all events the first proposition he laid down on that subject. That the Will of God ought to be the rule of all our actions, is the rule of all right ones, is a conclusion in which all Philosophers, Heathen as well as Christian, would, I believe, ultimately be found to agree;—but here unfortunately agreement ends; and in his answer to the next question that arises, how is this rule to be applied to any particular instance, how am I to know whether I am or am not obeying it, whether my actions are right or wrong, our author again, as too often before, parts company with the great and wise of all nations and times, and deserts for a narrower, lower track, the broad and noble one upon which he had so auspiciously entered.

If the reader will turn to Chapters IV. V. and VI. of Book II. or to my summary of their contents, he will find that Paley's principles upon this subject are contained in the three following propositions:

God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures.

God's will with respect to any action is to be determined by examining its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness.

It is the utility alone of any action which constitutes moral obligation ; whatever is expedient is right.

The Chapter devoted to the first is a striking illustration of the characteristic excellencies and defects of the entire work. From Paley's particular point of view one can scarcely conceive a more felicitous, or, on the whole, more admirable treatment of the subject ; while, considered as a general statement, it is so one-sided and partial as to be really false. That God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, is a proposition to which every one feels inclined promptly to assent, and rightly ; but in what sense ? Certainly not in that in which Paley has evidently interpreted it, to which alone his illustrations apply, and in which alone his deductions from it bear upon the subject, viz. that God wills and wishes his creatures to experience more pleasure than pain ; rather would it be more generally understood to mean, that God wills and wishes the ultimate good of his creatures, or in other words, that ' God will have all men to be saved ' and to come to the knowledge of the Truth.' And if we believe in the entire Truth of this last—if also we believe that to lose all one holds dearest on earth, friends, fame, health, happiness, life itself, is as nothing when compared with the fulfilment of our duty,—if we at all believe in the chastening influences of sorrow, and that, whatever might have been the case had sin not entered the world, men do, by drinking deep of trouble, misery and despair, attain to a Faith in their Creator, a sympathy with their fellows and a knowledge of themselves which far outweigh any sacrifice they could voluntarily offer up, and which as Christians we cannot but believe to be the results of an education to which God has been pleased to submit them—if, I say, we believe these things, we cannot accept Paley's interpretation as a complete expression of the Truth.

But even if the principle were true to a greater extent than it really is, I know not what there is in it which justifies us in detaching it from others as of paramount importance, or what authority we have for venturing to deduce from it alone a practical system of Morality. Is not the fact that all things tend ultimately to good, that ' Sin itself is but the cloudy ' porch oft opening on the Sun,' an instance of the Divine Economy which pervades the Universe, rather than a law we can safely take as a moral guide ? Because the internal arrangements of a School or Factory are so wisely ordered, that the work can be performed with the least possible amount of pain and inconvenience, no one surely would conclude

that the pupils or operatives ought to determine their master's will concerning any action by examining its tendency to promote or diminish the general happiness. And yet this is what the Utilitarian principle does really assert. For what are the actual facts of the case? Are they not as follows? That the world is a School, in which we are the School-boys, having each some particular work to perform, which, both in itself and in the discipline which it involves, may serve to lead us to perfection, and to prepare us for that higher state to which our whole School-life is but a preparation; and that the Creator has, according to the needs of our various natures, and for the performance of this work and the better training of our faculties, apportioned to some chastisement, to others comfort, to some wealth, to others poverty, to some mental to others physical vigour, to none perfect happiness. But to assert that, because the teeth are made to eat with not to ache, fire to warm not to destroy, therefore God wills and wishes the happiness of his creatures, is to say that happiness consists in eating, warmth, &c., and to attach an importance and duration to these transitory aids, which neither Scripture nor experience warrants us in doing.

At the same time let me not be misunderstood. I accept most heartily as an important truth the principle which underlies Paley's rule; that every right action does tend entirely to the good of mankind; that everything evil, however apparently beneficial, does do harm of which we can estimate neither the consequences nor the influence; further, admitting this, I see no reason why we should not determine the morality of an action by its consequences, if we possessed a faculty by which we could judge them. But the truth is, we have no such faculty; as will be at once evident, if we consider not only how various are the influences at work upon us, and how different are their effects upon different minds, but also that all things really work for good in the world, the effect of evil being checked by that of good; and that the immediate consequences of many right actions are apparently evil, and the remote consequences of evil ones good. How, for instance, could we, on strictly Utilitarian principles, condemn Jacob's deceit or the sin of Joseph's brethren? How could we so distinguish the actual consequences of any action in the world's history, as to decide with certainty whether it has been on the whole productive of happiness or unhappiness?

It is then because the introduction of the word happiness so narrows the truth in it as to render it false, that I cannot accept Paley's criterion as a moral guide, and it is because we

are not able to determine whether *an action will be expedient on the whole, at the long run, in all its effects collateral and remote, as well as in those which are immediate and direct*, that I believe the rule, however interpreted, to be utterly useless and unsafe.

This last difficulty, arising from the limitation of our faculties, Paley himself seems to have in part perceived; for he bases the obligation of particular duties not upon the general principle of utility, but upon certain general rules deduced from it; and it is to these that he refers those actions which are morally wrong but apparently expedient, thus evading all difficulties that a too consistent adherence to his principle might lead him into. But these general rules themselves rest upon no secure foundation, for the truth of them really depends upon that of two propositions which Paley does not prove, and which do not appear to be universally true, viz. that similar consequences follow similar actions, and that an action, which if generally permitted would be inexpedient, must necessarily be so in any individual instance. Indeed, he does not himself appear to have been quite satisfied of the universality of his test, for he qualifies it by saying, that 'it is for *the most part* a salutary caution not to violate a general rule for the sake of any particular good consequence we may expect, the advantage *seldom* compensating for the violation of the rule.' But who is to decide what are the cases to which his principle does not apply, or what principle is then to take its place are questions he omits to answer. And yet this is called Philosophy, and this a treatise which, if not theoretically perfect, may yet be relied upon as a practical guide.

If any reader should still be in doubt about the truth of the principles I have been examining, let him apply one simple but practical test, and he can scarcely fail to be convinced. Let him conceive a man educated from his earliest childhood on the principles of Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy. Suppose him taught that self-interest has been the motive to every virtuous, every apparently self-denying action that has ever been performed, and to explain the admiration for such actions by the same reference to Self; suppose him taught, as soon as he begins to experience the power of human passion and the presence of an individual will, that pleasures differ in nothing but in their intensity and continuance; that private happiness is to be the motive to his every action, its effect on the happiness of mankind the rule; in other words, that, with regard to the motive, he is to consider himself as the centre of the Universe, to which all is to

be referred : with regard to the rule, as a mere unit in a great scheme, which has for its object the greatest happiness of the greatest number ; and then let the reader judge whether one so educated is likely to come very near to the New Testament standard of a perfect Man, to fulfil in purity and holiness and justice, the duties of a son, brother, citizen, husband, and father ; and whether the conviction, that sensual pleasures endure but for a time and, if too much indulged in, cease to gratify, will keep him from sin, as surely as a belief, that man has a conscience, whose dictates he is bound to heed.

One word, before I conclude, on the general object of this paper. The absence of any statement of positive principles will I am afraid be an objection to many. And certainly it would have been more satisfactory, at least to the writer, to have first laid down sound principles, and then to have shown Paley's inconsistency with them. But this was not what I proposed, which was far more to gather up and express the thoughts which would suggest themselves to every careful student of Paley, who does not separate the recollections of his childhood, and the lessons he was then taught, from the studies of his manhood ; who has learnt to love and reverence the great men of the past ; and who, while admitting the fact of man's fall, has learnt, whether from books, from reflection, or from experience, that we are not all evil, not wholly given up to Self—to do this, far more than to lay down principles, which few perhaps would care to read, and still fewer agree with.





PHASELUS ILLE.

I.

Aquatic Muse, cheer up, girl, come !
What *is* the use of looking glum ?
What though last year without avail,
Thou bad'st our gallant crew, All hail !
Shrinkest thou still at thoughts of that,
And dread of wily Ouseburn Mat ?
Thy goose is not yet cook'd, my jewel,
Though all Newcastle pile the fuel :
So, come—a cheerful brow display,
For now another crew demands another lay.

II.

Pearson is studying morals—
Snow's got his *fibula* broke—
Both of them rest on their laurels,—
Whom shall we have for a stroke ?

Over the water to Magdalene !
Rowers are there in infinity :
Men, who without any dawdling,
Migrated thither from Trinity.

III.

If Oxford's a lion, as some people say,
We've found here a JACKAL to show him the way ;
And, to light him along in the rear of our craft,
We've kindly established some gig-lamps abaft.

IV.

Oh ! Scotland may boast of her bairns,
Nurtured on Cheviot or Grampian ;
But *fairer* than *bairns* of those mountains and cairns,
Is Benjamin Caunt, our big champion.

V.

For the next we've a stalwart young Welshman employ'd,
And without any doubt is our courage *a-Lloy'd*,
Let us hope that the foe, when his energy fails,
Will acknowledge that he is defeated—by *wails*.

VI.

But whom have we got here to row number Five?
'Tis Cambria's last minstrel still up and alive;
For when oar's rapid music grows faster and sharper,
O who is so pleased as our President's HARPER?
And to cleave through the waters their strength so avails,
That our Five and our Six are both "very like *whales*."

VII.

Well, talk of strength, we'll show you even more,
If you inspect our mighty number Four;
He'll lift more weight than any other one can,
Will DUNCAN—
He has the strength of an entire barrack,
Has DARROCH.

VIII.

The next my Muse must look sedate on,
A chaplain from the house of Clayton;
I don't mean from the mart of oysters,
But from old Gonville's sainted cloisters,
Whose energy, with skill directed
To perfect style, should be respected—
I'd like to whip until they blubber,
Those naughty boys who call him LUBBER.

IX.

Next, our SMITH in the fire of his spirits so glowing,
Goes hammer and tongs at the science of rowing:
Yet amidst all his labours, he'll keep his back straighter
Than other more powerful men do,
That's why he's called *Archy*—(you'll need a translator)
"Quasi lucus a non perlucendo."

X.

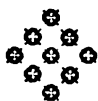
Would you HAVE ART a noble work to grace,
Of course you'd put it in the foremost place:
So we have done—we've one more reason yet,
That first of all rows Lady Margaret.

But here peeps private spirit out,
 Which should at once give place :
 A public work we set about—
 A public foe we face.
 So should our crew be in one tether
 Yoked by the goddess Pax,
 That all their hearts may swing together,
 As well as all their backs.
 Aye! so we are in one accord,
 No cares intestine cark us :
 We know no harsh or angry word,
 No *railing* besides *Barker's*.

XI.

Now, Miss Muse, moralizing is all very fine,
 But pray let me tell you 'tis not in your line :
 No wonder that thus you've been tacking and veering,
 For all through your course you've had nobody steering.
 Now there's one little maxim I'd have you to know,
 Since without it you'll be at a loss,—
 "Train up a CREEPER the way he should go,
 "And he'll never depart from his course."

THEOGNIS.





ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF CERTAIN WORDS IN ENGLISH.

IN the last number of *The Eagle*, there appeared an article signed "W," in which the author endeavoured to show that words such as 'eager,' 'reason,' &c. were formerly pronounced *aiger*, *rason*, &c. One of the passages adduced in support of this theory, was—

With juice of cursed Hebenon in a viol,
Which . . . doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.

"W" proposes to adopt the folio reading *aygre*, instead of eager. His view is that the unusual word *aygre* (sour) has been confounded by some careless hearer with the more usual word *eager*, which then had the same pronunciation, and that the error has thus crept into the text; and he asserts that on this hypothesis alone can the quarto reading be explained. He seems to have been unaware that *aigre* and *eager* are the same word. The derivation of this word is the French 'aigre,' which has the meanings—sour, sharp, quick, impetuous. The root of this word, the Latin *acer*, and the Greek *ὄξύς*, though not etymologically connected, have both the same range of meanings. The word *eager*, therefore, in the above passage is easily intelligible as meaning *sour*, without resorting to the hypothesis of a distinct word *aigre*.*

* Compare

It is a nipping and an eager air.—Act. I. sc. IV.

Here the word *eager* must have the meaning *piercing*, *sharp*, &c.

With W's opinion that the diphthong *ea* was formerly pronounced as *a*, and not *e*, I am inclined to agree. And it is extremely probable at first sight that such should be the case, when we recollect that most of these words are derived from the French, in which language the corresponding words have that pronunciation. Instances of this are—reason (Eng.), *raison* (Fr.), season, *saison*; eagle, *aigle*; eager, *aigre*; meagre, *maigre*; clear, *clair*; pleasure, *plaisir*; ease, *aïse*, &c.

It seems likely that these words, on their first introduction into the English language, should retain their French pronunciation. It would also be most naturally thought that they would likewise retain their French spelling: and then there would appear to be no obvious reason why the pronunciation should not remain as in French. I venture however to propose a theory to account for this change of pronunciation.

The vowel *e* has in French the sound of the English *a*. Now if it can be made to appear that in early French these words were spelt with *e* instead of *ai*, and that they retained this spelling when first introduced into English, we see at once a very obvious cause of their retaining at first the French sound of *e*, and of their afterwards losing it for the English sound of this letter.

I proceed to adduce passages from an early English and from an early French author in support of this theory. The English author I have chosen is Chaucer, and, as Norman-French was for some time after the Conquest in common use among the higher classes in this country, I have selected as the source of my French quotations, "Le Roman de Rou et des ducs de Normandie," a Norman poem, written in the early part of the 12th century.

The following passages are from the "Roman de Rou":—

Richart fu bien guardé une lunge sezon. 3081

Here we have *sezon* for *saison* (season). We also find *mésoun* for *maison*, a word of precisely the same form; as in—

Quant Osmont vit li gards de la méson torner. 3160

Again,

En Dex me fi, 12654

Kar il fet d'el tot son pleisir,

E ço k' il velt fet avenir.

Here *pleisir* is for *plaisir* (pleasure). We also notice *fet* for *fait*. In Norman-French *ai* is replaced by *e* in all the tenses of the verb *faire*. The participle *fait*, in

Norman-French *fet*, is the origin of the English word *feat*.*

N'ose issir de la vile par cler ne par oscur. 3049

Here *cler* is for *clair*, clear.

Mez fièble sui, mal maint me sent. 618

Here we find *fièble* for *faible*, feeble. Mez also is for *mais*.

Tant jut è tant juna ke mult fu afeébiz. 3134

Here we see *é* for *ai* in *affaibli*, enfeebled.

Many more instances might be brought forward, but it is needless to do so. They are of constant occurrence, while *ai* is but rarely found. It would seem, therefore, that *ai* in French was nearly always replaced by *e* or *ei* in Norman-French.

I now turn to Chaucer. I find—

“And though men dradden never for to die,
Yet see men wel by reson douteles
That idelnesse is rote of slogardie.” 15483

“Of Sapience, and for hire thewes clere.” 15569

“And plesant was his absolution.
He was an esy man to give penance.” 222

“Ther n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse
In all the lond, that she ne coude appese
And wisely bring hem all in hertes ese.”— 8308

Canterbury Tales.

“Bread 216

Kneden with eisell,† strong and egre,
And thereto she was leane and megre.”—

Romaunt of the Rose.

“Of this rote also springeth a seed of grace, which seed is
moder of sikernesse,‡ and this seed is eger and hote.”—

Persones Tale.

* *Fet* (plural *fez*) frequently occurs in the sense of *feat*, for instance,

Ki firent livres è esoriz
Des nobles fez è des bons diz.....

Roman de Rou. 11.

We find in Chaucer *fete*, in the sense of *work*, a word evidently derived from *fait* or *fet*, as in

“Not only this Grisildis thurgh here wit
Coude all the fete of wifly homliness. &c.”—

Canterbury Tales. 8304

† Eisell, *vinegar*.

‡ Sikernesse, *security*.

In these passages we have reason, pleasant, easy, eager, meagre, &c., spelt with *e* instead of *ea*.

The above quotations must suffice. I will merely add, as confirming the opinions I have expressed above, that in Norman-French *e* or *ei* is constantly used for *ai*, and not only in words that have passed into English, and that in early English *e* is found in nearly every word in which *ea* is now used, and not merely in words derived from the French.

This fact seems to shew that the *a* was indiscriminately inserted in all such words at some later date.

In conclusion, I will point out one or two points of interest connected with this subject which seem deserving of further enquiry. At what time and for what purpose was the *a* inserted in these words? Had words derived from the Saxon, which are now spelt with *ea*, and were formerly spelt with *e*, the sound of *a*? Is it possible that the *a* was inserted to guide or correct the changing pronunciation? These questions I leave for the present. At some future time I may return to them, or others may be induced to take them up.

“F.”





AN IDYL.

LAST Long, when Frank and I were in the South
Beside the Channel, one sweet afternoon
While on a flowery ledge amid the cliffs
We lay, our elbows deep in thyme, and watch'd
The lazy ripple of the summer sea,
I ask'd him, "Tell me now the song you made
That day when on a certain hill you sat,
And read about the 'swallow flying South,'
With many a glance into the vale below."
So I, and urged my plea until at last
I gain'd my point, and smiling, he began.

"O happy, happy brooklet hastening down
From upland fountain to embrace her bower,
O tell her, happy brooklet, if she stay
To cast a glance upon thee, when she sees
Her fair face in thy mirror, say, O say
There is a heart that mirrors her as true;
But tell her that the wing of Time is swift,
O tell her that he passeth by like thee!

"O happy, happy shades, O twinkling leaves
That flutter all about her, as my heart
Flutters when I behold her; happy leaves,
O whisper to her as ye shade her there,
Breaking the ardent sunbeams, say to her,
That life without the shadow of sweet Love
Is dry and weary; tell her Love waits now
To shade her in the shadow of his wings.

"O happy, happy breeze, that from these hills
Blowest, and from green murmur-haunted gloom
Of linden grove and alley to her bower
Bearest sweet odours, haste! about her hair
Flutter and dance, and breathe upon her lips
The kisses that I send by thee, and bring
O bring ere long, far sweeter than thy breath,
Her kisses back again, sweet breeze, to me!"

So Frank; then laughing rose, and led the way
Along the lofty cliffs, whereon we went
With lengthening shadows: gently blew the breeze
O'er the broad bay, and, ere we reach'd the port,
The summer sun went down behind the hills.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

FEW points connected with education have been the subject of fiercer debate, than the right of the Classics to engross so large a portion as they do of the training of the upper classes. Not to mention the disputes between Humanists and Philanthropists in Germany, and the tirades of French ecclesiastics against the pernicious influence of a heathen literature: we have many signs amongst ourselves, that if Classical Studies are to maintain their old position in this country, they must be defended on more valid grounds than have usually been advanced in their favour. It may be that much of the suspicion with which they are viewed deserves no more attention than a schoolboy's protest against his Latin Grammar, or Euclid, but we can hardly flatter ourselves that this is the case when we find traitors within our camp, editors of Aristotle, decrying Classical education as "the last idol of the Middle Classes,"* and when an authority like the Master of Trinity asserts, that the tendency of merely Classical Study is to make the student irrational.† In these circumstances it is no longer safe for us to put our trust in a blind conservatism or in any of that vague declamation about cultivation of taste which forms the common place upon the subject. Nay, even supposing that the strong and growing feeling entertained by influential classes in this country against Classical education, had been nothing but unreasoning prejudice; it would still have been the duty of every man who believed in their utility to do his best to clear away misconceptions to which they might be liable. But there are certain grounds of the feelings to which I allude, which I believe to be

* Congreve's Edition of Aristotle's Politics, p. ix.

† Of a Liberal Education, p. 107, 2nd Edn.

represented with tolerable fairness in the following statement.

Classical education is an heir-loom from times when the knowledge of facts and of laws was less extended and less profound than it was even amongst the Ancients; but we have now a far greater accumulation of facts, and these have been far better classified and explained by the application of inductive methods of which they were ignorant. The Teutonic and Christian elements of our modern civilization have so modified the nature of society and man's view of his own position, that the maxims and wisdom of a previous period are now of little value: they are the fruits of the childhood of the world compared with those of its ripe manhood. And again, how can a medley of unconnected bits of knowledge ever vie as an educational instrument with a science which is built up by a continuous train of reasoning, and enforces long attention and concentration of thought? Or viewing the question in a more special light, why study the sign rather than the thing signified; the laws of human speech rather than the laws of the Moral and Physical universe? A knowledge of the former may gratify curiosity, but knowledge of the latter has given man whatever dominion he possesses over himself and over nature.

Without attempting any direct answer to these objections, I hope I may be able to shew in the course of my observations, that a knowledge of Classics does really demand a very thorough acquaintance with logical method and with the laws of the human mind, and that it also leads up to and embraces in itself all subjects of the deepest human interest.

The primary tangible result of Classical training, as shewn in a Cambridge first-class man, is a power of turning English into Latin and Greek, prose and verse, of a particular style; and again, of translating into English, Latin and Greek authors of a particular period, together with a sufficient knowledge of the life and history of these nations to explain any allusions which may occur in such authors. That this requires memory, accuracy, and a certain command of language all will allow; what more is required in those who attain the highest standard, or rather what is contained in the pattern of the scholar which all aim at so far as they are scholars at all, and which each approaches more nearly as he is more worthy of the name, I shall now do my best to explain.

The root and foundation of our scholarship is a knowledge of the laws of language; this which has been thrown in our teeth by adversaries, appears to me its most admirable characteristic; this gives to us what is perhaps wanting elsewhere, a firm basis on which to rest our more general criticism: it is as it were the fixed centre from which we may sweep the whole field of thought. Written speech is the immediate object upon which we have to operate. In order to understand this, we have to investigate a two-fold symbolism; that of letters standing for sound, that of sound standing for thought. Omitting the consideration of the first, though it embraces many highly interesting problems, historical and philosophical, as may be seen from Dr. Donaldson's *New Cratylus*, or Professor Max Müller's treatise on a *Missionary Alphabet*; I confine my attention to the second symbolism, of sound standing for thought. Here as in all partially inductive sciences, we come upon a mass of facts suggesting infinite problems: our science has to find a reason for the former and an answer to the latter. We may pursue a double method: starting with the definition "Language is the expression of that which passes in the mind by means of the organs of speech;" we may go on to examine these organs, classify the sounds which they are capable of producing, and thus obtain our physiological data for a scheme of language *a priori*; we have an arrangement that is of all possible articulate sounds exhibiting their natural resemblances or differences. Similarly we may obtain our psychological data; we classify the objects and the modes of thought, and determine the laws by which one thought suggests another. Nor is this all which the student of language borrows from the sciences of psychology and physiology. He learns from them what are the natural accompaniments of the normal state of the typical man, but he also learns how these may be modified by circumstances. The organs of speech are liable to various affections, each of which has a tendency to deflect language from its primitive standard. Similarly and to a far greater extent the mental faculties are liable to be stunted or perverted under unfavourable conditions.

So far the workings of mind and body are considered separately, but supposing our classification of sounds and thoughts to be each in itself complete, how are we to bring the two into connection? Why is any sound tied to one mental act rather than to another? To a certain extent we may here also employ the *a priori* argument. Since man is to use speech as a token

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common to himself and to others, when he wishes to recall any object to another by speech, he must employ some sound which is associated with that object in the mind of each; *e.g.* the exclamation which nature forces from both at the presence of the object, or imitative words (*"onomatopæias"* as they are called) such as the word cuckoo to recall the bird which produces that sound. And this principle of natural association operates very widely; sound imitates sound, but sound of a certain quality may also imitate in a more subtle manner anything which possesses that quality in a marked degree. And the greater ease or difficulty in pronunciation as well as the actual quality of the sound produced, may cause a sound to stand for a corresponding attribute. Here however it is still more evident than in the two former cases (where the physiological and psychological data were considered separately) that the extreme complexity of the causes at work, prevents our arriving at any results which shall agree with the facts by this deductive method. We must have recourse therefore to the second process alluded to above.

Taking any book, we find it made up of sentences of various kinds, but with certain uniformities running through them all. We are able to distinguish certain classes of words according to their formal uses; and we discover certain laws which govern the combinations and orders of these "parts of speech." Further we may frequently trace these laws to psychological principles, and so fasten them to the results already obtained by the deductive process, in one consistent scheme. Supposing now we turn to any other language, we shall find our principal laws still holding good, but many of the subordinate are broken through, others being substituted in their place, for which we have again to account. We are thus led inductively to the belief in one universal syntax, the natural product of the human mind, which has undergone various modifications, as that mind has passed from its normal state under the various influences of education. And this department of our science will be complete when not only the universal but each particular syntax shall have been traced back to its origin in human nature.

But induction has more than this to do. We find each language to be made up of groups of words, each group consisting of modifications of a certain sound and a certain thought; we get down to the simplest form both of the sound and of the thought which have appeared thus variously modified, and we attach the one to the other, styling it the crude-form or base. Again, observing these constant

forms, we are able to arrange them into fresh groups from which we may obtain a still more highly generalized form, (which we style a root) and repeating the same process in other languages, we may compare our results together, and thus discover manifold tokens of what we had been led to expect on *a priori* ground, that all present varieties of language are merely deflexions from an original utterance which was common to all men. To complete this branch of our science we require not only a reconstruction of that original language, with an understanding of the reason why each sound was attached to each thought; but we must be able to explain upon physiological or psychological grounds how this original language was changed in each case.

So far we have been engaged with the discussion of syntax and etymology, the former comprising the rational or logical and the passionate or rhetorical* arrangement of words, the latter involving a knowledge of roots and inflexions. There remains still a third division of our subject, dealing not with the laws which regulate the combinations of words, nor the laws which regulate the modifications of separate words; but with the laws according to which the objects of thought have been particularized or generalized in separate words. Not that it is possible in fact to divide the two last. It is frequently necessary to know the meaning in order to be satisfied that certain sounds are historically allied, as it is necessary to know what are the allied sounds before we can feel sure that we have the central meaning of any word. But the problem of this third or lexicographical part of the science is the appropriation of thought by speech. It must teach us how far the significations of words in the same or different languages coincide with one another and with the truth. And this branch will only be complete when we have an exact knowledge of the history of each word as well as of the relation which it bears to the synonyms in its own or in foreign languages; and the causes of these must be shown from the nature of the mind and the influences by which it has been affected.

I have thus endeavoured to represent as shortly as I was able, the method of reasoning which must be employed in order to acquire that knowledge of language which lies

* To this division (corresponding to what is sometimes called ornamental syntax) we should assign prosody which treats of the rhythms of verse.

at the base of Classical Scholarship. It may be objected that the view here taken of the science of language is imaginary, or that it is at any rate very different from that to which we are accustomed in Cambridge. I answer that it is not imaginary in any other sense than the science of Geology is so. It is a progressive science advancing towards the goal which I have ventured to describe. Possibly our data or our faculties are not sufficient to admit of that goal ever being attained, but there can be no doubt that we may approach infinitely nearer to it than we are at present, and it is well to look forward to it when we are inclined to rest contented with what we have already done. The second objection may be partially granted. A Cambridge first-class man need not consciously have made use of these inductive and deductive methods of reasoning; but it was by these that a Buttmann and a Hermann were enabled to substitute principles for rules, and when the scholar reads such a note as that of the latter on *πρὶν* followed by the subjunctive, he is really learning to connect facts with psychological laws. We must confess however, [nor will this weaken the argument in favour of Classical education generally] that language has not been studied here as systematically as it should have been. We develop a certain instinctive knowledge of Greek and Latin syntax, a certain instinctive subtlety with regard to the use of words, and we burden the memory with some hundred derivations which are sufficiently ascertained and not too easy to be asked in examinations. But might not all this be done in a more scientific manner? Might there not be a more systematic reference of the syntactical rules of the two languages to the laws of universal syntax? Might we not require, not merely that words should be used correctly, but that their agreements and differences should be accurately estimated and explained? Not merely that the particular derivation should be right, but that it should be referred back to general laws of derivation? We should not then have to blush for the absurdities which have never ceased to be put forward on this subject even by sound scholars: absurdities, owing to which a science which is at least as surely based and as interesting as geology, working out the same kind of palæological problems, has come to be regarded by many as mere ingenious quibbling. It is not perhaps to be desired that men should meddle much with Sanscrit or Comparative Philology before they take their degree, but surely it is most desirable that they should

take a general interest in the subject and look forward to it as an important field in which they may themselves hereafter become workers. For this is the fault to which I would chiefly draw attention. Scholars are willing to look upon their own science in the same confined way as their opponents, and many seem scarcely aware of the enormous unexplored territory lying before us, for the conquest of which we are specially furnished and equipt, and which we have no right to relinquish to foreigners on the convenient plea that practical life is the province of Englishmen. Practical life often means nothing more than mental indolence, and we are disloyal to our College and University if we allow this to creep over us without a struggle.

I leave for another paper the consideration of the *matter*, as opposed to the *language* of Classical authors. There is only one more point upon which it seems natural to touch here, and that is the history of the science of language. We have histories of Astronomy, of Mathematics, of Geology, of Medicine; but I know of no book in English which traces the progress of Grammar from its early dawn in Plato up to the present time. Yet there can be no doubt that an acquaintance with the chief theories which have been held with regard to points of syntax or etymology, might be very useful as a guide or a warning to present students, and that the remembrance of successes gradually achieved by former labourers might afford great encouragement to those upon whom the responsibility of knowledge has now devolved.

JOSEPH B. MAYOR.





NOTE ON THE ORIGIN OF THE QUARTO EDITIONS
OF OTHELLO.

Some by Stenography drew
The Plot, put in it Print, scarce one Word true.—
THOS. HEYWOOD.

THE
TRAGEDY OF OTHELLO THE MOORE OF VENICE.

*As it hath been diuerse times acted at the
Globe, and at the Blackfriars, by
his Maiesties Servants.*

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

This is the title of the first edition of Othello: it appeared in 1622, in small 4to. The lower part of the title page is torn away in the copy of the British Museum (644, c. 33). The following address, on the next page, is worthy of being transcribed entire.

The Stationer to the Reader.

To set forth a booke without an Epistle were like to the old English Proverbe, A blew coat without a badge, and the Author being dead, I thought good to take that piece of worke upon mee. To commend it, I will not, for that which is good, I hope every man will commend without intreaty; and I am the bolder because the Author's name is sufficient to vent the worke. Thus leaving every one to the liberty of iudgement; I have ventured to print this Play, and leave it to the generall censure.

Yours,
Thomas Walkley.

THERE were separate editions of several of the plays in Shakspeare's lifetime, but whence they were obtained has been a puzzling problem. The first great edition of Shakspeare was published in folio, by two of his brother actors, in 1623, and allusion is made in the preface to the "diuerse,

"stolne and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of iniurious impostors." If there were any external evidence to decide the question of the origin, we may be certain that it would not have escaped the researches of Mr. J. O. Halliwell and others; it remains therefore that the separate plays be examined with a view to this point alone, to see whether internal evidence can be obtained which may throw some light on the subject. It must be understood that what is true of one Quarto need not be true of all, so that what may be inferred from the following notes on Othello cannot be invalidated by arguments drawn from other plays.

The following then is a list of various particulars, consisting of various readings, &c. and notes on the Quarto and Folio Editions above alluded to, and upon the induction from them the whole argument depends. Some may appear trivial, and would be so if they stood alone; and others may seem pressed too far; I have however thought it right to give, where it could be done briefly, the grounds for my conclusions. I wish therefore the reader to observe in these particulars whether he can detect anything characteristic, which may not be attributed to the chance errors of the Copyist or the Printer.

The Quarto does not generally notice any divisions between the scenes, and gives the *exeunt* alone, which is precisely what might be expected, where the scenery is not changed. Again we do not find such notices as *Venice. A street.—The same. Another street.—A room in the Palace.—A room in the Castle.—A seaport town in Cyprus*; obviously because the particulars given by the italics could not easily be gathered from observation, for how could a spectator in the theatre know that it was Cyprus, or a seaport town. (A forest, an open plain, thunder and lightning, and similar directions are occasionally noticed in the Quartos).

We find however certain stage directions expressed much more fully, and in a certain objective manner, if I may be allowed the expression, which points out what struck the eye of the observer rather than what was intended by the poet, and is a strong argument in favour of the hypothesis. I have selected the following instances from Othello (this peculiarity is common to several of the Quartos) which will exemplify my meaning.

Act. I. Sc. I. (Folio) Enter Brabantio.

Act. I. Sc. I. (Quarto)at a window.

Act. I. Sc. I. (Folio) Enter Brabantio with Servants and Torches.

Act. I. Sc. I. (Quarto) Enter Barbantio *in his nightgown*, and Servants with Torches.

Act. I. Sc. II. (Folio)

For the sea's worth. But looke what lights come yond?

Enter Cassio and certain officers with torches.

Act. I. Sc. II. (Quarto)

For the sea's worth. *Enter Cassio with lights, officers, and torches.*

But looke what lights come yonder.

Act. I. Sc. II. (Folio) *Enter Brab. & Rod. with officers and torches.*

Act. I. Sc. II. (Quarto) and others with *lights and weapons.*

I put lights in italics as being the first impression of an eye witness, while torches is a subsequent conclusion so to speak: precisely as a "great water" in the *Morte d'Arthur* is a more picturesque expression than a 'great lake,' as is noticed by Mr. Brimley in his review of Tennyson's *Poems*, in the Cambridge Essays for 1855.

Again, Act. I. Sc. III. (Folio) Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.

Act. I. Sc. III. (Quarto) Enter Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights and attendants.

The stage directions, it may be observed, in the modern editions of Knight and others, are compounded of the two. This one appears as follows:

The Duke and Senators sitting; Officers attending.

Act. II. Sc. II. (Folio) Enter Othello's herald with a Proclamation.

Act. II. Sc. II. (Quarto) Enter a gentleman reading a Proclamation. The man does not carry a chalked board about him to tell the world that he is Othello's herald, or even a herald at all, so he is simply and courteously recorded as a gentleman.

Act. IV. Sc. I. (Folio) Falls, in a Traunce.

Act. IV. Sc. I. (Quarto) He fals down.

Act. v. Sc. I. Enter Othello *at a distance* is the Folio direction: the words in italics are omitted by the Quarto here, and wherever else they occur in the Folio, a fact of some significance as bearing on the present question.

Some of the remarks on the acting found in the Quarto are not thought worthy of mention in the Folio,* such as that in Act. II. Sc. III.

* There is a very curious mistake in Measure for Measure, Act. II. Sc. III. which has no parallel in Othello, where *enter Prince, Leonato, Claudio, and Jacke Wilson* is the Folio stage direction, Jacke Wilson being, as Halliwell tells us, rather a famous character of the day; his name being inadvertently put down instead of the name of the character he was personating.

Iago. Not I for this fair island.—After which supply. *Helps, helps within.*

Act. v. Sc. i. Enter *Iago* with a light.

Act. v. Sc. ii. *Oth.* Oh! oh! oh! (*Oth. falls on the bed*) which explains *Emilia's* words—Nay, lay thee down, and roar.

It must be admitted, I think, that these variations in the stage directions alone go far to establish the probability of the hypothesis stated in our last number; viz. that while the Folio is the authorized edition of the plays as they were to be read, and handed down to posterity, the Quarto editions were at least in some cases compiled from notes taken during the acting, with perhaps the assistance of one of the incomplete copies used by the actors.

There are some other kinds of variations however which equally confirm our hypothesis, and tend in some cases to prove that one of the actor's copies was made use of. One of the characteristics of the Quarto is that the stage directions are almost always printed a line or two before their proper places, where in fact the actors really come on the stage but are concealed by some of the side scenery: occasionally this causes the greatest confusion, it being absolutely necessary for the actors that the characters should be off the stage after the Quarto has said "enter."

For instance, *Othello* is on the stage during the latter half of *Iago's* speech in *Act. iii. Sc. iii.*, and *Cassio* similarly in *Act. iv. Sc. i.*, and *Emilia* during the last seven lines of the conversation between *Othello* and *Desdemona* in *Act. iv. Sc. ii.* At the end of this scene there is a remarkable instance of confusion arising from the same cause. The scene in the Folio ends with *Iago's* words, "And you shall be "satisfied," after which *exeunt* and *scena tertia*, but in the Quarto the passage appears as follows:

The night grows to wast; about it.

Enter Oth. Desd. Lod. Emil. and Attendants.

Rod. I will heare further reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [*Ex. Iago and Rod.*]

Lod. I do beseech you....

There is also considerable confusion in *Act. v. Sc. ii.* from the same cause.

Again, notices of the by play are almost universally neglected. There are no *asides*, and very few notices of the action such as that quoted above, *Oth. falls on the bed—he falls down.* For example in *Act. ii. Sc. iii.* such notices as *Striking Roderigo—staying him.—They fight.—Aside to*

*Roderigo who goes out.—Bell rings—*are all omitted. So in Act. III. Sc. III. *Othello puts the handkerchief from him—drops it—Iago snatches it—*are all taken from the Folios. None also of the asides in Act. IV. Sc. I. are noticed which renders the scene quite unintelligible; and the stage directions in Act. V. Sc. I. are nearly all omitted. Some of the passages read thus:

Cas. I will make proof of thine.

Rod. O I am slain.

[*Enter Othello.*

Cas. I am maimed for ever! Help! ho! murder, murder.

Oth. The voice of Cassio.....

Who would guess that it was Iago that wounded Cassio?

The following passage is almost equally obscured from the same cause.

Rod. O helpe me here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave, O villaine.

Rod. O damnd Iago, O inhumaine dog—o, o, o.

Iago. Kill him i' the dark?

It must however be observed that not all of the stage directions, which appear in the ordinary modern editions, are found in the first folio.

With regard to the various readings properly so called, it would require a very much fuller discussion than would be acceptable in these pages, before any conclusion would have even the semblance of support from them; a great multitude of particulars are before us, and the process of induction would be tedious and uncertain. Nor would it be very satisfactory to select a number of striking instances from several plays. The various readings may be divided for convenience (if any one cares to go over the same ground) into (i) absurd mistakes owing to similarity in sound, such as *Qu.* for *cue*, *Pilate* for *pilot*, both in *Othello*;* (ii) mistakes

* In the line in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act. III. Sc. III.

Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks,
Beating was suggested as a reading for bating, and an account of how the mistake may have originated was attempted. It has since been suggested that the meaning is *abating*. Veil my timid blood which has fled from my cheeks, i. e. veil my paleness: which I leave to the general censure, like Thomas Walkley. Steevens explains the passage by saying that bating is a term of falconry for fluttering; but gives no authority. Will some one explain the passage, and give authorities?

in which the passage was imperfectly heard, such as the following in ACT V. SC. II.

- (Folio) *Desd.* What my lord?
Oth. That he hath used thee.
Desd. How? unlawfully.
 (Quarto) *Oth.* Thar he hath.....vds death.....

(iii) The substitution of common for rarer words, even when the mistake is not rendered easy by similarity of sound.

Thus 'must be be-lee'd' appear as must be led; 'does tire the ingener,' as 'does beare all excellency,' 'relume,' as returne.

(iv) Such changes as 'God bu'y' for 'God be with you,' which is the Folio reading in ACT I. SC. III., in defiance of metre, while the Quarto follows the sound.

And (v) Various readings which do not seem to countenance any hypothesis, or the reverse, such as ACT II. SC. I. "Every minute is expectancy of more arrivance," where the Folio reads most unmusically *arrivancy*.

Thus 'doffts' is the Quarto reading for '*dafts*' in ACT IV. SC. II., and seems clearer. There are some changes too in the persons who speak particular lines. In the following instance the Quarto has, I think, the superior reading though it has not generally been adopted. ACT III. SC. III.

- (Folio) *Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion,
 Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dreame.

In the Quarto the last line is spoken by Iago.* This part of the note must be acknowledged to be unsatisfactory; but as it could not be rendered so in reasonable compass,

* Errors of this nature may easily be accounted for; and hence even conjectural emendations are here admissible. The following has been suggested and seems worthy of attention.

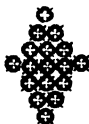
Oth. ACT IV. SC. I.

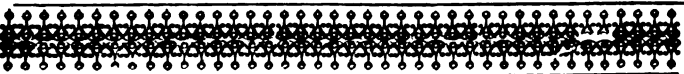
The ordinary reading gives the following speech to Cassio on Bianca's entrance. "'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?"

A little consideration will shew that Cassio could not say this, for it was Bianca herself that he had been speaking of. Nor could Iago, for the same reason: but give the words, "'Tis such another fitchew! marry a perfumed one," to Othello, and the meaning comes out clearly enough. He thought they had been speaking of Desdemona; and his indignation and contempt breaks out at the sight of Bianca, tricked out in her finery.

our readers will, we hope, say with Othello, "'Tis better as it is." Nor would it be possible to communicate to others by a simple list of particulars, that degree of conviction which attends on the comparison of the books themselves: it is as in physical science, he who hits upon a law, and proceeds to a variety of experiments to test it by, attains to a moral certainty of its truth which his pages of demonstration and assertion can never force upon his readers. So that if these curiosities only interest the reader for the moment, but fail to excite him to extend the investigation; and if these conclusions can give amusement, but cannot demand assent, there is no cause for surprise; nor shall I on that account think that the few hours were thrown away which were spent on this note in the luxurious reading-room of the British Museum.

"W."





TAKING HEART.

We rowed together when the dusk
Was falling on the river-tide,
A river in a fenny land,
And marshy reeds beside :

And shadows of the pollard ash
Fell o'er us as we glided on,
And silence like a mother took
The spirit of each one.

The dashing of the measured oar
Made music in the fading light,
And had an earnest symboling
That girded us with might.

It spake as it were one of us,
With thrilling voice—though seeming weak,
And so took echo in our hearts
As if ourselves did speak.

It said, "Oh, brothers, in a life
Of struggle that awaiteth us ;
That cometh on our boyhood time
Like as this twilight close ;

"That maketh all things dim to us,
And but regrets, that were our joys ;
That sayeth, brace your spirit up
To be no more a boy's :—

"Oh, brother, brother men," it said,
"May hearts and hands together go ;
So better shall we do the right,
So better bear the woe."

We rested on our oars awhile,
The water-ripple died away,
We looked :—one solitary star
Was throbbing in the gray.

Taking Heart.

We listened in a quiet trance :
There was no sound of anything,
Save in the reeds a very light
And gentle whispering.

Until at length, ah, beautiful !
Came to us from a village by,
Came to us on a chilly wind
A chimèd melody.

A melancholy vesper chime ;
So very sweet, so very sad ;
And such a lullèd lingering
Of mellow sound it had !

A second time, and once again,
Upon the twilight did it pass ;
Then like a feather seemed to fall,
And settle on the grass.

And such a touch of childish things
And thoughts came with it over us ;
And visions of each fading flower
That in the child-wood grows ;

So many dreams we cherished once,
And wove into a strange romance,
Of beauty and of fairy lands,
And love and dalliance.

So many thoughts, so many things,
To us who thought of manhood's will ;
No marvel that a shadow fell
Upon our spirits still.

How many white hands beckoning
Far off, did seem to call us back !
How many clouds lay gathered thick
About the onward track !

Even a moment lingered we,
In sorrow for the days of yore,
In moodiness and much regret,
A moment, and no more.

Then with a sudden grasp we took
The waiting oar, "how dark the night!"
So "ready, all," so "pull on all,"
"God grant we steer aright."

"S."



A FEW MORE WORDS ON "THE EAGLE."

MR. EDITOR,

I propose to address to you a few remarks by way of appendix to the introductory paper which appeared in your first number. I am induced to do so, at the risk of being called presumptuous for encroaching uninvited on the editorial province, because I have heard many complain, that that paper does not set forth with sufficient prominence the advantages they hoped would result from the establishment of a Johnian Magazine, and does not contain any reference to the necessary conditions for securing them.

The influence such a Periodical as the present is likely to exercise upon our composition, upon our power of expressing accurately what we wish to say, is sufficiently obvious, and much has already been said concerning it; but is facility in writing the only advantage to be gained from it? is it even, taken by itself, an advantage at all? Certainly not—and if it did not seem probable that the evil of appearing in print at so early an age would be balanced by many more solid advantages, I for one certainly would not have subscribed to it, or in any way endeavoured to support it. There is a tendency in all to read superficially, to consider in the light of a relaxation everything that does not bear directly upon their special work, and to estimate the amount gained by the amount read. This tendency the "Eagle" will, I believe, to some extent counteract; for every one who writes for it must, whether he has done so before or not, read carefully, slowly, thoughtfully, in order that what he writes may be worth reading. When then we consider to how limited an extent Literature, History and the Sciences of Mind are recognized objects of study among us, the Junior Members of this University, I cannot but hope and believe that our Magazine may thus exercise an influence of which we cannot well calculate the advantages to be reaped in future years. If, from a desire to write for it, any Undergraduate is induced to read thoroughly even one great work, I am sure that to him the "Eagle" will have been a very good friend.

Further—the subjects discussed in its pages will naturally be again discussed in Hall, in our rooms, in our walks; and

the papers will in this way be submitted to a franker but at the same time a kinder criticism than we are ever likely to meet with hereafter. Many will thus have errors pointed out to them, whether in style or speculative tendencies, which, if allowed to grow up unheeded, could not perhaps in later years be rooted out, but which they will now, when detected in their very germ, be able to guard against and avoid. Neither need these benefits end with those who write. The critics, as well as the authors, cannot fail to gain much from the discussion and probing of principles which must inevitably arise; even though the amount of information conveyed should not be very great.

Again—there is a tendency among us—I appeal to the experience of any Undergraduate—to attach a disproportionate value to the material advantages which result from study; to look upon Learning, not as better than House and Land, but as the means for obtaining them. I can conceive no temptation more dangerous than this, no feeling which is so opposed to all healthy working, and which, if not struggled against, will so effectually tend to destroy the benefit derivable from College life and three years of hearty study; in a word, no principle which we, as Students and future professional men, are so peculiarly called upon to protest against as this, involving as it does the love of money, the besetting sin of the age. May not the "Eagle" greatly assist us in resisting this, may it not serve to remind us that there are other problems besides those of Mathematics, and that while we must not neglect the studies which our Alma Mater has enjoined as the best foundation for higher ones, neither must we forget that in a few years we shall be working as Clergymen, Teachers, Lawyers, &c., and that we cannot afford to spend all our Student life in laying the foundation, lest the Winter should set in before the edifice can be raised upon it.

But this is not all—The Magazine is not purely an Undergraduate one. It is to be supported by Members of St. John's College; an extension which will, I hope, in many ways increase its efficiency and beneficial influence.

I have heard it remarked by many, that there has been a perceptible increase of unity among Johnians during the last few years, that the sharper boundaries of sets, schools, and years appear to be gradually disappearing. I hope that in this direction also the "Eagle" may be an instrument of good among us, that it may be the common ground on which all may meet as Fellow-workers, Fellow-Johnians, and that it

may draw together many who would otherwise perhaps in our large Society be widely separated. I see no reason why any member of St. John's College should consider himself exempted from an occasional contribution to its pages. I know not why "the Social Theorist at the bar, old So and "So of the Indian service, or our poetic friend at his curacy "in Yorkshire," should not for at least two or three years after Degree-Day send us papers on their new experiences or new reading, as much as the resident Fellows and Under-graduates of our Society.

"But my good fellow," whispers a kind friend, who tries to be a well-wisher; "These visions have been seen before, "this is not the first Magazine that has been started by Undergraduates, others have been as sanguine as you are, and "as they were disappointed, so also, I fear, will you."

This fear, I admit, is not wholly without foundation. There have been, it is true, Magazines enough professing to be University ones; they failed because they were not what they pretended to be, because they were Universal, and not University. They possessed no characteristics which could distinguish them as University Magazines, they could in no sense be said to represent the Members of the University; in fact they were started by a clique, and died with the clique.

Such is not the case with the present. It is essentially a College, a Johnian Magazine; this is its characteristic feature; from Johnians alone will contributions be received; Johnians alone have you asked to subscribe. You will of course be pleased to receive any one as a subscriber—it is no hole and corner concern—but as Editors you have done nothing to advertise it or extend it beyond the walls of the College. It appeals therefore to a limited number; it competes with nothing; it stands on its own peculiar footing.

Again—it was not started by a clique, its present Editors do not form a clique; and, if I understand rightly, you are now making arrangements to prevent, as far as you can, its ever being managed by a clique.

And now, before I conclude, let me add a word or two on the subjects to be treated of in your pages. For the purpose of illustration you will perhaps excuse me if I refer to the first number. I have heard it complained in one quarter that that number was too light, in another that it was too heavy. I have rejoiced to think that general criticism of this kind you could not heed, that you could not attempt to remedy one without increasing the other objection. I

have also heard it said, that the subjects were unsuitable to the youthful pens which handled them. I am rejoiced to know that you cannot remedy this, that any attempt to dictate to the contributors must inevitably be unsuccessful.

Let us however examine it more in detail. The writer of the paper on Art discusses a problem which he expressly states to be a practical one, one which forced itself on his attention in the course of his studies, one which he felt obliged to solve. In the second paper, Paley's Moral Philosophy is examined because it is a *College* subject. The Third is a narration of School experiences. The article on Shakspeare Societies expresses the desire of a Student to find out the real meaning, the advantages and mode of working of a Society to which he himself belongs, and of which there are many around him. The suitability of the next no one will question. The two notes are the result, the one of careful reading, the other of the Library. I cannot imagine any set of Articles which could better illustrate what I wish to say, or form a better commentary on the advice in the Introductory article, that the writers must first be interested themselves before they can interest their readers. A publisher, I can well suppose, would call them unsuitable—not "taking" subjects; one too, who would make the fact that it is Johnian subservient to its being a Periodical, might regret the special nature of some of the papers. I cannot agree with either—and I believe that if every contributor will write naturally on subjects that arise naturally, will write without bombast or affectation of any kind on what he has seen, heard, done, read or thought, the *Eagle* will be productive of unmixed good. And if the result is in some cases that the articles are not to subscribers of the most attractive nature, they will feel, I am sure, with non-rowing members of the Boat-Clubs, that they are supporting a beneficial institution at a very small expense to themselves, that they are doing their best to make College life as real and valuable to all as it can be.

With best wishes then for your success, with the hope that the "*Eagle*" may do all that I have ventured to anticipate, that it may help to make us enter more thoroughly into the Spirit of St. John's, to realize more vividly than we have hitherto done, that we are Members of a Society, and that it may help to knit us more closely together as Brother Scholars,

I am, Mr. Editor,

With unfeigned respect,

A JOHNIAN.



SKETCHES OF ALCESTER, BY AN OLD ALCESTRIAN.

THE writer of these pages has been accused, in many quarters, of sketching Alcester exclusively from his own school-days at Shrewsbury. This he begs entirely to disclaim; and any old Salopian, who takes the trouble to look at these outlines, will bear him witness, when he assures the reader that there is but very little detail which can be twisted into a reminiscence at all, that the School is perfectly Utopian, and its refined institutions absolutely imaginary.

III.

I question if there ever was a darker room than that old Hall at Alcester; the window-tax must have pressed heavily on the nation in the days of its Royal founder, or surely the architect would have allowed more than two of those charming mullioned casements to enlighten such a long, low structure of panels and beams. In vain had the walls been painted a dazzling white, just picked out with a line of brown where they joined the trebly whitewashed ceiling; the question of "finding the way to one's mouth," still remained an abstruse problem, especially of a winter afternoon. All around there was plenty of amateur carving, where the grain of the oak peeped out from the layers of paint, and many a name had been there inscribed in days long past, which has since found a place in the annals of Britain, or stands under "storied urn and animated bust" beneath the fretted roof of Westminster: warrior, statesman, and poet have passed to their long repose, but the letters they traced in their boyhood have a still imperishable existence, though the eyes that gazed on them have closed, and the hands that formed them are cold: such thoughts must ever have recurred to the moralist as often as his glance has rested on the memorial walls of our Public Schools, fostering nurses as they have ever been of all that is good and great in England, old or young.

These reflections seldom troubled our friends the prætors as they took their seats at table. Despite its three hundred years (and the Alcester tercentenary had been celebrated some little time before our sketches commence) yet the School

was essentially a modern one as far as regarded the refinements or quasi-refinements of social life. They had bid a long farewell to the steel forks, and delf, and coarse table cloths, and general 'Black-Monday' institutions of their ancestors of fifty years ago, and the Head-Master, holding the opinion that those who lived like Hottentots would imbibe such a tone of scholarship and manners as might exist in South Africa, had given every facility in his own house to enable the boys to live like gentlemen: and here the Sketcher taketh occasion to marvel wherefore our forefathers considered "discomfort" so essential an element of School discipline, and yet more wherefore there is still somewhat of such barbarism lingering on in certain of modern public Schools. Considering the average expense of a boy's education, it would be unworthy to suppose that the roughness of his training is based on principles of economy; it must be therefore with a view to his improvement, whether physical, mental or moral. As far as physical advantage goes, it is true that some will derive much benefit and others but little harm; young constitutions as a rule are pretty tough and can stand a good deal of atmosphere, chilly or close, bare, dusty boards, draughts that ventilate not, food that is almost coarse in its plainness—what need to continue a grumbler's catalogue? Many, nay most, will thrive under these circumstances, like plants that only flourish with a northerly aspect, and a good deal of nonsense will be taken out of them thereby, whatever amount of coarseness be superadded. But how is it we hear of not a few who are "too delicate to go to school," and must therefore be nurtured at home under the auspices of a private tutor. Advantages of the former would surely not be thrown away for any trifling scruple; why then should the mode of life be such as to be absolutely dangerous to a weak constitution?

True mental and moral improvement are of course closely connected, and how either of these are to be promoted by what is technically termed "roughing it" is another problem. "A certain savage freedom of life is more conducive to "philosophy," says a pleasant author of the day:* little indeed the *philosophy* which a school-boy has to do with; this is rather too exalted a view to take of our subject.

Again, there is an attractive romance in the idea of genius triumphing over worldly discomforts, and who could not gaze

* James Hannay in his charming novel "Singleton Fontenoy."

for hours on that marvellous picture of the immortal Chatterton, destined to win his laurel at last, though alas! the light be fallen in its socket and the flower cankered in the bud? Here again the flight of imagination is too high, the genius' of which we treat are too much in the nascent state to admit of the comparison. It takes but little to distract a school-boy from his reading, and drive him into the open air wherein he revels; in doors he finds everything distasteful, his book peculiarly so, and he leaves it accordingly for as long as he can safely manage. Perhaps, however, he is high in the school, and too conscientious or too ambitious to do so: he "sticks to it" and succeeds, but he succeeds *in spite* of obstacles. Would not a little more actual comfort make school-days more profitable as well as more pleasant? The most powerful of Satirists has told the same tale of the most elegant of Latin poets.*

"I send my boy to school" says a stern Paterfamilias "to make a *man* of him." Certainly, my dear Sir, and I hope a gentleman and a scholar to boot! Your boy has reached the age of fourteen or fifteen, lived a little too long in the atmosphere of domestic refinement, is a trifle effeminate, 'a muff' if you will: you send him to the most ultra-Spartan school you can hear of. In a year or two when he is spending his holidays at home, you observe with pleasure how much more manly and athletic he is become, how little he cares about standing in a draught; or getting his feet wet, about going to bed late and getting up early, how little the delicacies of your table attract his attention, and so forth. Perhaps his manners are not quite so polite as they used to be, and his tone might be a trifle more respectful to his mother and yourself, or more gentle to his sisters: you half suspect he has a predilection for beer and tobacco, and his language may be pretty guarded in your presence, but if you heard him conversing to his school-fellows you might be more than astonished. And yet he has had the best educational and moral training at school, been under one of the best of headmasters, has learned a good deal of various improving subjects, and what is more, *remembers* some of them. Why then is he coarser at present than you like to see him? his companions you suppose have spoiled him. Or is it that they, like him, have adapted their manners to their mode of life? I do not say that it is so; but external circumstances have a powerful

* Juv. Sat. vii. vv. 53—73.

effect upon young characters, and impressions from without are very easily received. A few years of University training, or a little mixing with society, will doubtless leave him as refined as previously; but even if the coarseness can be rubbed off so easily, what need was there for it ever to have been contracted? What need for 'a Schoolboy' to be synonymous with something rough and uncultured, something that gentlemen describe as 'a bore,' and ladies as 'odious?' The experiment of making their in-door life a little more refined and comfortable has succeeded so well in so many places, that we cannot but wonder why the practice has not become universal. Hence a truce to our problems which do not aspire for a moment to the title of an argument.

Well we may be sure the prætors themselves were ready enough to carry out Dr. Cameron's views in the matter, and took a laudable pride in the appearance of their table with its spotless cloth, its well-rubbed silver, its gleaming glass, its neat dinner-service, which was white with a border of brown, the School crest (a wyfern *volant*, with a garter motto "*Fides et ingenii vena*") being stamped in the centre of the plates. There were three tables in hall, and three 'messes' accordingly to occupy them; needless to say that the prætors sat nearest the fire in winter, and furthest from it in summer; that Raleigh and Waters had the two best places, while Lyon had to seat himself half on one form and half on another, so that when his kind friends chose to pull the two ends like a huge cracker-bonbon, he perforce verified a proverb about 'two stools' and 'coming to the ground.' Each mess had its president on whom devolved the ordering of dinner, and (shades of Arnold and Butler!) there was either fish or soup daily, to act as a preface to the joints, which were followed in their turn by unexceptionable pastry and even an occasional jelly—this part of the entertainment was as much admired by Saville as it was despised by Waters, the latter reserving himself for Stilton and celery, or cresses when in season. The beer was unexceptionable; neither thick nor sweet, but as clear, sound, and 'balmy' as Dick Swiveller could have wished it. Mighty Beer! pride of England and admiration of the Continent! I quote from an author whom ladies adore and gentlemen depreciate. "Beer! what an ocean in a drop, an Elysium in a draught! What concentrated joy and woe is there in bright or blighted Beer!"*

* Vide "Crystals from Sydenham," contribution of M. T.; possibly a parody.

Very nice all this for a week or so, by the end of which time these ornaments of the social board would all be broken! A simple rule prevented such a wholesale catastrophe, every boy being responsible for his own breakages, the damage was deducted from his weekly allowance: most of them had come to years of juvenile discretion, or, to use the ordinary phrase, "knew how to behave," and into the bargain two of the assistant masters dined in Hall; one at each of the Junior tables, and set an example of carving which proved a profitable lesson to the youngsters; so the prætors had all a smattering of that very needful though much-neglected accomplishment (to judge at least from the mangling of joints generally displayed where Undergraduates have been 'refreshing,')* and with young Saville the practice amounted almost to a science.

But then the expense! That was Dr. Cameron's affair, and as there had been no extended scale of changes since his succession, it is to be presumed there was no extra pressure upon him. In fact some older members of the school had a wonderful legend to the effect, that the never-to-be-equalled Soyer had once paid a visit to Alcester, and been closeted for two hours with the Doctor; at the end of which time the aforesaid old Alcestrian happening to be passing through the house had heard a scrap of conversation, "do it well for from one shilling to eighteenpence a head:" and that sum per diem is how much per half-year? answer, oh aspirant to a first class in the Previous Examination!

All this time the prætors have been engaged in supper and conversation; tea was the liquid, bread and butter the solid, cold meat or eggs could be had from the kitchens if sent for; and the fags, who were technically called 'serfs,'

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- * A thought here strikes me, and the thought is sad,
 The carving for the most part is but bad;
 See the torn turkey and the mangled goose;
 See the hacked surloin and the scatter'd juice!
 Ah! can the college well its charge fulfil,
 That thus neglects the *petit-maitre's* skill?
 The tutor proves each pupil on the books;
 Why not give equal license to the cooks?

So the slow freshman on a crust should starve,
 Till practice taught him nobler food to carve:
 Then Granta's sons a useful fame would know
 And shame in skill each dinner-table beau.

The College, by U. I. Blackwood's Magazine, 1849.

made themselves very useful in such errands, and were active enough, with the certain prospect of a licking in the event of failing to please. We just catch the hum of voices: how learnedly they talk of political matters (the majority taking ultra-conservative views); how readily and sagaciously they settle the Crimean difficulties, how familiarly they speak of great men they have never met, and theatrical personages they have never seen off the stage, of hotels whose outside is all they are acquainted with, and clubs whose very situation is to them a mystery. How profoundly they argue till, as is the end of all argument, each side becomes more deeply prejudiced for its own opinion. How they grumble about their work and their discipline, and yet are ready to maintain to strangers that Alcester is the jolliest place in the world, and that they wouldn't be anywhere else, no! not if they were paid for it.

The evening wears on; supper is finished; the Muse receives addresses once more: many ideas, all of course most novel and brilliant, are framed into lines the most harmonious. At ten o'clock prayers are read in the Hall by Dr. Cameron, after which Lyon retires to his peaceful couch, being a man of much sleep, and receives a friendly recommendation from Waters to put on his night-cap and not forget his gruel! Saville having studied Alexander Smith till he has merged into a state which the polite call sentimental and the colloquial 'spoony'—(*favete linguis!* the word grates upon our ears) goes and sits before the hall fire with McQueen, the junior boys having already retired, and marvellous tales they tell one another in low murmurs of their *bonnes fortunes* and *succès*. The Quartette continue steadily working.

Eleven o'clock strikes. Thomas rushes violently into the prætorium, stabs one gas-pipe with a key, digging the murderous weapon into the aperture and thrusting it mercilessly round: he then plunges at the other, but is stopped by a contact with Langley's foot, and all but goes over.

"Hold on there," says Langley, "where do you expect *to die when you go to*, Thomas, if you put out the lights *such a pace*."

"Carn't say, Sir, exactly, but its gone eleven, and the Doctor may happen to be a surweying the premizes in a *minute*."

"Oh! let him come," said Aytoun, "I don't care: wouldn't stir for ten Doctors."

A slight noise was here heard at the front entrance, the nearest to the head-master's house; the bold speaker imme-

diately jumped over the table, and fled precipitately through the back entrance up to the bed-rooms, to the intense amusement of McQueen who popped in just in time to see him disappear, being "lightly, lightly clad," and seeking for a towel. "Plucky fellow that Aytoun!" said Raleigh, quietly, as he shut up his writing-case, leaving his composition to be finished in the morning; Ferrers and Langley did the same. Waters could not at any price resign his morning walk, and being too correct a disciplinarian to burn a light, after the proper time, in any room whatever—where it could be seen, that is—retired into the cool recesses of the *impluvium* or "wash-room" with the end of a candle to read there till midnight.

He finds McQueen laving his ambrosial person like "a new Ulysses" at the court of another Alcinous, and having cautioned him, under pain of "being put up the chimney" not to shed one drop of water in that direction, he sets to work in a most edifying manner. Morpheus at last begins to get the better of him, however his verses are finished and his first lecture nearly prepared. He extinguishes the light and steals up to the room which he shares with Raleigh; subdued snores are heard around, and a faint murmur of conversation in the room above; gradually this ceases. The end of Waters' candle has dropped on the floor, from a hole under the bed creeps out a grey old rat, "long-backed, long-tailed with "whiskered snout," he executes a *pas de fascination* round the composite, abstracts the same between his teeth, and retires to consume it in the bosom of his family; sportive mice scamper about the room and play at hide-and-seek in the curtains. A venerable spider commences an elaborate piece of *crochet* in a secluded corner. The School clock strikes ONE.





THE WOODBINE.

CONSIDERABLE doubt hangs over the word 'woodbine,' as to whether it is used for 'honeysuckle,' 'convolvulus,' or both. It may not be uninteresting to examine the point as fully as possible.

First, to avoid unnecessary confusion, one thing should be set right. Shakspeare has this passage:—

Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.—

Mids. Night's Dream, Act II. Scene II.

Any one, who has read Milton, might argue that, since 'eglantine' means 'honeysuckle,' 'woodbine' must be something different. Milton's passage is this:—

Thro' the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.—

L'Allegro, 478.

There can be little doubt but that Milton means the honeysuckle by 'twisted eglantine.' But it is equally certain that he was in error. 'Eglantine' is the sweet-briar; and always was. A few lines will prove this:—

The fragrant eglantine did spread
His prickling arms.—*Faerie Queene*.

From this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of eglantine;
Which, tho' sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell, &c.—*Herrick*.

The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.—*Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

The last is decisive. The fragrance of the honeysuckle dwells in the flower only.

In the next place it is certain that in modern poetry 'woodbine' is synonymous with 'honeysuckle.'

Clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
Upon their summer thrones.—*Keats*.

'Clumps' is not applicable to the convolvulus.

And the woodbine *spices* are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.—*Maud*.

And as many more as you like, but let these suffice.

And now the question arises, "is this true of the old
"poets?" They shall speak for themselves as much as
possible.

In the first place we find passages which seem to answer
the question affirmatively. One old book, a 'dictionarie,'
says:—

An herbe called woodbyne, which beareth the honeysuckle.—

Elyot's Dict. 1559.

and another :

Woodbinde or honisuckle, &c.

On the other hand conflicting testimony may be found :—

The *woodbine*, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
The *honisuckle* and the daffadill.—*Taylor*.

However many passages we examine, this difficulty remains; the words seem to be interchangeable, yet the ideas connected with them evidently are not identically the same.

We will attempt a solution of the difficulty.

As far as the word itself is concerned, it is evident that it might be correctly applied to any plants whose natural tendency is to climb or cling about other plants. We proceed to examine how far this use has been made of it.

Steevens says "the term has been applied to a variety
"of plants, even to the ivy." Now this may be so; I am not prepared to deny it; but in the absence of any proof at the hands of Steevens, I feel strongly urged to doubt it. For consider how much confusion has been introduced from its application to two plants only, supposing this assumption, for the moment, to solve the difficulty in hand, and then we shall see clearly the great disadvantage of an indiscriminate application.

Though it is conceivable, from the nature of the term, that it might come to be applied to more than one plant; as, in a similar way, the term 'cuckoo-flower' has been; yet it would scarcely be used as a distinctive name for more than one or two at the most.

Steevens only brings forward one passage in defence of his statement:—

And as the running woodbind, spread her arms
To choak thy with'ring boughs in her embrace.—(A.D. 1600).

This, he says, means the ivy. But does it mean the ivy? Is 'running' more applicable to ivy than to the convolvulus? Or does the idea of choking suit the ivy better than the convolvulus? It may mean ivy; but I should hesitate to found a theory on this single uncertain instance.

However it would seem clear that the name 'woodbine' was applied to two plants at least, the bindweed, or convolvulus, and the honeysuckle.

That the convolvulus was so called, does not seem to admit of much doubt. We have Gifford's testimony distinctly, with this additional argument for the truth of it, that—

In many of our counties the woodbine is still the name for the great convolvulus.

I am sorry I have no definite passage to bring forward which of itself will prove this point, but there are many which more or less imply the fact contended for.

For instance, a passage above quoted:—

The woodbine, primrose, and the cowslip fine,
The honisuckle and the daffadil.

Here 'woodbine' is *not* the honeysuckle; and I think any one, except readers devoted to Steevens, who are sure to interpret it 'ivy,' will admit that convolvulus is intended.

'Then the passage in Shakspeare—

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist—

means convolvulus by 'woodbine,' according to the interpretation given below; though we can lay no firm foundation on a disputed passage.

The following lines, quoted by Gifford, expressing as they do this very idea of the convolvulus enfolding honeysuckle, afford a pregnant illustration of our point.—

—Behold!

How the *blue bindweed* doth itself enfold
With honeysuckle.—*Ben Jonson.*

The '*blue bindweed*' is the garden convolvulus, but that does not matter.

On the other hand we find:—

Woodbinde or honisuckle climeth up aloft, having long, slender, *woodie stalkes*, parted into divers branches, &c.

I have quoted enough of this passage to shew the identity with the honeysuckle; the convolvulus has no 'stalkes,' and its stems are not 'woodie.'

The 'woodbine' of the following must be the honeysuckle:—

Others the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud.—

Spenser; Virg. Gnat.

The convolvulus cannot be said to have twigs.

And again:—

The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
It is the first appears, then only flourishing:

The azur'd harebell next, with them they neatly mixed,
T'allay whose luscious smell, they woodbine placed betwixt.—

Drayton Polyolbion, 15.

And,—

Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine.—

Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 2.

In both of these passages a strong smell is attributed to the woodbine, and so it must be the honeysuckle, which possesses such a strong smell, whereas the convolvulus does not.

In the extract from Drayton I suppose a new strong scent overpowers the others somewhat. If, as some might think, some flower of no scent must allay the lusciousness, then it must be the 'convolvulus,' and the passage goes over to the other side.

This one point then, is distinctly made out; that the name 'woodbine' is applied in old writers both to bindweed, or convolvulus, and to honeysuckle.

It would appear further, though not so clearly, that when the binding, twining nature of these plants is all the writer wishes to call attention to, he would generally use the common term 'woodbine,' which expresses this property: but when he wants to note the flower, he uses the peculiar name. Thus we understand the expression of the old 'dictionarie':—

An herbe called woodbyne, which beareth the honeysuckle.

The flower has to be mentioned to define the plant fully.

And so Shakspeare, "Much Ado about Nothing," iii. 1, speaks of—

The pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripened by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter.

And, a few lines lower, calls the same bower "the woodbine coverture."

It only remains to discuss one passage which has been a great stumbling block to learned editors; who, unfortunately, always consider the text to be corrupt, when they cannot understand it; and, still more unfortunately, will persist in making "judicious emendations."

This is the passage:—

So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist, the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.—

Mids. Night's Dream, iv. 1.

i.e., reading naturally, "so the woodbine entwists the honeysuckle, and the ivy enrings the elm."

Many interpretations have been given of this. Most make "the sweet honeysuckle" to be put in apposition with "the woodbine," and so synonymous; inserting commas after 'woodbine' and 'honeysuckle.' One editor, 'eruditissimus,' seeing acutely into things, does not like the honeysuckle to spread its fingers on 'the vacant air;' it must have something to entwist, he says. He therefore considers that Shakspeare wrote:—

So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist the maple; ivy so
Enwrings, &c.

That a semicolon should jump two words is not worth a thought. But for the rest. After such obtrusiveness in a semicolon, who can wonder at a letter taking liberties. Accordingly the 'p' drops out of 'maple;' takes itself off unconditionally: gives no account of itself. The next editor, so eruditissimus supposes, instead of dragging for the 'p,' cannot doubt for a moment but that 'male,' the remains of 'maple,' was originally written by Shakspeare 'female'; the 'fe' has dropped out. Accordingly, gently lifting the semicolon into a place of safety, this imaginary 'next editor' gives the passage to the world in the corrupt state from which our friend has rescued it.

Oh, spirit of Shakspeare, consider our good eruditissimus; wilt thou not prepare for him a bower in the blessed islands, where he may dwell for ever with that kindred editorial spirit who thus 'emended' a line of thine:—

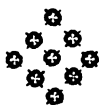
Where is the Earl of Wiltshire, *where's he got*.

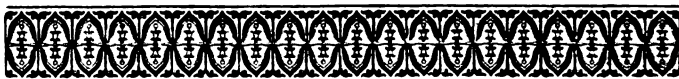
Other editors are less ingenious. The general solution is to insert the commas, and refer 'entwist' to the elm.

But this will not do. Setting aside the harshness, it interferes with the figure in the last part, where the female ivy is represented as putting rings on the fingers of the elm, in accordance with the ancient ceremony. It also quite spoils the poetic symmetry of the sentence. Besides, examine the context, and the fitness of the original reading will at once appear. Titania, the delicate airy-light queen of fairies, who sleeps in the blue-bells, is embracing the rough, coarse Athenian weaver. She says she will be his bride. She, the delicate convolvulus, will wind around him, the rough, woody-stalked honeysuckle. She, the female ivy, will wed him, the elm, with his rude, unpolished bark. What could be more apt and beautiful? Who could wish it altered!

And now this note of mine shall end. I scarcely hope to have quite cleared up the point: but the passages are here: let every one judge for himself.

"A."





QUERIES.

1. THE words 'vaded' and 'faded' have a scarcely perceptible difference of meaning in ordinary passages where they occur, and yet are certainly distinct words. For instance, we find one rhyming with the other in the same verse in Spenser.

If they had a difference of meaning originally, what was it—and how was it gradually lost?

2. Had Shakspeare any share in the creation of Robin Goodfellow, or Puck?

3. The God of Love, *blind* as a stone.—*Chaucer*.

It is remarkable that no trace of such a notion has been found in any ancient Latin or Greek Poet; nor has it been ascertained at what period or by whom this delineation of the God of Love was first given.—*Malone*.

Can any one disprove this, or throw any light upon it in any way?

The passage from Chaucer, quoted above, is said to be the oldest extant English allusion to Cupid's blindness. It occurs in his Translation of the Roman de la Rose, but not in the French original.

4. Can any one supply me with passages in which 'woodbine' is evidently used for 'convolvulus'? "A."

5. Can any one inform me where the expression—"A nose as red as a canker" may be found? "K."



ANGLO-SAXON POETRY.

"Non dubitari debet, quin fuerint ante Homerum poëtæ."

WHEN fourteen hundred years ago the North poured forth its countless undisciplined tribes from the forests of Germany and the shores of the Baltic in irresistible numbers, to overwhelm the South in one wide deluge of blood and fire, it was then, while the worn out civilization of the old world was being ruthlessly swept away, that this great English nation had its birth. "We were born," says Arnold, "when the white horse of the Saxon was triumphant from the Tweed to the Tamar." Here it is that our history properly commences. If we would gain a clear and connected view of the growth of our constitution and literature, we must go back to the time when our forefathers left the banks of the Elbe, bringing with them the germs of a language and institutions, which, transplanted to this genial soil, should here, in after times, so marvellously develop themselves. Worthy of earnest attention are those rude ancestors of ours, who laid so deeply and firmly the foundation of England's future greatness: sterling metal was that, which could resist the fierce fires of the Dane and the Norman, and come out purer and brighter.

Now History in general affords such a superficial view of the life of a nation as will little satisfy the thoughtful Student, whose aim is to get at its inner life, at the secret motive springs of the external actions. And here it is that most writers of history have, until very recently, fallen short. They contented themselves with presenting to us little more than a chronicle of battles with accounts of a few conspicuous individuals, who seem, like Homer's heroes, to have been the sole actors; but of the powerful elements which are ever at work in the mass of the nation, secretly influencing and directing its course, of these they scarce afforded a glimpse, till by some sudden eruption their presence and force was made unmistakeably evident.

A very interesting subject would it be to endeavour to trace from the beginning the causes which have conduced to give to the constitution and language of England such an undoubted superiority, and to find some explanation of the fact, that the inhabitants of an island so small should have so widely extended their language and power. What a curious and intimate connection may be noticed between the language and character of a people! Fancy, if you can, a stern Roman of the old Republic using the soft accents of modern Italy, or an inhabitant of the banks of the Rhine expressing himself in the polished speech of ancient Athens. Thus the tongue of the old Saxons, strong, expressive, and almost devoid of ornament, corresponded closely with their character. Language, the vehicle of our ideas, re-acts in its turn upon them, and no where is this so clearly seen as in the early history of a people.

But to come to our subject. The early literature of the Saxons, like that of every nation, is chiefly in verse. In those simple days man, unfettered by the restraints of civilized life, acted according to his passions and impulses. Life and the language of life was essentially poetic. "The old Britons," says Thierry, "lived and breathed in song," and this is no less true of the people that succeeded them. A striking example of this is the speech of the chief in the council of king Edwin, given in the Saxon Chronicle, and so exquisitely paraphrased by a modern poet.*

Among the bleak misty hills far away on the horizon the stream of English poetry has its birth. There over uncultured moorlands it runs purling, eddying on, a bright, wild child of nature, reflecting in its crystal stream little but the gray rocks on its banks and the blue sky above. Thence it flows rippling down the vale, now lost to sight in a deep rocky bed, anon reappearing, winding through bright green meadows, scattering freshness and fertility around. Till after receiving numberless rills from all sides, it rolls on, a deep broad tide of song, to lose itself in the distant ocean of eternal harmony.

It is then to the bard we turn for a correct insight into the manners, the character, and even the history of those remote times. And here we are particularly fortunate in possessing such comparatively abundant remains of the literature of our forefathers, ample sufficient to contradict the ordinary

* Wordsworth, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, 16.

notion that they were a race of mere piratical barbarians, all connection with whom it would be well to disown. "We want," it has been well remarked, "neither the heroic song in which the poet told the venerable traditions of the fore-world to the chieftains assembled on the mead-bench, nor the equally noble poems in which his successors sang the truths and legends of Christianity."* While in prose, either in Saxon or Latin, are to be found treatises on every branch of science then known. But very nearly had we lost most of these interesting relics, and been left to exclaim with Cicero,

Nostri veteres versus ubi sunt,

— *quos olim Fauni, vatesque canebant,*

Cum neque Musarum scopulos quisquam superarat,

Nec dicti studiosus erat?

Single Manuscripts only, and those often in a very illegible and fragmentary condition, exist of most of the chief poems.

By virtue of his divine art the poet in those days occupied a prominent place; he was the only educator, holding up to admiration and imitation the rude virtues of departed, and it may be, fabulous heroes, or celebrating in verse triumphs newly obtained. It was a book of Saxon ballads which first induced Alfred to learn to read; the chief part of the mental and moral training of youth consisted in repeating and committing them to memory. The poet too was then the only historian, on his lays we are chiefly dependent for all the knowledge we possess of the movements of those ante-historic times. To him also the language owed its form and development: this is an influence which poets in all ages exert, but especially while a language is still plastic and easily moulded. Those men, who among the Saxons obtained the honoured name of poet,† wandered about, like the ancient Greek Rhapsodists, chanting their compositions to the accompaniment of a primitive harp, welcomed alike in the hall of the noble and the hut of the peasant.

For a faithful picture of their manners we are indebted to an old song left us by one of themselves, in which he gives an account of his travels and the nations he had visited, nations whose very names have perished from the page of

* Wright's *Essay on Anglo-Saxon Literature*.

† Scop from *Scapan*, to make, to form.

history, or rather never found a place there. Towards the conclusion he sings,—

Thus north and south where'ere they roam,
The sons of song still find a home ;
Speak unreprieved their wants, and raise
Their voice in lays of grateful praise.

And further on—

The time would fail me should I sing
Of every thane and every king,
That in my wanderings far and long
Has loved my harp and paid my song.

With the “mead-cup” and the “glee-beams” of the harp our ancestors sought to while away the long winter-nights. These songs were stored up in memory and transmitted from one minstrel to another, receiving additions from time to time, till there was formed a considerable body of National poetry. It was not till long after the introduction of Christianity that they were committed to writing, and then such was the zeal of the new converts, that they carefully weeded out every allusion to their old Mythology and Pagan customs. Thus whatever remnants have come down to us may well be conceived to be in a far different state from that in which they were left by their authors ; and thus it is too that the names of the old poets have suffered the fate of those of the great architects of the middle ages.

In their simple lays we cannot expect to meet with the polished diction and refined style which have been the growth of centuries, the old poet, unrestrained by rigid rules of art, sang as his own feelings and his insight into nature directed him. His songs, like the knotted, gnarled limbs of his forest oak, were rough, irregular, and admitting scarce any extraneous ornament ; and so often truer to nature than more refined verse. Saxon poetry is distinguished from prose chiefly by a certain grandeur of style, and brevity of expression, the ideas being rather hinted at than fully worked out ; while through the whole runs a pretty regular alliteration. This recurrence of similar sounds seems to have supplied with them the place of rhyme, which was not introduced till a much later date. We may remark also the constant use of Periphrasis and Metaphor, in which may often be discerned traits of a true poetic genius. Thus, waves are “the daughters of ocean ;” arrows, “the winged serpents of Hilda” (the war-goddess) ; the old warrior, “after abiding many

winters, departs on his way" (to Valhalla). And over the whole is thrown a gorgeous colouring of ever-varied epithet.

The metres made use of are of two kinds; a shorter of two feet for the ordinary narrative, and a longer of three or four when greater dignity is affected, but these are often found capriciously intermixed. A redundant syllable at the beginning or end is freely admitted, as the length of the line, intended to be perfect to the ear rather than the eye, was determined by accent only; thus, in losing the pronunciation we have lost the life and soul of the verse. The lines are connected together two and two by the alliteration, three recurrences of the same initial letter being usual, two in the first and one in the second, but two such recurrences were deemed sufficient. The quotation of a few lines will cut short this tedious explanation; they are from the poem of Judith, a fragment which "leads us to form a high opinion of the poetic powers of our ancestors."

Stopon cyne-rofe
Seegas and gesithas;
Foron to gefeohte
Forth on gerihte
Hœleth under helmum
Of thære haligan byrig
On thæt dægred sylf:
Dynedan scildas,
Hlude hlummon;
Thæs se hlanca gefeah
Wulf in walde;
And se wanna hrefn,
Wœl-gifra fugel.

Marched on royally
The warriors and their leaders;
Fared forth to the fight
Straight forwards
The Heroes beneath their helms
From the holy city
At the very day-break:
Resounded their shields,
Loud they clashed;
So that the lank wolf
Rejoiced in the forest;
The wan raven too,
The bird greedy of slaughter.

The earliest undoubted specimen of Anglo-Saxon poetry is the short hymn of Cædmon which, together with the story relating to its production, has been preserved by King Alfred in his translation of Bede. Whatever truth may underlie the legend, it proves at any rate that the metrical art had long been familiar to our ancestors. A remarkably literal translation has been given by Conybeare in his *Illustrations of Saxon poetry*. The words in italics are not in the original.

Now should we *all* heaven's guardian king exalt,
The power and counsels of *our* Maker's will,
Father of glorious works, eternal Lord.
He from of old stablished the origin

Of every *varied* wonder. First he shaped,
 For us the sons of earth, heaven's canopy,
 Holy Creator. Next this middle realm,
 This earth, the *bounteous* guardian of mankind,
 The everlasting Lord, for mortals framed,
 Ruler omnipotent.

But to a period far antecedent we must refer the poem of Beowulf, notwithstanding the ingenious conjecture of its last learned editor. This being the oldest composition extant in any Teutonic tongue, and the precursor of those metrical romances so common in the middle ages, it can scarce fail to interest not only the antiquarian but the general reader, even had it no intrinsic merits of its own. It, or at least the first cast of it, would seem to have been brought over by the earliest Saxon settlers: then it passed through the hands of different minstrels in succession, till in Christian times those numerous allusions to a purer faith found their way into it, replacing the wild stories of the old Northern Mythology. Well is it for the hero of the poem that the names of tribes and chiefs, occurring in authentic history, are so mixed up in it, or his very existence would have been denied: but his conflicts with the Grendel and fire-dragon are creations of the poet's fancy; or rather his real adventures are so thickly overlaid with the marvellous, that the facts which lie beneath are not easily discovered. Let not such tales be regarded as the mere offspring of an ignorant and superstitious imagination; the philosophic mind of Bacon saw deeper than this. In his famous passage on poetry he says, "Because the acts and events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical." In all ages men have felt a yearning after "a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness than can be found in the nature of things." Accordingly the poet makes his hero the impersonation of courage, generosity, and fidelity, encountering and overcoming enemies natural and supernatural. Thus those wondrous legends, with which the early literature of every people abounds, helped to cherish in them the sparks of virtue and public-morality.

A brief sketch of this long and remarkable poem may not be uninteresting. It opens with an Episode, which leads us back into a very remote antiquity, relating how the old chief Scyld, the founder of the race, was after death launched in his war-ship on the ocean, to drift at

the will of the winds and waves, a fitting end to the life of a bold sea-king. The vessel and its contents are thus described :

Where in the harbour
The viking's sea-chariot,
Deck'd by the hoar frost,
Floated all ice-fringed ;
Sad at heart bore they
Their chieftain beloved,
The giver of bracelets,
And placed by the mast.

Piled on his bosom lay
War-boards and hand-glaives,
Hoard-treasures many,
Brought from far distant shores.
High o'er his head waved
A banner all gold-wrought,
" Let the flood bear him
" Forth to the ocean."

It then passes on hastily to the principal subject. Hrothgar, a successor of Scyld, prince of Jutland, builds a spacious palace, called by the poet Heorot, which, quite in accordance with modern customs, he inaugurates with a banquet. The song, without which the feast would have been incomplete, is particularly noticed. The royal gleeman, who, like Iopas, "could recount the origin of men from days of yore,"

Told how the mighty
Allfather created
Earth's plain in beauty bright,
Circled by ocean ;
Sang how the sun and moon,
Joyous in victory,

Beamed forth to gladden
With light a new world.
Over its bare breast
Spread then the Maker
A bright varied mantle
Of grass, leaf, and flower.

The joy in the mead-hall arouses the malice of the Grendel, who with his mother inhabits the depths of a neighbouring fen, which the poet thus graphically describes :

Where 'neath the nesses mists
Mountain streams, storm-bred
Headlong leap thundering
Down from the hills,—
Hills through whose deep clefts
Hoarse winds sweep bellowing.
Near lies a gloomy mere,
Over which hoary rocks,

Crown'd with thick pine-woods,
Cast a dim twilight.
Often the angry wave,
Raised by fierce tempests,
Dashes its foamy crest
Up to the welkin ;
Thick grows the murky air,
And heaven sheds briny tears.

The night following this "fell wretch," finding all buried in sleep after their feast, carries off and devours thirty nobles. So great is then the fear of the "grim death-shade, who holds in perpetual night the misty moors," that for twelve winters the palace stands empty. When this reaches the ears of Beowulf, nephew of Hygelac, king of the south of Sweden, he determines to go to the aid

of Hrothgar, and, choosing out fifteen companions, sets forth. Their voyage is thus described :

Over the sail-road,
Urged by a fair wind,
Speeds on their foamy-neck'd
Bark like a sea-bird.
Scarce had the morrow's sun
Glided the wave-crests,
Ere they descry the blue
Hills to the southward,
Ocean-cliffs glistening,
Bold headlands of Hertha.*

Soon to a calm bay
They guided their ringed prow,
Blithely the heroes then
Leaped to the sandy beach,
Moored fast the good ship,
And shook their hard mail-nets.
To God they gave hearty thanks
For that the wave-paths
Smoothed he before them.

Thus, having arrived in the kingdom of Hrothgar, and answered the challenge of the Scylding's warder who kept watch on the sea shore, they march on to Heorot :

Bright shone their byrniest†
And gleamed in the sun-light
Up the broad stone-varied
Street as they passéd.

Loudly the ring'd-iron,
Hoary, hard hand-locked,
Sang in their war-gear.

When they make known to the king the object of their voyage, they are received and entertained with great rejoicing. In the account of the feast, which takes up above five hundred lines, we are presented with a lively picture of the manners of the times. After a bench is cleared for the sons of the Goths, the king's cup-bearers present the ornamented ale-cups filled with sweet sparkling liquor, while at times the glee-man sings serene in Heorot, and the chiefs relate their various adventures. After a while the king retires and leaves his guests in possession of the hall. As soon as all but Beowulf are asleep, Grendel appears, and in a trice seizes one of the warriors; the chief then attacks him, and finding him proof against all weapons, after a severe struggle tears his arm from his shoulder, and sends him fleeing in agony to his "fen under the misty hills." In the morning, crowds come from far and near to see the tokens of the desperate fray, and are unsparing in their praises of the hero. In celebration of this joyful event, the feast is renewed and gifts freely distributed. And what invests the whole story with a singular air of reality is that there still exists a short fragment of the very song

* The country of the Hrethmen in north of Jutland.

† Corselets, usually covered with iron chain-work.

which the royal bard is represented singing. When the lay was sung, the minstrel's song, pastime rose again, the cup-bearers gave wine from curious vessels. As murky night, the shadow covering of mortals, comes on, they separate, and Beowulf leaves his companions to occupy the hall as before. While they are sleeping in fancied security, the mother of Grendel, bent on avenging the fate of her son, rushes in and bears away *Æschere*, the favourite thane of *Hrothgar*. The lament of the king for his faithful counsellor is very pathetic, but too long to be introduced here. Our hero now determines alone to seek the retreat of the monster and slay her or perish in the attempt. Arrayed in mail wondrously framed by weapon-smiths in days of yore, and armed with a famous sword, he fares forth on his expedition; and passing by untrodden paths through deep rocky gorges, precipitous cliffs, and nicker-houses* many, he suddenly comes on the dark lake. Into this he fearlessly plunges, and encounters the monster at the bottom. His good sword proves useless in the conflict, and he is all but overpowered, when he sees over the waves hang beautiful an old enchanted sword; with this he slays the fiend, and carries off the head as a trophy. The magic sword through the hot venomous gore is all melted like ice, when the frost's band the Father relaxes, unwinds the wave-ropes. His safe escape overjoys his comrades who despair of seeing him again. Beowulf then returns laden with glory and gifts to his own country, where, after the death of *Hygelac* in an expedition against the Frisians, he is chosen king. The last cantos relate his fight with a fire-dragon, which he destroys, but himself perishes from his wounds. After his death, his people raise to his memory a mound high and broad, by wave-farers widely to be seen.

Such are the scanty remains of the heathen muse of our country. Not long were these sons of *Woden* left to grope in pagan darkness, the light of Christian truth soon dawned on them: eagerly they listened to the strange words of the missionary, which took so deep a hold of their wild hearts, that ere long they sent forth earnest, self-denying men to spread the faith among their brethren whom they had left in their homes beyond the sea. The love of song was still powerful in them; and now, instead of celebrating the heroes of *Valhalla*, they tuned their harps to sacred lays; by these

* Nickers, water-dæmons.

the truth was probably more widely spread than by the preaching of the Christians. Thus Cædmon (A.D. 680) composed poems on scripture subjects. The Milton of his day, he seems to have proposed to himself much the same task, "to justify the ways of God to man." Many of the ideas of the two poets remarkably correspond; but in Cædmon they are abruptly expressed, or merely hinted at, while in Milton they gradually unfold themselves in all the majesty of his diction, to the music of his deep word-thunder. A literal translation of a few lines will make this evident. Relating the rebellion and fall of Satan and his angels, he writes, (Canto 1.)—

He began to upheave strife
Against the Ruler
Of the highest Heaven,
That sits on the holy throne.
He raised himself against his Master ;
He sought inflaming speeches,
And began vain-glorious words.
He would not serve God,
He said he was his equal
In light and brightness.

.
Then he spake words
Darkened with iniquity ;
That he in the north part
Of heaven's kingdom
A home and high seat
Would possess.

In the same canto the abode of the rebel army after their overthrow is thus described—

He formed for those false ones
An exile home,
Furnished with perpetual night,
With sulphur charged ;
With fire filled throughout,
And cold intense.

Here the Arch-fiend harangues his comrades, and after dissuading them from open war, goes on to say,—

God hath now devised a world,
Where he hath wrought man
After his own likeness,

With whom he will re-people
 The kingdom of heaven with pure souls.
 Therefore must we strive zealously,
 That we on Adam and his Sons
 Our wrongs may repair.

.

We cannot ever obtain
 That the mighty God's mind we weaken ;
 Let us avert it now from the children of men.

The expedition of Satan to discover the new world is thus given in Canto VII.—

The apostate from God
 Began himself to equip ;
 On his head his helmet set,
 Bound it full strongly and clasped it firm ;
 Wheeled up from thence,
 Departed thro' the gates of hell,
 Dashing aside the fire
 With his friends might.
 Then he journeyed on,
 Till on earth's realms
 Adam, the creature of God's hand,
 He found new formed.

These short passages will afford a tolerably correct idea of the work of the old monk. That he was a poet in the true sense of the word is evident, but his style soon becomes wearisome from its monotony.

Next we come to the honoured name of Alfred, whose unconquerable energy, sound wisdom, and manly piety, marked their impress so deeply, not only on his own, but on each succeeding age. His friend and biographer Asser tells how attentively he listened to (*die nocturne solers auditor*), and treasured up in his memory the lays of his fatherland. The story of his visit to the Danish camp testifies to his skill as a musician. Although by his many translations he did much for the diffusion of knowledge and cultivation of a more correct taste among his countrymen, yet in original poetic composition he seems, as far as we can judge from the specimens which are found scattered up and down in his translation of Boethius, to have been but little successful. A literal translation of a few lines will doubtless interest those who respect him as a soldier and lawgiver. From Boethius, Bk. III.—

In his mind
 Let every man
 Be rightly noble :
 For every one,
 That is by all
 His vices subdued,
 First abandons
 His life's object
 And true nobility :
 For this will
 The Almighty God
 Unnoble him.

O children of men
 Over the world,
 Each one of the free !
 Seek for those riches,
 Of which we have spoken.
 He that now is
 Straitly bound
 With useless love
 Of this wide world,
 Let him seek speedily
 Full freedom,
 That he may advance
 To the riches of the soul's wisdom.

With these quotations from the royal poet it will be necessary to take leave of the subject for the present; a future number may afford an opportunity of tracing on the progress of Poetry and the rise of the English Romances and Ballads.

A COLLEGE MEMORY.

I FACED beneath the ancient chestnut trees,
 That grace our College walks, in solitude;
 And listened to the whispers of the breeze,
 As round my path the yellow leaves it strewed.
 Mild was its breath, which sparing where it could,
 Took but the leaves that were prepared to die;
 And bore them gently to their rest, as would
 A mother bear her babe when sleep was nigh,
 And ever as they fell, it heaved a heavy sigh.

I paced those walks again, at Eventide,
 But now the trees were desolate and bare,
 For e'en the whispering breeze itself had died,
 And Nature shuddered in a mute despair;
 But lo! uprising thro' the darkening air,
 The Evening star shed forth its welcome beam,
 And cast upon the world a smile so rare,
 That Death more beautiful than Life did seem,
 Since on so dark an hour Love shed so bright a gleam.

"T. A."



CONSTANCE.

(See Chaucer, "The Man of Lawes Tale.")

I.

UNMANN'D, at mercy of the main,
Where'er the wild wind's will may be,
With sails outspread to storm and rain
The vessel speeds across the sea;
And there upon the deck forlorn
At noon and night, at eve and morn
She sits: from white brows downward roll'd
Thick falls on shoulders snowy-fair
The blackness of her clustering hair,
With starry light of gems and gold;
And still, thro' lashes dark, her gaze
Falls on the lonely, boundless sea,
And still with clasped hands she prays
"Ah miserere Domine!"

II.

'Tis even—time that tells of rest—
And deeply o'er the waters close
The shadows, and the golden west
Fades fast into a dim repose:
Bright Hesper thro' the fleecy bars
Of cloud forth gazes, and the stars
Look very quiet in the sky,
As one by one in darkening blue
They peer; and with the falling dew
Day's last faint glimmer seems to die.
Calm-eyed the heavens behold her weep—
"Alone, alone upon the sea—
"Ah, fold me, fold me in thy sleep!
"Ah miserere Domine!"

III.

So weeping prayeth she, but soon
 Where darkly with the eastern sky
 Mingles the deep, the full orb'd moon
 Sends light as tho' the morn were nigh;
 Then rises softly with a glow
 That flings a glory all below,
 Trembling along the rippled main.
 She moves her tresses from her face
 With tear-dew'd hands, and pensive grace
 Breathes from her countenance again;
 She feels the presence of a hope,
 Yet sighs, as calmly o'er the sea
 The moon mounts up the starry slope—
 "Ah miserere Domine!"

IV.

Then slowly wanes the mournful night
 Till morning kindles in the skies,
 And in the flush of deepening light
 The moon aloft grows pale and dies.
 The breezes, freshen'd to a gale,
 Sweep rustling thro' the worn-out sail,
 And upwards in the rosy air
 The white-wing'd sea-gulls wheel and play;
 Yet, while the sea and heaven are gay,
 She only feels a dull despair:—
 "Ah when will all my wanderings cease!
 "Alone upon the lonely sea—
 "Is there no mercy, no release?
 "Ah miserere Domine!"

V.

But lo! a coast, some welcome isle,
 A faint low sea-line dimly gray;
 She looks, and hopes—it stays awhile,
 Then fades, a transient cloud, away.
 And then she weeps, nor in her grief
 Finds any comfort or relief,
 Save in her tears that freely shower:
 And now the morning-time is past,
 For lo! the shadow of the mast
 Is shorten'd to the neontide hour.
 She murmurs, while about her head
 The hot noon burns, and all the sea
 With flashing, blinding light is spread—
 "Ah miserere Domine!"

VI.

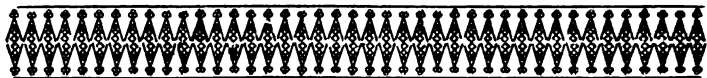
But even comes again; the breeze
 Blows coolly round her burning brow;
 Rustles the sail like autumn trees,
 The water ripples round the prow,
 And fast the vessel speeds, and night
 Mounts up behind retiring light,
 Till, when the moon has climb'd on high,
 She sees a coast along the west,
 A land with many a mountain crest
 Drawn darkly on the midnight sky.
 Her pallid lips are moved in prayer,
 She looketh forward earnestly;
 "Ah surely now the time draws near,
 "Ah miserere Domine!"

VII.

Landward the vessel bends its flight
 And swerves into a quiet bay,
 Where all unfolded to her sight
 With tower and spire a city lay
 Upon a wooded slope reclined,
 And darkly-wooded hills behind
 Swept upward; all was calm and still:
 Silent beneath the moonlight there
 The city shone exceeding fair,
 Only the torrent from the hill
 Sent thro' the night a dreaming sigh:—
 "Ah would that this my rest might be!
 "Ah bear me thither tho' I die,
 "Ah, miserere Domine!"

VIII.

But slowly, to her utter woe,
 The ship bears out to sea again;
 And fades all sight of land, and so
 Forlorn about the lonesome main,
 And still thro' every changing form
 Of changeful ocean, wintry storm
 Or summer eve's tranquillity,
 Or when whole weeks the dim skies weep
 Their streaming waters o'er the deep,
 She saileth—still with tear and sigh
 Her form is wasted, still forlorn
 She prays amid the lonely sea
 By day and night, at eve and morn,
 "Ah, miserere Domine!"



OUR LIFE BOAT.

THERE is not a finer, or a more awful sight in nature than a storm at sea! Waves dashing mountains high, like great snow clad Alps, and the wind moaning and screaming like an evil spirit burst from its chains!

Nowhere are there fiercer storms than those we have at Ornby! I dare say you have never seen Ornby; more the pity! It is a very out of the way place in Norfolk, twenty-six miles from a railroad, and five from even a stage-coach, but it will well repay a visit. And if ever you should chance to fancy a drive over some of the finest ground in Norfolk, pay four shillings and come down by the coach to Caseton; Caseton is one of the smartest watering places any where, and you will stand but a bad chance of getting a bed unless you write some days before. Ornby is five miles from Caseton, and of course you must come over and pay it a visit. The first thing that you do on getting there, must be to have a look at our Life Boat; you won't find such another any where.

Old Tim at the corner keeps the key, and you have only to praise the boat to bring tears into the honest old fellow's eyes. You might go a very long way before you would see a handsomer old man than Tim, with his long silvery hair, and clear blue eye. Tim is the Captain of the boat, and has the charge of the keys, and the crew; he is over seventy-six now; but almost as strong and hearty as ever, and it will do you good to have a chat with him; he will tell you all about the boat, and every storm it has been out in since it was built.

There was a time when we had no Life Boat at Ornby, and used to see ships go down and the crew clinging to the shrouds and riggings, "God help them!" without being able to do anything to rescue them. Sometimes so near were the ships to our cliffs, that through the dashing of the waves and the roaring of the thunder, we could distinguish the screams of the wretched crew, as one by one they relinquished

their hold of the riggings, and yielded themselves to the angry waves.

"Oh, its a dreadful thing to see ones fellow creatures go "down before ones eyes without being able to do any thing to "help them!" So thought the honest fishermen at Ornby; and so thought the good lady that lived close by! So one day, she gave out after a violent storm, that she would have a Life Boat built and present it to Ornby. The boat was to be made to suit the tastes of the fishermen, and to be made by the village boat-builder. It was an undertaking of no little importance for our village builders, and took a considerable time. After church every Sunday, you might see groups of important looking fishermen and wondering children looking at the great skeleton of a boat in the building yard! Well, before the Winter had set in the boat was finished; it was no longer the wierd skeleton of a boat that it was a month back, but looked quite fat and comfortable with its great black honest sides and cork rims.

On the 15th of November, 18—, our boat was launched, and went out for its trial cruise. It was a grand day that for Ornby, and a proud day for any one who had the luck to get a seat in the boat. Every body turned out to see it; the shore and cliffs were crowded with fishermen, their wives and children; the boat was perfection; there was a nice high sea and the wind blowing from the north-east. "There "never was such a boat," every body said, and they were not far wrong either. Well, the boat was drawn up for the first time to its house, like the great horse through the walls of Troy, 'mid crowds of enthusiastic admirers; every little child felt he had a share in it, and if he could but get a push at the boat or a pull at the rope, felt as proud as old Tim himself, who was to have the charge of the keys and the boat itself. There was some talk about the management, "who was to go in case of a storm, whether there was to be "any pay?" "Money! who mentioned money?" was the universal cry, "Do you think that any of us would dare to "risk our lives for money? we will go out trusting in the Lord, "and to save human life, not for money." So it was soon all settled, the boat was to belong to the village, and was to be mann'd with volunteers, there was to be no pay, they would not even have it mentioned.

Well, they had not long to wait before they had a chance of testing the boat in earnest! Winter had well set in, there had been several rough nights, yet all the ships had kept well out from the shore. Since the establishment of our boat,

two watchers were sent out every stormy night, to alarm the village in case of distress.

The 18th of December was as bright a day for the time of year as one could well expect; and the sun was so warm that it felt more like Spring than December; but as the afternoon grew late, the clouds became darker and darker, and began to look rather ominous; the wind too had turned round to the north-east, the most dangerous quarter for our coast; and the old fisherman who stood on the cliff with the telescope, gave out that it was his idea "that it would not be such a fine night as it had been day."

The wind kept on rising all the evening, and at about half-past seven there was a very heavy sea, and it was blowing great guns from the north-east. At half-past eight, when most of the fishermen put out their candles and go to bed, the gale was still increasing and every one prophesied an ugly night. Several ships, tempted by the fineness of the weather, had ventured rather near the shore, but they had not been seen for some time, and it was hoped that they were by this time all well off from land.

Old Tim failing to get a second watcher, was out himself, and at about eleven o'clock was walking up and down the Shark's-tooth cliff, with his long white hair streaming behind him; he had just finished his fourth pipe, and was about to begin his fifth, when he heard a sound like a distant gun. "I dare say it was only the wind," said he, and went on filling his pipe. "But no, there it is again! and there is the ship as plain as a pike staff! she'll strike on the rocks before we can get the boat out, if we get it out at all, for there's a fearful sea! Well, here's off as fast my old legs will carry me." So off starts Old Tim breaking his favourite old clay pipe in his hurry. In five minutes the whole village was as excited as a swarm of bees. Lights flashing all over the place; men holloaing, women and children screaming, as louder than ever the wind howled, and the waves dashed on the rocky beach. Down crashes the Life Boat a hundred broad shoulders pushing as if life depended on it; so it does! for the ship perhaps in ten minutes will be on the rocks, and then Heaven help the crew! Down rattles the boat, and every body is on the beach by this time, save two or three bedridden old women. What a motley group they are, men, women, and children, half dress'd, scarce able to stand the wind is so strong; and the spray comes splashing over them like a snow storm.

"Who's going," shouts out Old Tim with a voice as loud

as a trumpet. A hundred voices, as loud as his answer, "I am." "Can't take you all, lads," says Old Tim, as proud as ever a captain of a man-of-war, "Can't take you all! Perhaps we shall not be able to get the boat out at all! Can't take you all! only fifteen! You lads must be ready with ropes and blankets, it will be your turn next! Now lads, off with her; God preserve us all! for its a fearful night;" and he lays hold of the rudder.

Once, twice, thrice, and eighty shoulders push harder than ever, and in half a minute the boat rides proudly over the waves, and the crew pull as strong and steadily as if they had been used to nothing else all their lives.

On! on! dashes the ship, every one can see her now! She is not more than four hundred yards from the rocks! and if she strikes she must go down and the crew with her! And now the attention of the people on the cliffs is divided between the Life Boat and the Collier, for such the old fisherman with the telescope pronounces it to be.

Oh its an awful time of suspense! the poor women stand shaking with fear and cold, every eye is bent on the brave boat, and every soul breathes a prayer for her, and her brave little crew. And now a cloud comes over the moon! You can't see an inch before you, but at intervals the light at the bows of the unfortunate ship as she dashes on to destruction shines through the darkness. "She must be on the rocks in less than a minute," says the old man with the telescope, and sure enough in less than a minute she is!—you can see nothing!—but you hear a scream!—oh God! such a scream!—and the light disappears! In another minute through the tattered clouds the moon shines out brighter than ever, and there are the masts of the Collier, and on the rigging three human forms just visible. Oh if they can but hold on five minutes longer. The brave boat struggles on through the great mountains of waves, seen for a moment, and then quite out of sight, till it reappears perched on another ridge. "Well steered Tim!" "well rowed Ornby Lads!" "One more stroke and you'll be up to them!" and so they are! All three are safe in the boat, thank Heavens! all are saved. And then such a shout! men, women, and children, all together; they must have heard it all across the water, and seem to pull with redoubled energies. On, on they come, nearer and nearer! "Well rowed Ornby Lads! well steered Old Tim!" Three precious souls! "well done our boat!"

Thank Heavens they are all safe on shore! the three

poor creatures are covered up with blankets and taken to the Mariners' Public-house, where there is a bright roaring fire, dry clothes, and all sorts of comforts, and not before they are needed, for its rather trying work clinging to a mast in such a sea. And then there is such a scene on the shore, such cheering and shaking of hands, and crying; men who have not spoken for years grasp each others hands! men who have not prayed for years fall down on their knees and thank God that their brave sons are returned safe to them again! And old widow Jones, who had stood calmly watching the boat all the time it was being dashed about with her only son William in it, without ever a tear, now that it is once more safe on land, rushes down breathless and throws herself weeping on the shoulders of her son! Ah, how proud she is of him as she walks up with him, holding his great rough honest hand in hers!

I'm running on longer than I ought, but I can't help dwelling on that first proud joyful night when our boat went out for the first time on its mission of mercy. The scene is as vividly before me as if it were but yesterday. Old widow Jones and all those rough brave men, with their long wet hair, fearing nothing, and yet as gentle and kind as the highest ladies of the land! You ought to have seen them kissing and hugging their children, some of them actually crying!

Since then the Ornbby boat has been out many a time, and on many an awful night, but none of them are remembered with such pride and pleasure as the first night in 18—.

Most of those who went out on that first memorable night, have been succeeded by their sons; but still old Tim remains almost as hale as ever, his hair may be somewhat whiter, and his arm somewhat weaker, but his heart is as brave as ever, and he will have just the same pleasure in showing you our boat as he had twenty years ago. Last time I went to see it there was a rim of blue round its black sides. Old Tim pointed to it; "she's gone," says he, "the good lady that gave us the boat; and the poor old boat is in mourning for her. We have never lost a life out of this boat since it was built, that's near twenty years ago, and it has saved fifty lives. We do not trust in ourselves, but put our trust in the Lord; she's a fine boat for all that;" and he brushed away a tear, and patted the boat affectionately on its sides.

"P. R."

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED NAIAD.

CRUEL and stern unto me, O might of the pitiless Winter,
 Ever of old hast thou been, and I hate thee now as aforetime—
 Round me arise the dark caves, and above are the bars of the crystal
 Glistening bright in the Sun that darts his arrows to mock me,—
 Mock me because in the Summer I shunned his ardent embraces,
 Rather choosing to lurk in the cool sequestered recesses,
 Sporting amid the shells and the flowers that bloom 'neath the water.

God of the silver bow! Not now would I fly thy caresses:—
 Truly a maiden's heart sometimes is hard to the wooer,
 Yet is it softened by sorrow and bends in the hour of affliction.
 Wherefore hurl from thine hand a tempest angry and sudden—
 Loosen the wintry bolts and drive to the Thracian caverns
 Far off, girt with snow, the blustering armies of Winter.

Never in vain should sue the lovely. Methinks I am lovely—
 Oft have I seen the Fauns behind the sheltering beeches
 Peep amid Dryads coy, and wonder has held them beholding:
 And I remember too when Artemis came to the fountain
 Bending to taste the wave, for she was aweary with hunting,—
 How that her face was fair, and well the quiver became her,
 Well the huntress-shoon and the spoils of the panther around her;
 Yet methought, as I lay in the tangled sedges and watched her,
 Mine was a face as bright and a form as fair to beholders.

Oh, how sweet is the Spring—the Spring so long in returning,—
 When from yonder crag, that, girt with a diadem hoary,
 Now stands silent, stern, leap down the glad waters careering.
 Bright, rejoicing in freedom, and melody rings in their wild course.

Sweet is the Summer too,—for then in the heat of the noontide
 Gently tinkling lingers the wave in the clefts of the smooth stones,
 Gently tinkling lulls me to dream in ambrosial slumbers.

Dear no less to my heart is the season of fruit-laden Autumn:—
 Then do I love to watch if perchance may fall from the ruddy
 Boughs the bursting plum or the brown and clustering filbert,
 Dropped by the squirrel that sits on the topmost spray of the hazel.

Then, when all is still, and over the crest of the mountain
 Half by a white cloud veiled the pale and sorrowful moon climbs,
 Pensive I sit, and think she is pale because in the valley
 Lies untouched by her love,—unmoved by the kiss of a Goddess,
 He who, a mortal, has wakened desire in a bosom immortal.

Gladsome days,—sweet nights! oh, when to the sorrowing Naiad
 Will ye again return?—for lo! I am weary with waiting—
 Weary and lonely and chill, a sad disconsolate captive.
 Surely, vainly do men complain of death, that his arrow
 Bitterly strikes, for I, who never may feel it, would gladly
 Welcome the bitterest arrow that ever flew from his quiver.

“Σ.”



OUR COLLEGE CHAPEL.

“Society becomes possible by religion.”—*Sartor Resartus*.

THERE are, I believe, few words in our University Vocabulary which will, in years to come, when the hard struggle of life has damped our ardour and increased our cares; when the memories of the past have become dearer, as the duties of the present have become more anxious, and our hopes of the future less sanguine—few words which will recall so vividly the days of our Undergraduate Life; from the hour when, as nervous, hopeful freshmen, we first took our humble seat in Chapel, to the Sunday after Tripos Day, when, with an excusable pride in our bachelor's hood, we worshipped for the last time as Students within the familiar walls; few words over which we shall linger so fondly, and yet perhaps regretfully, as those which I have placed at the head of this paper. The Hall, the Lecture-Room, the Senate-House will have each its attendant train of recollections. They will be of pleasures, of intellectual prowess, of individual triumphs or disasters. But the College Chapel, in which all distinctions cease, in which the expectant Wrangler worships side by side with the less fortunate Junior Op, will alone be indissolubly identified with College Life, and will stand out in clear distinctness as the outward and visible sign of that Unity and Fellowship which is implied in the very name of College. These words will perhaps call to the minds of most, recollections of opportunities thrown away and of resolutions broken; but they will also remind us of the holy influences of the service, of the sense of a want which characterized the first few days of every Vacation, of the realization of our brotherhood which crept over us when we met together within its walls for the first time after the death of a fellow-student, and of its purifying power during the heat and excitement of a competitive examination.

These thoughts have been in part suggested by reading a passage which directly contradicts them. Many have objected to the system of compulsory attendance at College Chapel. It has been the favourite mark of attack of all who dislike our University discipline. They could not, I believe, help feeling that it was the root and foundation of the whole; that unless they could overthrow that, they could scarcely succeed in destroying the superstructure. But the poet Wordsworth, a member of the College in which I am now writing, stands conspicuous among University Men in being able—when recalling in riper years the scenes and experiences of his youth—to record the opinions contained in the following lines, as expressing his judgment and experience of our College discipline:—

Let Folly and False-seeming
 parade among the Schools at will,
 But spare the House of God. Was ever known
 The witless shepherd who persists to drive
 A flock that thirsts not to a pool disliked?
 A weight must surely hang on days begun
 And ended with such mockery. Be wise,
 Ye Presidents and Deans, and, till the Spirit
 Of ancient times revive, and youth be trained
 At home in pious service, to your bells
 Give seasonable rest, for 'tis a sound
 Hollow as ever vexed the tranquil air;
 And your officious doings bring disgrace
 On the plain steeples of our English Church,
 Whose worship 'mid remotest village trees
 Suffers for this. Even Science, too, at hand
 In daily sight of this irreverence,
 Is smitten thence with an unnatural taint,
 Loses her just authority, falls beneath
 Collateral suspicion, else unknown.

Whatever weight may be attached to these lines, none should accrue from the fact that their author was a University Man. No reader of the *Prelude* will, I think, hesitate to admit that one who kept aloof so systematically from the influences of the place, who separated himself so much from the discipline and course of study of the University, as Wordsworth did, could not possibly have entered into the spirit of its institutions, or be qualified to pass judgment upon them.

I propose however to consider in the present paper the

general question here raised. Now that University Reform is occupying so large a share of public attention, it may not be amiss for us, who perhaps are most interested in it, to examine on what principle so important an institution as the College Chapel rests; whether it is one of the Landmarks which define our University Education, or whether it is an accident of the system which it were well in these enlightened times at once to remove. I am the more induced to do this, because there has been started, within the last twenty years, an institution, having as its object the education of young men, and called by its founders a College, which does not possess a Chapel, and does not admit that worship is a feature in Education with which it is at all concerned.*

Before considering the objections, I will endeavour to point out the principle involved; and to state the reasons which led our ancestors almost to identify the Chapel with the College; which would at all events have rendered them unable to conceive them separated.

Of course I do not mean that these reasons presented themselves to the minds of our ancestors in the logical, self-conscious way in which I must set them before the reader. Our Colleges arose according to a natural law of development. Their founders would no more have questioned the absolute necessity of the College Chapel, than they would have hesitated to assert, had the distinction occurred to them, that Education, and not Instruction, was the object for which they were founded. All that I can pretend to do is to show that the Chapel was a legitimate step in this process of development, not an interruption of it; to point out the reasons which would have led to the same result, had it ever crossed their minds to consider it. Not, on the other hand, that I would assert that they did not reflect about it, that these reasons did not occur to them; all I wish the reader to understand is that I do not put them forward as historically true.

I have already said that Education, and not Instruction, was the object for which the Colleges are founded. To educate themselves or others is the reason why men reside in Colleges.

The important features in Education which now concern us, are: First, that it is a spiritual not a material process, ethical even rather than intellectual. To educate a man is not merely to teach him—this, for want of a more accurate

* University College, London.

term, may be called instruction—not merely to cultivate or develop the faculties of his mind and body; these, when worthily pursued, are indeed aids, and important ones; still, only aids to that which is the primary end of all education, to awaken to life and action his spiritual nature, to free his spirit from its natural subjection to sensuous and visible things, to train it to the study and contemplation of the invisible and eternal. The Student is the witness to mankind that there is a world distinct from, and more real than, the world of sense around us. He is the priest of the invisible, the interpreter of the visible.

I need scarcely say that I do not here use Student as synonymous with Undergraduate. In fact there is no necessary connection between them. An undergraduate, merely because he is an undergraduate, is not therefore a Student. At the same time there ought to be no antithesis. I fear however that it is possible to follow out completely the University system, as at present interpreted by the Colleges, and yet not have much of the Student about one at the end. But if every Professional Man ought to be a Student in the highest sense of the term, as having to do with the spiritual part of men, surely it is desirable that of us who are about to become Professional men this should not be true.*

Secondly, Education is in no sense a selfish aim. It cannot be attained by leading an isolated, selfish life; cannot be enjoyed by considering it as a private personal gain. This might be the case with Instruction, it cannot with Education. A man may live for the sole purpose of developing his intellectual and æsthetical faculties; he may to this devote his every energy; but if for this he ignores all other feelings, impulses and strivings; if for this, "in self-worship wrapped alone," he obliterates all sense of duty

* Have any of my readers ever considered what is implied in the fact of our wearing the surplice in Chapel? I know not why we do, but I know what it helped to teach me. I had, until I came to College, always looked upon the wearing of the surplice as the privilege, if you will, of members of the priesthood, of those who belonged to what is considered especially the sacred profession. But I found here that all Students, whatever might be their future profession, wore the surplice on certain occasions. I concluded, not very logically perhaps, that it would seem as though all professions were really sacred; that a calling was requisite for every profession, as much as for the priesthood. And I believe I was right.

and relation to others—he will not be educating, he will be destroying himself. He will be drawing out one side only, while allowing the other to decay. Man is not all intellect, any more than all animal. It is only in healthful intercourse with his fellows that he can hope to educate himself.

Bearing these points then in mind, viz., what Education is, and what is the condition necessary to its attainment, it will be at once evident that a College cannot be a mere assemblage of men working individually with the same object. They must work together; they must constitute a Society. Every Member of it must feel that he is a Member of a Society; one of a number of elements which must be united in an entire whole, that each may fulfil its object.

What then is the principle which can give coherence to these discordant elements, which can render permanent an institution composed of such fluctuating material? There must be some principle, some common bond of union. No set of men ever yet remained united without it. No great physical work even could be performed unless the labourers were united by a common principle, the principle of obedience to a fixed Head. For this principle, be it remembered, originates far more from the fact that it alone can harmonize their working, can make each feel that the labour he is contributing is not antagonistic to the labour of any other, but is necessary to give completeness and symmetry to the whole; far more from this than from the relation between master and workman, as wage-payer and wage-receiver; as may be seen in our boat-races, cricket-matches, &c., where, though the relation does not exist, it is still found necessary to awaken the principle.

What then is the principle that can hold a College together?

It must be universal, that every Student may acknowledge it; spiritual, because the duties, privileges and temptations of the Student as such are spiritual; and eternal, for the work is 'separate from time.'

It must then be the principle of a common faith, of faith in the same Lord and Ruler of all.

But the Student, from the very nature of his work, from his familiarity with spiritual things, is in continual danger of questioning their reality: because he has to do with the facts of the inner life of the Universe, with laws, and with the symbols by which these laws are made perceptible

to the understanding, he is especially liable to the temptation of looking upon these symbols as themselves the realities and not merely as signs; of considering the investigation of laws as consisting merely in the facile use of symbols; in a word, of doubting the very basis of his work, the principle of his existence as a Student. He must therefore be continually reminded of it, as the labourer of the necessity of obedience. There must be some form or ceremony by which the fact and its importance may be continually kept before him, some mode by which he may acknowledge his belief in it, and gain strength to his belief. There must be worship.*

Should any reader find difficulty in admitting the application of this to ourselves, because it has been already said that Undergraduates are not necessarily Students in the nobler sense of the word, it may perhaps be sufficient to suggest that there are various degrees of Studenthood; and that one Student as such differs from another, not in intellectual power, this only measures his success, but in the distinctness with which he grasps the idea of the Student, with which he realizes the meaning of his work, and in the determination with which he adheres to it. Assuming it to be possible as an extreme case that an Undergraduate could enter upon his work here as a Student, with the conscious purpose of not striving to be a Student, but only of endeavouring to sell his talents and industry in the dearest market; he could not by so doing release himself from the temptations and responsibilities of one who undertakes the work of a Student. By considering himself as a trader, he cannot get the immunity of one.

* "But how then" it may perhaps be said "do you explain the existence and beneficial working of societies within the College?" In the same way that I do the existence of the College within the Church. And so far from considering them as incompatible with the well-working of the College, I believe them very materially to assist in extending and intensifying the advantages of residence, by knitting men still more closely together; provided always that there is nothing in these societies which is opposed either to the object of residence, or to the principle of union. But for this very reason, all Colleges, as well as societies, which are based upon narrower principles than those of the Church, all of which the connecting link is a narrower form of the Church's Creed, do seem to me, however praiseworthy may be their object, fraught with danger, as tending to lessen the force of the bond uniting all, and increasing the danger of disunion.

So far all that I have said is true for men of every creed, for the Heathen as for the Christian, for the Dissenter as for the Churchman. The particular form this worship should assume would be a question for each founder to decide. There could be no doubt with ours. As Christians and members of a particular Church, it was a necessity for them that the worship should be Christian, and according to the principles of that Church. It may be called narrow, bigoted, in the present day. They could then, we now, unite on no other grounds. It seemed to follow in logical sequence from the necessity of worship at all. And provided the College is a place of Education, I see not how their decision can be shaken. If however a Student is to be merely a repository of useful knowledge which the College is to supply, or if a University is a knowledge-mart where Students are to expose their wares for sale to the highest bidder; where no studies are recognized but such as pay; but such as will increase the wealth or influence of the Student; let those defend the College Chapel who can; I cannot. It appears to me then a contradiction and an absurdity.

Further, if what I have said be applicable, wherever men are congregated together for purposes of study, how much more so is it in our own case here in Cambridge, where the majority are youths who come here as men, having just left school as boys; at an age therefore when an increase of freedom is sure to be accompanied by a great increase of temptation; and when it is of the utmost importance that principles should take the place of laws, moral strength of mere passive obedience.

And yet, sound as I believe this reasoning to be, there is an objection urged which we dare not shirk, and which if true, renders all I have said as nothing.

If our attendance at Chapel is a mere form; if our worship is hypocrisy; if to the majority of Undergraduates the Chapel is the representative of an enormous sham, the cause of a daily lie; however great may be the sacrifice, we dare not retain it. It is too hard in these days to see truthfully, to speak truthfully, to act truthfully, in the daily occurrences of life, for us to increase the danger and temptation by habituating ourselves to falsehood in so solemn a matter as worship.

“Your whole system of attendance at chapel” (we may suppose an objector saying) “is a remnant of the corrupt and effete monastic system, the relic of a time when, with the quibbles of the Schoolmen, and the forms of the

"Romanists, you were able to impose on the minds of a priest-ridden, ignorant people. But this is all changed now. We are wiser than our forefathers. Under pressure from without, you have been obliged somewhat to improve your education; you must now in the same way be compelled to reform the absurdities of your discipline. Foremost among these is the compulsory attendance at College Chapel. This may once have had a meaning; it has none now. You yourselves admit, at least practically, that it has none, that it is a mere matter of form. Every Student is required, so says Dean or Tutor, to keep a certain number of Chapels each week. He will be punished for not doing so, as for any other breach of University discipline. Nothing is said about worship; the absurdity of so doing would at once condemn it. A chapel has to be kept, not worship performed. As soon as you are out of your pupilage, you will revenge yourself by keeping no more than decency requires: you have had enough of it as an undergraduate. The effects of this are the common talk of all who know anything of the University. The Chapel must be kept like the Lecture; but the former is the greater bore. A man must prepare, keep himself sober, for the Lecture; he may rush off to Chapel fresh from his wine or his novel, bent only on making up the complement. It is the mark of an experienced hand to know how few will content the Dean. It is a mockery and a lie. And even were it not so, the time has past for these narrow forms. We do not now believe that any church contains all truth. The Universities belong to the nation, not to the small section of it who will subscribe certain articles. You have no doubt found it profitable to prejudice the minds of those under you in favor of the tenets of your sect, and to keep the emoluments and advantages of the University for those of your own way of thinking; but we who attach some meaning to worship, who would have our children candidly inquire into religious questions, unbiassed by motives of interest or the influence of the past, and who have thus by our conscientious scruples been shut out from your Colleges, will now appeal to the nation, to see whether you also must not bend to the spirit of the age, and open your doors to all."

Most of my readers must, I think, have heard or read something of this kind. I have endeavoured not to shrink from its full statement in any way. Of many of the statements in it I have nothing to say. They may, or may not, in

certain cases be true: they bear evident traces of the jaundiced eye and the bitter tongue. I admit however that we do go to Chapel, as we go to Lecture. Rightly or wrongly, we do look upon daily worship as a part of our daily life, not as an unnatural interruption of it. This may be ascribed to habit; it matters not: the result is the same.

"But you do not go to Chapel to worship. You have to be driven to it. The continual recurrence of the form of worship must deaden your minds to all holy influences."

I protest most earnestly against the assumption of infallibility involved in this and all such statements. To me this judgment savours much of the bigotry and want of charity, the objector professes so much to dread. He might with as much justice assert that, because men must choose some profession that they may live, and many choose the ministry, therefore all are driven into it from none but mercenary motives. Let Him who alone knows the heart be left to judge it. To me no congregation seems so devout and attentive as that assembled daily in the College Chapel. Passing over this however, and turning to the spirit of the objection; I ask, "and if it be true, what then?" Is it peculiar to College? Is it not a fact recognized by all, that the continual recurrence of the seasons of the Church does tend to blind us to their significance and importance? Or, if hero-worship is the only worship recognized by the objector, can he deny that the habitual reading of History, and learning it when young, has blinded him to the lessons in the lives of his heroes; that he requires periodically a Carlyle to awaken in him a recognition of those lessons? Is it not true that men may attend a course of lectures on the most momentous subjects, and yet not realize that they have any real connection with their own lives? Do we not require sickness and adversity to remind us of the blessings of health and prosperity, and of the gratitude we ought to feel for them? Wherein then do the effects of daily worship differ from these? Grant the necessity of worship at all, and the fact alleged ceases to be an objection. And if we have to be driven to Chapel; is that anything novel or wrong? Is it anything new that young men have to be compelled to do that which they ought to do? Is it not well that we should be obliged to feel in ourselves this ever present contradiction? We ought to worship sincerely and

* Maurice's Lectures on Education.

truly; we know we ought to do so; and yet there is that within us which wills it not, which avoids doing so. We are continually inclined to consider as a mere form, to go through like machines, what we know ought to be most living and real. I believe it is a very important thing that we should feel this.*

There still remains one more objection to consider, that founded on a theory concerning the functions of the University. The answer to it is really involved in what I have already said. For, granting that the Universities, as National Institutions, ought to be open to all, whatever their Creed; how does it affect the constitution of the Colleges? If, as I have endeavoured to show, daily worship must be an integral feature in every place devoted to study, the only inference from the objection is, that those who dislike our form of worship should have a college of their own, not that they should destroy the efficiency of ours. Further, considering our youth, it appears especially desirable that everything like religious controversy should be discouraged at College, as sure only to lead to dogmatism and flippancy. That this would be impossible in a College open to men of every Creed is evident enough, even if experience had not shown its truth.

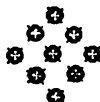
* Maurice's Lectures on Education.

I have already made one reference to this work; I cannot make another without adding, what, indeed every one who knows it will have observed, that these references give but a very inadequate idea of how much I am indebted to it. I can say most gratefully that I have learnt more from it than I in any way know how to express. There is one other work to which I am anxious to acknowledge my gratitude. Fichte's Lectures on the Nature of the Scholar; translated by Wm. Smith, J. Chapman, London. The best commentary on this is Fichte's own life; in which may be seen how nobly he endeavoured to work out in himself the lessons he taught to others. I am especially glad to be able to make this acknowledgment to Fichte, because in a work now much used in the College, (Bp. Fitzgerald's Edition of Butler) he is spoken of in terms I do not understand. When Bp. Fitzgerald calls Fichte stupid, methinks the epithet rebounds, it at all events gives rise to curious speculations as to the nature of his lectures at Dublin as Professor of Moral Philosophy. I have not made these references with any idea of thus exhausting my acknowledgments. It will only be an illustration of much that I have said, if I add that I am as much indebted to my Fellow-Students as to either.

I have shown then, I think, that the very idea of Education requires that worship should be as prominent a feature in a Student's life as study; that the objection to it, from its being compulsory is superficial, because it is not to be expected, however much desired, that young men can, unaided, always come off victorious in their struggles with the laziness of the flesh and the temptations of their youth; and finally, that though grateful for the warning involved, we cannot destroy our College Chapel, because attendance there may become mere matter of form; for this is a danger which besets us in every direction, in the ordinary courtesies of life, in all worship.

I can scarcely hope to have satisfactorily solved all the difficulties with which this question is beset. I shall be contented if I have suggested to any the direction in which solutions may be found: for my own part I have no hesitation in appealing to the general experience and consciences of my readers as the truest witness in my favor.

In conclusion I may perhaps be allowed to remind them, that I have throughout this paper abstained from even alluding to the highest grounds on which the importance and necessity of our daily College service may be best made evident; and this for many reasons, but chiefly because the Chapel itself seems preferable to a Magazine for enlarging on such topics.





A SHORT ESSAY ON THE ART OF WRITING 'VALENTINES' AND ALBUM POETRY.

BEFORE another Number of "*The Eagle*" appears, Valentine's day with its gratified hopes, or realised fears, will have come and gone; another Levée-Day of King Hymen will have passed, and those who have not taken this opportunity of being presented in due form will have to wait till some other opportunity of paying their court offers itself. I trust that I am not mistaken in my view of *The Eagle*, when I say, that I believe its tendencies to be matrimonial: that though liberally supported by the Deans and Fellows of this College, it does not bind itself to advocate celibacy. Such being the case, I consider it my duty to warn all my young friends not to let Valentine's Day find them unprepared with a Poetical Epistle to the honour of their Ladye Faire. 'But,' some one will say, 'I am no Poet;' very likely. Few men are. But most Corydons can write verses sufficiently well to please the ear and excite the interest of their Phillises. I alas! am past the age fitted for these amusements; in fact, I am the eldest Junior Fellow of Celibacy Hall. But should these words of mine dissuade any of my youthful readers from remaining Bachelors after they are Masters of Arts, especially should these words induce our oldest Senior Fellow the Rev. Cœlebs Soundsnoozer to take unto himself a wife, I shall not have written in vain. But to proceed to the object of this article. Few men who know me will believe me when I tell them that I once was a perfect adept in all the cunning stratagems of love. Yes, it is so. I often hear men pass me and say, "ah! poor Diddler—" "never the same man since Miss Jones refused him, because "he had red hair." (True, Miss J. *did* say she had an objection to auburn hair ever since the loss of 'a dear spaniel,' and that my hair was unfortunately auburn I cannot deny; but that is neither here or there.) I am not I own

the man I was. But time was when no man's voice was sweeter than mine in the gilded saloon, no whisper softer than mine, as I spoke the language of the Flowers in the kitchen-garden, and above all (for this was the secret of my success) no hand

More skilled than mine,
To write the tender Valentine,
Or fill the Album's page.

(Cf. Diddler's *Poems*, vol. XLIV. p. 253.)

'Hei mihi proteritos!' what boots it more to tell. I loved? aye, but too well! But I loved ambition more! and what was my ambition? to be a fellow of my college—an honour which I now hold, a happy man outwardly; but who shall tell

How many tendrils of divinest love,
That might have blossomed in my canker'd breast,
Are rudely rooted up and live no more?

(Diddler's *Poems*, vol. XI. p. 703.)

The reader will see by this time that I was born a Poet, and I have no doubt will excuse my frequent wanderings from my subject for the simple reason that I am a Poet, an 'Alastor,' 'Natures own Child not tied by Rules of Art,' &c. To be brief; my object in writing is merely to give all my readers two pieces of advice.

(i.) To beware of a blighted fate such as mine.

(ii.) To ensure their success in Love by writing verses in Albums, and in Valentines; and to trust to this mode of attack in preference to all others.

'The Valentine' is an admirable method of attacking the affections. For instance, what could be more irresistible than my verses to Henrietta E——? though alas! the only reward I received at the hands of the beautiful Henrietta was to be told that I was 'a good hand at Nonsense Verses'!! I smothered my feelings, for who could feel angry with so much loveliness? Would only that she had had more taste! I give the verses as a specimen; perhaps they are in too lively a strain. I have since discovered that the 'Melancholy Dodge' answers best; but they were written in my youth. Here they are:

To Henrietta.

Alas! I find 'tis hard to meet
With rhymes in writing a love-letter;
But harder still to find as sweet
A Girl as charming Henrietta.

Of all that wound with Cupid's darts,
And hold their slaves in Love's soft fetter,
There's none that wins so many hearts
As airy, fairy, Henrietta.

I once alas! was fancy-free;
One day unhappily I met her,
And who unmov'd by love could see
The face, the grace of Henrietta?

I saw! I lov'd! without delay
With all love's wiles did I beset her,
She frowned, nor would my pangs allay
My teasing, pleasing Henrietta.

Her eyes are soft yet brightly gleam,
Her form a goddess's, nay better;
Aye on her lips doth gladness beam,
Smiling, beguiling Henrietta.

And yet for me no smile she wears;
Her eyes for me had never yet a
Fond look, though all my hopes and fears
Are centred in my Henrietta.

If she would smile upon my love,
I'd love, I'd cheer, I'd soothe and pet her;
But ah! what prayers can ever move
A beauty proud as Henrietta?

Would she but throw her lot with mine,
No fears should vex, no care should fret her,
Then take me for your Valentine
My love, my life, my Henrietta!

(*Fos.* 14, 1838.)

After this long specimen of 'the Valentine,' I must hasten on to discuss 'Album verses.' These should, as a rule, be light, pretty and unintelligible: they should contain a vast number of similes. I think 'Album verses' may be divided into two Classes, the 'Tender and Pathetic,' and 'the Ingenious.' Of these the former class ought not to be over-done. There should be no 'wild despair;' even that 'last infirmity of noble minds.' 'Self-destruction' should not so much as be named. In fact τὸ πῑερον must be observed, and the nerves of the fair recipient spared. 'The Heart's Agony:' 'The Blighted Breast:' et hoc genus omne must never intrude into the Album. Nothing but what is soft and tender should be seen in this flower-garden of the Muses. If you have only a taste for 'the Morbid'

write anonymously, for the same principle which influenced the Greek Tragedians to cause Medea's children to be murdered behind the scenes should prevent you from parading your woes openly. I now proceed to give a specimen of 'The Tender and Pathetic Album Poem.' I think it will be considered Tender, I trust it will be found Pathetic; abounding in similes and sufficiently unintelligible, it certainly is. The reader will see that it was written 'in the Highlands, &c.' However, as a matter of conscience, I must inform him that the verses were *really* written in Pimlico, but it was necessary to add a topographical interest to the Lines, a deceit for which I trust the Reader will pardon me.

Lines written in the Highlands of Scotland while I was resting under a Pine tree.

Where'er my wandering footsteps turn,
 My thoughts for ever fly to thee;
 Thy voice is in the flowing burn,
 Thy form is in the graceful tree.
 For thou art statelier than the pine,
 That o'er me casts its solemn shade:
 Nor murmureth so sweet as thine
 The streamlet's voice adown the glade.
 I think of thee when shadows creep
 Across the mountain's dusky side;
 When the wild water-spirits sleep
 And scarce is heard the rippling tide.
 Delicious murmurs lull my ear,
 Dreams visit me from fairy land,
 I taste a whisper'd fragrance near,
 And feel the magic of a hand.
 Oh! Harriet, why art thou away?
 All nature speaks of love and thee;
 And shall I never see the day
 When I shall feel thou lovest me?

What can be more light and pretty than verse I.? What more full of similes than verse II.? more unintelligible than verses III. and IV.? and more tender and pathetic than verse V.?

I now hasten on to discuss 'the Ingenious Album Poem,' and here I have to repeat my former advice, 'Ne quid nimis.' Start with a subject that promises but ill, and manage to extract from this barren subject two or three

ingenious ideas and the object is gained. In the verses which I give as a specimen I think I succeeded in this. A lady, the fair *Jemima Jones*, had told me to write some complimentary verses in her *Album*, in which she was to be compared to *an Album* or anything else upon the table. She left me to accomplish this task; smilingly telling me that if I wrote "a good exercise" she should consider me a greater poet than *Smith*, and that if I could find a rhyme for '*Album*' she would dance a quadrille with me that evening. She left me in despair: for a long time the nearest rhyme to *Album* that I could think of was *Stallbaum*, till at length the accusative case of "*Balbus*" suggested itself. I sat down and wrote; here is the result.

When first my Muse sweet girl you tasked
 To write within your Album:
 I felt as puzzled as when asked
 At school the case of "*Balbus*."
 But when those charms divine I viewed
 With love and trepidation;
 I wrote; I sang, my heart imbued
 With fervent inspiration.
 For who with Album, pen and ink,
 While on those charms he gazes,
 Would hesitate to sing like wink-
 -ing thy unrivalled praises?
 Thy eye is grayer than the quill,
 With which I now am writing;
 Thy brow is fairer than this sil-
 -ver ink-pot so inviting:
 Thy hand is softer than the calf
 Which forms thy Album's cover;
 More black than ink those looks by half
 Which captivate thy lover.
 But when I sing thy mental charms
 I falter and I blunder;
 My burning love my pen disarms,
 I sigh in silent wonder.
 Yet though my love no words express
 Believe thy humble Rhymer,
 While thus my feelings I confess,
 I love but thee *Jemima*!

And now concluding my remarks, I wish my readers, one and all, a merry Christmas, a happy New Year, and last, not least, a pleasant Valentine's day.

"DUODECIMO DIDDLER."



SULPICIA.

Tibullus Eleg. iv. ii.

SULPICIA est tibi culta tuis, Mars magne, Calendis,
Spectatum e coelo, si sapis, ipse veni.
Hoc Venus ignoscet: at tu, violente, caveto
Ne tibi miranti turpiter arma cadant.
Illius ex oculis, quum vult exurere Divos,
Accendit geminas lampadas acer Amor:
Illam quidquit agit, quoquo vestigia flectit,
Componit furtim, subsequiturque decor:
Seu solvit crines, fusis decet esse capillis;
Seu compait, comptis est veneranda comis:
Urit, seu Tyriâ voluit procedere pallâ;
Urit, seu niveâ candida veste venit:
Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo
Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.
Sola puellarum digna est cui mollia caris
Vellera det sucis bis madefacta Tyros;
Possideatque metit quidquid bene olentibus arvis
Cultor adoratæ dives Arabs segetis,
Et quascunque niger rubro de littore conchas
Proximus Eöis colligit Indus equis.
Hanc vos, Pierides, festis cantate Calendis,
Et testudineâ, Phœbe superbe, lyrâ.
Hoc solemne sacrum multos celebretur in annos:
Dignior est vestro nulla puella choro.



SULPICIA.

Tibullus Eleg. iv. ii.

On thy Calends hath my Ladye robed to pay thee honour due ;
Come, if thou be wise, great Mavors, come thyself her charms to view !

Venus will excuse the treason ; but do thou, rude chief, beware,
Lest thine arms fall in dishonour, while thou gazest on the fair !

In her eyes, whene'er her pleasure wills the hearts of gods to fire,
Lamps, a pretty pair, are burning, ever lit by young Desire :

Whatsoe'er the maid be doing, wheresoe'er her steps she bends,
Perfect grace is shed around her, perfect grace in stealth attends :

If she leave her tresses flowing, grace o'er flowing locks is poured,
If she braid them, in her braidings is she meet to be adored ;

Every heart is fired to see her, walk she robed in purple bright,
Every heart is fired to see her, come she dressed in snowy white :

So Vertumnus, blest Immortal, in Olympus' heavenly hall,
Hath a thousand varied dresses, and the thousand grace him all.

Unto her alone of maidens meet it is that Tyre produce
Precious gifts of softest fleeces, doubly dyed in costly juice ;

Her's alone be all the perfumes, which on scented meadows wide,
Tills and reaps the wealthy Arab, at his fragrant harvest tide ;

All the shells the dusky Indian, on the Erythrean shore,
Neighbour of the steeds of Eos, heaps in many a shining store.

Her upon your festal Calends, sing ye, bright Pierid quire !
Sing her praises, haughty Phœbus, on thy tortoise-fashioned lyre !

Through the course of future ages let the annual rite be done :
Never maiden was more worthy to be numbered with thine own.



TENNYSON.

AMONG the occasional aids, which are sometimes accessible to the student of literature, few will prove so valuable in helping him to realize fully the ideas that were working in the mind of the author, or will enable him to watch so closely the operation of the laws of the poetic or philosophic faculty, as the corrections and alterations introduced into successive editions. In proof of this it would be sufficient to refer a doubtful reader to Hare's *Guesses at Truth*, Vol. II., where the alterations in some of Wordsworth's Poems are discussed with a delicate minuteness which it is to be wished reviewers generally had endeavoured to imitate;—this would be sufficient were it not that a still more satisfactory course is open to me,—I can give him an opportunity of testing it for himself.

In 1837, Lord Northampton edited and Murray published a collection of original Poems called the *Tribute*, which contained,—besides contributions from Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, W. S. Landor, Trench, Monckton Milnes, Henry Taylor, Dr. Whewell, Sir W. Hamilton, Rev. C. T. Tennyson, Dean Milman, Lord J. Russell, Alford and many others,—some stanzas by Alfred Tennyson, Esq., which have lately been republished, with various alterations, omissions and additions, as § xxvi. of *Maud*.*

I subjoin the lines which have been altered, as they appeared in this Edition, and also the verses that have been omitted, referring the reader to the last Edition to see the nature of the alterations. Those words only which are italicized vary in the two Editions.† I may add, that this will also be a favourable opportunity for testing the accuracy of what has always appeared to me to be the exaggeration of a wholesome Truth in the volume before referred to, viz. that

* The profits resulting from this work were for the benefit of the family of a then recently deceased clergyman.

† In numbering the lines and verses, I have followed the Edition of 1856.

when a poem is once completed any attempt at improvement is sure to fail.*

Verse I. line 1. "*Oh! that 'twere possible,*"

Verse II. line 3. "*Of the land that gave me birth,*"

Verse III. line 3. "*Ah God! that it were possible*"

Verse V. lines 2 and 3 not in the original Edition, and the word "*doze*" (line 4) was misprinted "*dose.*"

line 6. "*For the meeting of to-morrow,*"

In place of verses VI. and VII. was the following :

"Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity—
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold."

With a single alteration in the positions of lines 4 and 5, which have been interchanged, the last five lines have been retained as the conclusion of verse VII.

Verse VIII. This verse originally followed verse XIII. and was as follows :

"Get thee hence, nor come again
Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without."

The only alteration being a different arrangement of the lines.

Verse X. line 3. "*It crosseth here, it crosseth there.*"

Verse XII. followed verse VIII. in the Edition of 1837, lines 2 and 6 have been added.

* If, as these stanzas lead me to believe, the general plan of 'Maud' was conceived, and to some extent executed at the time they were first published, if they were in 1837 extracted from Maud, and not in 1855 inserted in it, one cannot but wish that the existence of the 'Tribute' had been known to the reviewers of that Poem, they might then perhaps have hesitated before criticizing so harshly what on this supposition must have been no hasty offspring of the Poet's brain, but one carefully meditated and long matured.

- Verse XIII. line 1. "*Then* the broad light glares and beats,"
 line 2. "And the *sunk eye* flits and fleets,"
 line 4. "I loathe the squares and streets," (1837)
 "And I loathe the squares and streets," (1856)
 line 8. "*To* some still cavern deep,"
 line 9. "*And* to weep, and weep and weep"

The poem originally concluded with the four following verses which have been omitted in the reprint.

"But she tarries in her place,
 And I paint the beauteous face
 Of the maiden, that I lost,
 In my inner eyes again,
 Lest my heart be overborne
 By the thing I hold in scorn,
 By a dull mechanic ghost
 And a juggle of the brain.

"I can shadow forth my bride
 As I knew her fair and kind,
 As I woo'd her for my wife;
 She is lovely by my side
 In the silence of my life—
 'Tis a phantom of the mind.

"'Tis a phantom fair and good;
 I can call it to my side,
 So to guard my life from ill,
 Tho' its ghastly sister glide
 And be moved around me still
 With the waving of the blood,
 That is moved not of the will.

"Let it pass, the dreary brow,
 Let the dismal face go by.
 Will it lead me to the grave?
 Then I lose it: it will fly:
 Can it overlast the nerves?
 Can it overlive the eye?
 But the other, like a star,
 Thro' the channel windeth far
 Till it fade and fail and die,
 To its Archetype that waits,
 Clad in light by golden gates—
 Clad in light the Spirit waits
 To embrace me in the sky."



ST. JOHN'S IN 1642.

July 27, 1642.

GOOD MOTHER,

I received your letter Thursday was sennight to my very great comfort. Indeed, mother, the times be troublous, so that it pleaseth me not a little to hear you doe so well ; the more because even now I doe keep my chamber, being sick, and soe not able to attend unto my academical exercises as heretofore. My chamber fellow (or rather one of my chamber fellows, for there be three of us) one Mr. John Bullock, hath done me many kindnesses while I lie here, and hath removed me out of the old court into the new, where there is a fair aspect and pleasant air, insomuch that I am now almost well. I lie now with Mr. Anthony Walker a scholer ; for, because of the new court which was built now fourty years agoe, some of the scholers were able to have roomes of their own, in order of seniority ; and so hath Mr. Walker. Before, I lay with Mr. John Bullock and one other, under Mr. Christopher Serne, a fellow, there being three hundred in the first court in the old time, and even yet it is crowded over much. And now, mother, I bethought me, while I lay sick, how that you had written unto me in your last letter, not knowing so much as the name of the college in which I am, which thing seeming both strange and unbefittinge hath incited me to write unto you shortly the ways of our living and manner of our house, to the intent that when you have read this letter (which I see not opportunity to send at this present) you may know somewhat the more particularly how your son fareth.

You must know then that our house is named after the Holy Apostle and Evangelist St. John, and doth consist of two courts, one new, the other old, which last doth excell the other as much in strength and solidness as in fairness of prospect and freshness of air it is inferiour. Behind, on the west side of the house as you go forth from the new court, there runneth the river, with various turnings delightsome to

the eye, and betwixt the river and gate standeth an umbrageous walnut-tree, whereunto I do oftentimes resort, and with some prime students of our house, I do use disputations in the scholerlike Latine, which alas daily groweth more contemned and of all despised, to the neglect of all true and antique knowledge. Or else, if lighter learning please us, some Englishe booke of wit and wisdom furnisheth matter for sober and improvinge converse—but of this hereafter, now I return to our house. You go across the bridge, and before you lie sondry fish-ponds well filled and ready for the angler, which divertisement I do much affect, not forgetting the saying that our worthy president Mr. Senhouse did oftentimes use ‘*Ex piscatione nihil mali*,’ which is to say ‘There cometh no hurt from angling.’ On the left hand lieth the tennis court down upon the bank of the river, between which and the said fish-ponds runneth westward a long walk planted evenly with trees, the which being as yet young and small will yet, I doubt not, hereafter attain unto the full stature of the tall walnut-tree. On the left hand of the long walk, at the extremity thereof, lieth the bowling-ground, which boundeth our limits towards the west, where the fellows and gentlemen are wont not only to play at bowls, but also to run, pitch the bar, leap, and other like sports. With such pastimes do even our learned masters and batchelours recreate their minds, thus lightening the toils of study, and following the auncient poet Flaccus, who saith ‘*dulce est desipere in loco*’ which is, Englished, ‘sport is in season sweet.’ Else, if the air be chill, we disport ourselves in a spacious field near Queene’s college called Sheepe’s-greene, in the which many of us, for the most part batchelours and sophisters (though they tell me twenty years agoe it was otherwise, when Sir Symmonds D’Ewes was in our house, who did with other gentlemen use to resort thither) doe play a match at foot-balle contending against the Trinitarian faction, which now doth bear the bell, though in former times it was not so. Again if the weather be hot, we cool ourselves by going into the river at a place called Clarke’s delight not far from Queene’s College: some also of our house use the game of nine-holes or loggets, but this not often, as scarcely befitting to students. Both the foot-balling and the bathing the statutes allow not, but as in many other matters, so in this, what the law forbiddeth, the custom concedeth, insomuch that both these sports are by all notwithstanding practised. If it chance raine or snow, the game of shovel-board engageth me in my hours of diversion, or else some Englishe booke, as

I said, either Guicciardini's histories translated, or Spencer's *Fairie Queene*, which last I like much, and doe intend to reade not perfunctorily as heretofore, but orderly with care and diligently, so as to make it mine own.

Yet, let it not, I pray you, honoured Mother, seeme to you that our student life is a life of sport, so as that Momus driveth out the Muses; rather be these same sports so many lacquies or servants, in waiting on our nine mistresses, and by their ministeries tending and strengthening the same. Tedious indeed would it be, were I, as I have narrated my diversions, so also to narrate my studies, how by this, I have read Seton's logick exactly, also parte of Molinæus and Keckermann, that is, of ethicks and philosophy; but of the ancients, Florus, also Macrobius, and Gellius' *Attick Nights*, which last I am even now reading; how I attend chapel morning and evening and the common places thereat, with the catechizings on Saturdays and Sundays, the disputations in the schools and the clerum at St. Marie's. Specially it behoves me to commemorate the publick lectures, whereat I take large and plentiful notes, and the lectures in our own house, of which one of the Greek lectures, had at four in the morning in imitation of the custome of the worthy Mr. Bois, is replete with all sound and useful learning, insomuch that some of the fellowes also attend at the same. At five of the morning we repair to the chapel, where, as I have before said, after service cometh the commonplace, in which exercise very much more zeal is shewed in our house than in others, for that our deane, the better to shame those idle ones who did neglect their duty, used oftentimes to commonplace for them when they were absent, which begat so vehement a zeal and emulation as that in the other faction also the deane did the same, to the great incitation and stimulation of all students. After prayers, a turn or two in the grounds, then our morning draught, and so to our book till eleven, at which hour we dine, saving only during the season of Sturbridge faire we dine at nine. After dinner, wholesome recreation till two or three, then to our books again (only on Saturdays and Sundays we repair to the chapel, there to be catechized) till it be time to repair again to the chapel for evening prayers at five, after which we sup in the hall at six, except only on Friday and on fast-days; though indeed the precision sort goe to their tutors even on Friday, and get of them supper money to spend in the towne, twice as much as the college alloweth on the other dayes of the weeke; then to our tutors' chambers, at the which we use to declaim and

other the like exercitations whereat the master doth sometimes attend; then prayers, and soe to bed at half after eight.

Thus have I described unto you our daily circle of duties, not forgetting aught as I think, except how on four days of the weeke we goe at nine in the morning to the Academical Lectures instead of our private studies. Surely such a life seemeth of a nature to breed content: and soe it should, but for my daily displeasure and annoyance when I look on these evil times, and the triumph of these wolves in sheepe's clothinge, how with their own private prayers and sniffinge riming psalterie, they do supplant that sacred liturgie which the church hath ordained, trampling ignorantly on all holy things. To see how in the chapel of Trinity, few if any doe weare surplices; some pray sittinge, some kneeling, some standing, some bow at the name of Jesus, some bow not, so as that the whole service is performed in a manner hodge-podge. Likewise they have whom they call dry or mute choristers, and these many, who sing not at all, and come to chapel when they list, or come not when they list not, with surplices sometimes, other times without, casually, and matters stand no whit otherwise at King's College. Moreover, when they be assembled into the chapel, the reader beginneth oftentimes at "Wherefore I pray you," instead of "Dearly beloved brethren;" and the students also they sitt all round the altar, with their surplices (if they have any) and their song-bookes exceeding meane and unbefittinge. Still, if in their publick devotions they be thus lax, in their private doubtless (which to them seem far holier) they be otherwise; for Mr. Bullock told me that when he went through the court of Trinity between eight and nine of the night, just before the locking of the gates (for it was summer time, being at the beginning of this moneth during which season the gates be locked at nine instead of eight) he did heare the students in their tutors' roomes, singing lustily to the top of their voices some ramblinge riming psalme, and stopping awhile to hearken unto the noyse of their conventieling, clean forgot himself when the clock did strike nine (so long did these private prayers continue) and was thereby obliged to lie that night with a friend in Trinity. So pleasant is the air of their tutor's private chamber, compared with a chapel consecrated to the divine service. But what shall I say of that "pure house of Emmanuel," which hath the chapel runninge from north to south, the very neste of Brownists and hereticks, flourishing excellently well in this schismatick air. In

summ, all is heresie, nor doth aught else please those who call themselves the godly. But in our house it standeth otherwise; for here at least the church hath her ordinances respected, and in place of men's own private conceptions, vented forth in heat and frenzy, sometimes moreover sudden, and not so much as thought of before, the publick prayers are decently read, which blessing, as it is to us comfortable, so it is to the precise faction a thing to envy and snarl at, insomuch that they hold in great hatred our reverend and honoured master Dr. Beale, who hath adorned and embellished our chapel, before left bare by his predecessors, and made the same fit for the orderlie performance of divine service. For whereas beforetime the east end of our chapel was wholly unadorned, now Dr. Beale hath covered the same with hangings concerning the life of our Saviour, and the ceiling with paintings to the full cost of one hundred pounds; likewise the altar hath he covered with a faire cloth of silver, and all round placed rails and tapers in seemly guise, concluding and setting off the whole, by filling the large east window with stained glass where there was none before—so that you would hardly know the chapel again—all this to the great fury of the schismaticks. To crowne all, over above the altar is a dove and glory, which for my parte I like much, though some, and they of a different sort from the confiders, doe take exceptions thereat, and as for the confiders themselves, they can scarce restrain their venom to merely words. But time it is I should conclude this already too long letter. Pray you when you write, tell me how things stand with His Most Sacred Majesty, for it is like the people in London know concerning that matter more than we doe. I heare indeed, and believe it to be true, that his Majesty hath sent to us a request that we should to the best of our abilities contribute to his support, and to that intent hath offered if we please to borrow from us our plate, to be hereafter returned exactly according to weight, which offer, I doubt not, our heads will accept with all loyalty: only one Oliver Cromwell, burgess of our towne, spyeth and watcheth all we doe like a cat doth mice; but indeed it is whispered that one Mr. Barnaby Oley, president of Clare Hall, hath undertaken to convey away the plate, and I partly believe it, for I see him oftentimes in our house conferring as he walketh with our master in the grounds.

I purpose to send this letter as soon as may be, by an honest woman, my laundresse, who goeth to London presently;

one thing, mother, I would you could doe for me. You know how in my last letter I besought you that I might have sent unto me by the carrier a new suit, to wear the same at the majora comitia in the beginning of this moneth, which indeed came not at all: so as that not only did my clothes then looke exceeding meane as compared with the rest, but also I am even now appointed to read the bible daily in the hall during this weeke at dinner time, and this in my old suit, which vexeth me much.

Sept. 2nd, 1642.

Truly Mother it was ill for me that I came here; broken is the fountain of the Muses; gone are all my orderly studys, my sweete and pleasant recreations; there is no longer any law here but the law of violence. But indeed to leave lamentation, whereof, it is like, I shall have enough and to spare, I will tell you shortly how things stand with us. Yesterday was sennight, at half after five in the morning, while we were at our devotions in the chapel, and Mr. William Lacy, being a batchelour of divinity, was just entering on his common-place, we heard a noyse of heavy footsteps in the outward chapel, and presently comes in, with great clatter of sword against heel, a small sneaking captain, Jordan by name, having many godly soldiers at his tail, who did violently wrest down our Master from his seat where he sat, and drag him out of the chapel, some reviling at us who wore surplices, others with scoffs and gibes pointing to our idols (so they called them) over the altar. In fine, we broke up, and going hastily and confusedly out into the court, saw there other array of soldiers standing round about the chapel, and in the midst of the soldiers the white hairs of our master as he was being thrust forth out of his own college gate. I hear also that Dr. Sterne of Jesus College hath been ejected in like manner, with Dr. Martin of Queene's, and that all three together have been led, as it were in triumph, through Bartholomew fair in London in the midst of the rabble—and this because they chose to obey God rather than man, contributing, as in duty bound, to the support of their true and rightful king. Nor is this all, but with Dr. Beale goe twenty-nine of our fellows (Mr. William Bullock, my tutor, uncle to John Bullock, being of their number) insomuch that our hall and chapel be deserts, and as for our lectures they are like to be scant enough, until out of their favour the schismaticks

send us of their American day-lecturers to fill up the old places. Indeed, from the time when our master was expelled, no common place, nor lecture, neither academically nor peculiar to our house, nor even private study has been possible for us, of which this is the reason. For three days after the late godly reforming of our house, the further purification thereof was continued by these means, viz., 1st. By shott of gun and pistol through our windows (forsooth to cleanse and purify this Boeotian air by the fumes of gun-powder) by which Mr. Anthony Walker for one was not only sore affrighted, but also had his shutts damaged and much glass in his windows broken. 2nd. By the taking violently of several auncient coynes from out our house. 3rd. By the breaking open of our bursar's door and the thieving therefrom the sum of five hundred pounds. 4th. By the administration to each and every of us an oath 'ex officio' as they call it, (which we poor scholars do use to name 'ex officio') by the which oath we are bounden under the paine of being expelled, to tell all sort of report and accusation to the detriment of our house and the members of the same, a thing clean contrary to our statutes. 5th. By the following noble surprise and stratagem of war which was after this manner. On Wednesday last, at about eleven of the clock in the night-time, when we were all in our beds, comes a sound of voices as of men demanding to be allowed entrance at the gate, and then suddenly a noyse of hornes and trumpets and iron heels upon the stones, with great shouting and clamour, whereat I leapt up forth from my bed, waking thereby John Bullock, who, as I said, slept with me, and together we looked out of our window (for you must know we had omitted to make fast the shutts) and there saw many soldiers, some rushing hither and thither about the old court, (for I had returned to my old chamber in that court when I recovered from my sickness) others standing round some prisoners whom they had, having drawn swords in their hands; and presently came a thumping and bouncing at our door, which when we opened, there stood before us the aforesaid Captain Jordan, he too with a drawn sword, having two men holding torches in their hands behind him; who did bid us 'arise, get up quickly,' and when we besought him for some little time that we might at least take with us a little clothing and some few bookes, with many 'yea verily's' and much godly talke about 'the sword of the Lord,' he drove us perforce out of our chamber, so that we fled forth, not

having so much as wherewith to cover us, and, for my bookes, I have none but Spencer's Fairie Queene, an Englishe book of poems, which I did catch up secretly from under my pillow where I had put it, mistaking it for my Seton, as I now find, to my great trouble and vexation. This night, I lay in Mr. William Bullock's chamber in the other court, and in the morning, when I woke up, we found a guard set at the gate between the two courts, and that our old court is to be a jayle for their malignants whom they have caught. As for me, even my bedding is gone, my bookes also, which cost me in sixty shillings, and all my apparel and furniture, and this all with no recompence nor compensation other than scoffs and churlish jestings.

Painful would it be both for me and you, pain without use, were I to tell you at large, how they do intend further to oppress us scholers, so that they purpose hereafter not so much as to allow us to goe out of the towne, except first some confider promise for us that we are even as he is: how they be for breaking down our bridge and defiling our chapels, or how—a present evil, John Bullock hath been by them thrown into prison, for that he is not old enough to sign their covenant. Truly this is a godly purification, truly a work of the Lord, a sweet-smelling savour. What to do I know not: one thing I know, that there is not any longer any home for me here, so that in no long time, if God help me, you will see the face of

Your loving mourning Son,

CHRYSTOSTOME TALLEKIRKE.

To his honoured mother Mrs. Hester Tallekirke, who liveth in Pope's-head Lane, London, these I pray deliver.





FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER FROM ATHENS.

I WONDER no reading parties take up their quarters at Athens; I can conceive no more suitable place. Greece is easy of access; and at Athens you are cheaply and comfortably lodged. The slight increase of expense, owing to its distance, will be amply repaid by the increase of zest and interest in reading, which must follow, from understanding better the position of the writer or speaker, and being able to see the force of his allusions to climate, topography, manners and customs, in a way, which no amount of notes or Smith's dictionaries could render so intelligible. I suppose a day would be spent something like this: Rising with the sun, you have the cool of the morning for a ride to Phyle or Eleusis, or a scramble up Lycabethus, or a sober walk to the old Academy, and the hill of the sacred Colonus. Reading I suppose would follow, with dinner about 4 P.M. In the evening, nothing could be better than a stroll to the Acropolis, Pnyx, or some such place, not forgetting, if you are a smoker, your *Τσιγάροκαπτον*. You will thus always enjoy the Grecian sunsets, which alone are worth going the whole way to see. Nothing can be imagined finer than a good sunset as seen from the Parthenon, when the sun dips behind Helicon bathed in a flood of gold. Seated on a "massy stone, the marble column's yet unshaken base," the eye glances around, and notices how intensely purple Mount Hymettus is growing, till it becomes almost black, while a beautiful rose tint suffuses Pentelicus, with the quarry in its side, which supplied the marble for the temples, looking as if the mountain had been struck by a cannon ball as big as the dome of St. Paul's. And then to the north-west, the three distinct ridges of Ægaleos, Corydallus, and Cithæron, each one equally distinct in outline, but presenting different hues as the shades of evening steal over the country. But to the west the view is the most striking; the whole of the

Saronic gulf lies spread out before the beholder: Salamis lies almost under the sloping rays of the sun, with the celebrated straits and the site of Xerxes' throne all clear and intelligible; beyond appears the Acrocorinthus as distinct as if distant six, instead of sixty miles,—lower down the gulf, Ægina stands out most prominently with its peaked mountain, no longer an eyesore as it was to Pericles. In a direction a little southward of Ægina, the summit of Parnon in Laconia peeps out, disclosing to Athens a slight glimpse of its ancient enemy, whilst to the right of the island is Arachne less distant, less lofty, though more pointed, the last of the line of beacon heights which transmitted the news of the fall of Troy to victorious Greece.

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The protection of Athens was its walls, the Acropolis was only that citadel, without which scarcely any Greek town existed. It consists of an oblong of solid limestone, about one thousand one hundred feet in length, by four hundred and fifty in breadth, and rising nearly abruptly out of the plain to a height of three hundred feet. At the west stood, or rather stand, the Propylæa, the pride of ancient Athens, and the envy of its enemies. "O men of Thebes," says Epaminondas, "you must uproot those Propylæa and plant them in front of the Cadmean Citadel." About five hundred yards due west of the Acropolis is the Pnyx, situated on a slope, facing a point somewhat north of the Acropolis. In the dip between lies the Agora, which is bounded on the north by the Areopagus. We are now in what a "Classic" would call the most interesting spot in the world, and certainly what greatly enhances its interest is that with the slightest glance at book or plan you can see "what's what," without the aid of a guide, who spits out words at so much the score, without any regard to their meaning. No houses are permitted to defile this classic spot, which now seems to be consecrated to Ceres, if one may judge from the wheat stubble on the ground. Let us now examine, what an Irishman might term, the Public buildings of the city, the Pnyx and Areopagus, the Parliament House and Westminster Hall of the Athenians. Running up the slope we are soon in the Pnyx. It is somewhat in the shape of a weak bow with the string slightly drawn out. Along the string of the bow, there is a curtain of red-limestone about

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twelve feet high, the rock having been excavated and carried down to bank up the lower side of the Pnyx. Where the fingers would touch the string of the bow stands the ancient *βῆμα*, a square mass of the old rock, with steps on either side, and seats in front for the Prytanes. Of course one's first impulse is to rush up the steps of the *βῆμα* and address one's friend as ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, and ask him to go to the most distant part of the place, and so find out how useful Demosthenes must have found his sea-side rehearsals, when he used to try and drown the noise of the waves with his voice. Descending from the Pnyx into the Agora, we find some steps, cut out of the solid rock, which lead up to the Areopagus. Here again no one can fail to be struck with the simplicity of Athenian Public life, which performed the most important legislative and judicial duties under the open sky. The top of the Areopagus has evidently been shaped into seats, but they are now entirely *defaced*, chiefly perhaps by earthquakes, which have cracked the whole rock in all directions. What a string of associations connected with this spot must rush through the mind of any one seated in this ancient court of judicature. Here was the legendary trial of Mars—here was Orestes confronted as a matricide by the furies, whose shrine is below, formed by a broken crag of the Areopagus—here too was the bloody code of Draco enforced. But there are associations connected with this spot of a far different character, and of a far higher interest. It was to the summit of this very Mars-Hill and up those very steps that St. Paul was hurried, to vindicate his sweeping charges against a religion which had raised all those temples around him, the ornaments of the city, and the pride of its inhabitants. Here, as he stood, he had—the Acropolis within a stone's-throw—the Agora before him, containing the altar dedicated to the twelve Gods, and filled with the frivolous populace, "telling or hearing some new thing"—beneath, the shrine of the Eumenides, whilst at his back was the temple of Theseus, the deified founder of the state. Eloquent as his oration must appear to all, it can be appreciated thoroughly only by those, who clearly understand what prospect met the Apostle's eyes, or better by those who have stood where he stood, and have seen what he saw.

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ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

ON THE WORDS "VADE" AND "FADE."

THE word "Fade" is said to be derived from the French word "fade" *insipid*, the root of which is the Latin *fatuus*. The word occurs in precisely this sense—

Tar-water, being made in an earthen vessel unglazed, or that hath lost part of its glazing, may extract (as it is a strong *menstruum*) from the clay, a *fade* sweetishness offensive to the palate.—

Bp. Berkely: Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water.

And again, in the sense of *dirty*—

Of proud wymmen wuld y telle
But they are so wrothe and felle
Of these that are so foule and fade

That mak hem feyrere than God hem made.—

MS. Harl. 1701, f. 22.

"Vade" (which Johnson calls "a word useful in poetry, but not received") is derived from the Latin *Vadere*, and means to *pass away*, to *vanish*, *disappear*, *escape*.

The following instances may be quoted—

As one would saie, that when he departed, the onelie shield, defense, and comfort of the commonwealth was *vaded* and gone.—

Holinshed Chron. Rich. II. an 1199.

Like sunny beames

That in a cloud their light did long time stay

Their vapour vaded, shewe their golden gleames,

And through the azure aire shoote forth their persant streames.—

Faerie Queene, B. III. c. 9, xx.

"Vade" however seems frequently to be used merely as equivalent to *fade* in the ordinary acceptation of that word; as for example—

All as a slope and like the grasse,
Whose bewty sone doth vade.

MS. Ashmole, 802.

his summer leaves all vaded.—

Richard II. Act I. Sc. 2.

That if God dooe with so great pruydence clothe a blade euen commoly growing euerie where, and anon after to vade and perish awaye, and such a blade as this daie is freash and greene in the field, and the next morow when it is dried vp is cast into y^e

furnace mouth to be burned, how much more will he not suffer you to be vncllothed, O ye of lital faith.—

Udal. Luke, c. 12.

“Fade” too seems sometimes used where we might expect “vade,” as in—

He standes amazed how he thence should fade.—

Faerie Queene, B. I. c. 5. xv.

and perhaps we may add—

It faded on the crowing of the cock.—

Hamlet, Act I. Sc. 1.

However that the words are not synonymous is evident from the following passages—

Likewise the Earth is not augmented more

By all that dying into it doe fade;

For of the earth they formed were of yore;

However gay their blossome or their blade,

Doe flouresh now, they into dust shall vade.—

Faerie Queene, B. v. c. 2, xl.

At last, not able to beare so great a weight,

Her power, disperst, through all the world did vade;

To shew that all in the end to nought shall fade.—

Ruins of Rome, xx.

..... Beauties freshest greene

When spring of youth is spent, will vade, as it had neuer been

The barren fields, which whilom flower'd as they would neuer fade,

Inricht with Summer's golden gifts which now been all decay'd

Did shew in state there was no trust, in wealth no certaine stay,

One stormie blast of frowning chance could blow them all away.—

Mirror for Magistrates, p. 556.

It seems to me, from comparing these passages, that *fade* denotes a more gradual decay or disappearance than that signified by *vade*. *Vade* seems to have the sense of entire disappearance which is not the case with *fade*. Thus the leaves of a tree are said to be *faded* when they are withered, but still on the tree, but they are *vaded* when they have not only withered but fallen off the tree. Others may perhaps have some further information to offer on this subject.

“F.”

NOTE ON THE WORD ‘BATE.’

MORE than one suggestion has been offered in *The Eagle* concerning the meaning of the word ‘bating’ in Juliet’s speech,

Hood my unmanned blood bating in my cheeks.

In the Second Number, Steevens' explanation, that the word was a term in falconry, was mentioned, but passed over as if a last resource. That it ought not to be so regarded, the following passages, from Nares' Glossary, will amply prove.

1. That with the wind

Bated like eagles having newly bathed.—1 *Hen.* IV. iv. 1.

2. No sooner are we able to prey for ourselves, but they brail and *hood* us so with sour awe of parents, that we dare not offer to *bate* at our desire.—*Albumazar. O Play.* VII. 179.

3. Afterwards go leisurely against the wind, then *unhood* her, and before she *bate*, or find any check in her eye, whistle her off from your fist fairly and softly.—*Gentle Recreat.* 8vo. p. 26.

4. Wherein I would to God that I was *hooded*, that I saw less; or that I could perform more: for now I am like a hawk that *bates*, when I see occasion of service; but cannot fly because I am ty'd to another's fist.—*Bacon*, Letter II.

Here we have the word applied four times to birds, and three times to hawks; in each case it is manifest that it means 'to flutter the wings,' and in the three last 'to flutter the wings at the sight of prey.' Observe too the intimate connection between the terms 'hood' and 'bate.'

Do not Juliet's words thus explained bear a much more beautiful and definite meaning than if she only begged the Night to 'hide her blushes'?

The word 'unmanned' was also applied to hawks, though I have only the following passage from Ben Jonson's 'Sad Shepherd' to adduce:

A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmanned*.

This certainly makes the lady's diction less unrefined than it must appear to those who have no faith in Steevens.

ON CUPID'S BLINDNESS.

THE notion that the representation of Cupid as blind is not to be found in the Greek and Latin writers, is of old standing. Cælius Rhodiginus (tutor of Julius Cæsar Scalliger, who calls him the Varro of his age), in his *Lectiones Antiquæ* (lib. XVI. cap. 25, col. 760, in the edition of 1599), after quoting from Theocritus (*Idyll.* x.; given below), says that some denied that it could be found in the writings of

the ancients,—id eo adnotavi libentius, quod male feriatos audio nonnullos palam hoc inficiari, tanquam pullato tantum circulo receptum, nec à veterum ullo sancitum. A verse quoted by Proclus (*Comm. in Alcibiadem I.*), found among the Orphic fragments, is, however, clear and decisive in this matter; it runs thus,

Ποιμαίνων κραπίδισσιν ἀνόμματον ὡκὺν ἔρωτα.

Next there is the passage of Theocritus, *Idyll. x. 19, 20*, referred to above,

Μωᾶσθαι μ' ἄρχῃ τὴ τυφλὸς δ' οὐκ αὐτὸς ὁ Πλούτος,
Ἄλλὰ καὶ ὠφρόντιστος ἔρωις μὴδὲν μέγα μυθεῖ.

There is also an anonymous verse; in common use, as Lilius Gyraldus remarks in his *Syntagma de Dīs* :

Cæcus et alatus, nudus puer et pharetratus.

Here, perhaps, the line of Virgil (*Georg. iii. 210.*), may be quoted,

Quàm Venerem et cæci stimulos avertere amoris.

Servius, in his note on this passage, interprets “cæci amoris” to mean “latentis Cupidinis”; and though Heyne says “cæci amoris, occulti, clam per venas et ossa sævientis,” yet there have not been wanting some who have explained the words as used by metonymy, or transferring the epithet cæcus, from the object in which the passion resides to the passion itself; thus Julius Pomponius Sabinus (or Pomponius Lætus), a commentator on Virgil in the fifteenth century,—“cæci amoris, quia facit homines cæcos.” In this latter view the verse would almost prove the present point; at any rate it may shew how easy it would be to pass to personification with such an attribute annexed, taking into account “Venerem” in the beginning of the line.

The Scholiast on the passage of Theocritus, after discussing the case of Plutus and the word ὠφρόντιστος, makes the following remarks;—Σημεῖωσαι ὅτι δύο οἱ παλαιοὶ τυφλὰ φασί, τὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ τὸν πλούτον. Ὁ γὰρ ἐρῶν, ἔστιν ὅτε ἐρᾷ γυναικὸς δυσειδούς, ἥτις δοκεῖ αὐτῷ καλλίστη εἶναι, ὅπερ ἐστὶ τυφλότης, ὥστε ὁ ἔρωις τυφλός· ἡγουν, τυφλοποιός· ποιεῖ γὰρ τοὺς ἐρῶντας τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ ἡγεῖσθαι, ὡσαύτως καὶ ὁ πλούτος τυφλός, παρέρχεται γὰρ τοὺς καλοὺς καὶ κοσμίους, καὶ δίδωσιν αὐτὸν τοῖς κακίστοις καὶ βδελυροῖς.

With these remarks of the Scholiast we may compare Theocritus, *Idyll. vi. vv. 18, 19*,

ἢ γὰρ ἔρωτι

Πολλάκις, ὦ Πολύφαμε, τὰ μὴ καλὰ καλὰ πέφανται.

The scholium on this is;—ὄντως πολλάκις, ὦ Πολύφημε, ὑπ' ἔρωτος τὰ μὴ εὐμορφα εὐμορφα φαίνονται· διὸ μὴ θαύμαζε εἰ ἔρᾳ σου ἡ Γαλάτεια ἀμόρφου ὄντος, τοιοῦτος γὰρ ὁ ἔρως, ἀποβιάζει τὴν διάνοιαν τῶν ἐρώντων.

A passage of Plato may be produced in illustration; it will be found in the *De Legibus*, lib. v, p. 732,—*τυφλοῦται γὰρ περὶ τὸ φιλούμενον ὁ φιλῶν*. The Scholiast comments thus;—*Παροιμία, ἐπὶ τῶν διὰ φιλίαν μηδένα λόγον ποιουμένων τ' ἀληθοῦς*. These words then are set down as forming a common saying; and, indeed, they are quoted five times by Plutarch with slight variations, by Galen, (see Plutarch, *de capienda ex inimicis utilitate*, &c., and Wyttenbach's note on p. 48, E.); the Author of the *Etymologicum Magnum*, s.v. ἔρως, gives—*τυφλὸς γὰρ ὁ ἐρῶν περὶ τὸν ἐρώμενον*: Plato himself may, perhaps, not have been the first to use the saying.

A similar sentiment may also be found in the treatise of Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *περὶ τῶν Θουκυδίδου ἰδιωμάτων*—*"Ομοίον τι πάσχοντες τοῖς κεκρατημένοις ὑφ' οἷας δὴ τινος ὀψέως ἔρωτι, μὴ πολὺ ἀπέχοντι μανίας· ἐκεῖνοί τε γὰρ πάσας τὰς ἀρετὰς, ὅποσαι γίνονται περὶ μορφὰς εὐπρεπεῖς, ταῖς καταδεδουλωμέναις αὐτοὺς προσεῖναι νομίζουσι, καὶ τοὺς ἐξονειδίζειν ἐπιχειροῦντας, εἰ τις περὶ αὐτὰς ὑπάρχει σῖνος, ὥς βασκάνους καὶ συκοφάντας προβέβληνται· οὗτοί τε ὑπὸ τῆς μιᾶς ταύτης ἀρετῆς κεκαρωμένοι τὴν διάνοιαν, ἅπαντα καὶ τὰ μὴ προσόντα τῷ συγγραφεῖ μαρτυροῦσιν· ἃ γὰρ ἕκαστος εἶναι βούλεται περὶ τὸ φιλούμενόν τε καὶ θαυμαζόμενον ὑφ' ἑαυτοῦ, ταῦτα οἶεται*.

By investing such ideas as these with personal attributes, the representation of Cupid now considered may have arisen; so that nothing precise can be said respecting the author, or the time of its first employment; other passages are met with which shew that it may, possibly, have occurred to many; for instance, the fragment of Archilochus,

Τοῖος γὰρ φιλότῃτος ἔρως ὑπὸ καρδίῃν ἔλυσθεις
πολλὴν κατ' ἀχλὺν ὀμμάτων ἔχευε,
κλέψας ἐκ στηθίων ἀπαλὰς φρένας.

Euripides, in a fragment of the *Andromeda*,

Σὺ δ', ὦ θεῶν τύραννε κύνθρωπων Ἔρως,
ἢ μὴ δίδασκε τὰ κακὰ φαίνεσθαι καλὰ,
ἢ τοῖς ἐρώσιν εὐμενὴς παρίστασο.

We may also compare the phrase *cæcus amor* which is frequently found.

However, Cupid (or Eros) is also said to have very bright eyes; Moschus, *Idyll.* i. vv. 7, 8,

ὄμματα δ' αὐτῷ
Δριμύλα καὶ φλογέοντα.

Thus, we find him pictured in opposite manners, not only as respects the eyes, but also in other matters, more so perhaps than any other of the *dii gentium*: J. J. Scaliger, in his commentary on the *Catalecta* ascribed to Virgil (p. 1297 in Masvich's *Virgil*), remarks, that it is only the more recent poets who have ascribed wings to him, the more ancient having nothing of the kind; also, that some have even depicted him as bearded, as in the piece entitled *αἱ πτέρυγες ἔρωτος*, found among the *carmina figurata* in the Greek Anthology,—*δάσκια βέβριθα λάχνα γένεια*, the readings vary, but *δάσκια γένεια* is found in all copies; but, though the form itself of this little poem shews the wings, yet it is here the earlier Eros,—*οὔτι γε Κύπριδος παῖς*.

This note has already extended far beyond the limits which the subject, or my treatment of it, deserves: in closing it, however, it may not be amiss to quote a few verses from a fragment of the Phædrus of Alexis, preserved by Athenæus, lib. XIII. p. 562; as they seem to afford some illustration of the diversity alluded to above: they are,

Καὶ μοι δοκῶσιν ἀγνοεῖν οἱ ζωγράφοι
τὸν Ἔρωτα, συντομώτατον δ' εἰπεῖν, ὅσοι
τοῦ δαίμονος τούτου ποιῶσιν εἰκόνας.
Ἔστιν γὰρ οὔτε θῆλυς οὐτ' ἄρρην· πάλιν
οὔτε θεὸς οὐτ' ἄνθρωπος, οὐτ' ἀβέλτερος
οὐτ' αὐθις ἔμφρων, ἀλλὰ συννενημένος
πανταχόθεν, ἐνὶ τύπῳ τε πόλλ' εἶδη φέρων.

Καὶ ταῦτ' ἐγὼ, μὰ τὴν Ἀθηνᾶν καὶ θεοὺς,
οὐκ οἶδ' ὃ τι ἐστίν, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἔχει γέ τι
τοιούτων, ἐγγύς τ' εἰμὶ τούνοματος.

“G. de A. DECURIO.”





CORRESPONDENCE.

Nec fonte labra prolui caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, repente ut laureatus exirem.

A SUBSCRIBER and earnest well-wisher to "Aquila" humbly begs permission of the Committee of Editors to address a few words, through the medium of their pages, to the enlightened circle of Contributors whose compositions appear therein. Let him at once declare himself no "critic"—he is neither profound Mathematician nor brilliant Classic; has never "washed his lips at Hobson's Conduit, nor slept "on the two-headed Gog-Magogs," with a view to a distinguished place in either Tripoa. He is merely that much to be despised character—a GENERAL READER. For Magazine literature he professes an admiration; in Blackwood he revels; for Fraser, Bentley, and the *genus omne leviorum*, can he find a place on his shelves. It is needless then to describe how delighted he felt on hearing last Lent Term, that his own old College was about to produce a Periodical, such as he hoped to rank among the other friends to his hours of idleness.

The Number, that Lent Term Number, was duly forwarded, and seized upon with becoming eagerness: but, O Domina nostra Margareta! what had we there? this a friend for an idle hour? why, except the leading article, which seemed rather "a hit," except some schoolboy sketches, whose sole merit was their lightness, and three elegant stanzas, marred only by one or two somewhat puerile lines, and entitled "Arion," there was not a word your correspondent could read. What can be the merit or interest of moral and didactic essays composed at an age when you have yet everything to learn? Paley reviewed forsooth, the old dotard! Shakespeare, the beloved, to be criticised; rules for English composition—and what? some rejected stanzas of Tennyson reprinted, and a version of Uhland's Death Songs, whereof it is hard to determine whether it be meant for Prose or Verse—Aquila! Aquila! this was not to be expected of you; however, a first Number is but a slight criterion, so let us turn to the second.

No, alas! no: it is the same story again. More Paley, more Shakespeare; more elaborate writing combined with elaborate dullness. There was a paper on Classics indeed, the name of whose author, being frankly printed at the end, spoke enough for that: your correspondent bows with due respect to that author, and is sorry he is not sufficiently conversant with grammar to enjoy this article as it ought to be enjoyed. Quod superest, there were two school-boy stories this time, of middling goodness only, the Alcestrian becoming less bearable when

he tries to be instructive : in the poetry there was an elegant translation from Catullus, a capital imitation of Tennyson, and a diluted specimen of Longfellow. A little suspicion is to be gathered from the last article : viz., that the Editors probably lacked a page or two to complete the Number; else, why not refer the reader to the requisite parts in the Encycl. Metr. or elsewhere, instead of printing a whole chapter of reference like "Woodbine."

However, this abuse is not criticism, and will be received only with silent contempt by those to whom it is addressed. Yet, believe me, "from the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh." A few words, in conclusion, to those whom he gladly calls friends and brothers—the Undergraduate contributors: let a humble supplication and entreaty move their hearts. "In manner," says the caustic Dean, "in language, in style, in all things, the chief excellence is SIMPLICITY." Beloved Contributors allow this to guide you in the choice of subjects: your power of writing is quite apparent, but your power of concocting moral essays, improving Shakespeare through reference to Quartos, reforming Public Schools by satirical remarks, is not altogether so clear. If you content yourself with telling us what you really understand, or have personally experienced, you will at least be natural, nay more entertaining and instructive. What genial set of men do you ever meet, reading men or otherwise, in any College rooms, without there being always much that is amusing in the conversation, often much that is improving to boot. Well then, when you are writing, just imagine you are talking to the most agreeable circle of people you ever met: if you must instruct, strive to entertain likewise, to refresh the mind as well as improve it: to avoid what is ponderous unless you can make it palatable. Are you a fashionable man? "Resplendent 'swell! untwine thy choker white, and tell us of the fashionable world." Are you a man of science? favour us with such specimens thereof as found in pleasant Household Words. Are you well read in History? tell us of individual characters whose names every body knows, and knows very little more about them. Do you read English? tell us of readable works, that we may get them and enjoy them likewise. These are mere hints strung together at random, and might be prolonged to infinity: or you can yourselves prolong them if you take the trouble. As to Poetry—beware of copying Longfellow! weak poetry is *corruptio optimi*—something you may be sorry for in after years—at least the Laureate of our own day shudders now at the mention of his first public effusion.

Little mercy does your correspondent expect after such a tirade as the above: well merited indignation he certainly deserves, whether couched in severe censure or contemptuous silence. Yet hopes he to find a sympathy in more than one congenial soul, spirits who like himself are not too proud to "quaff a glass of crusted 58, flitching a "portion from the solid evening, recumbent now in self-adjusting arm "chair, now at the soft head of venerable sofa." Wrapped in this luxurious ease, and the wreaths of cloud-compelling meerschauum, he is fortified to await the result of the train he has laid, and the slowly burning match that is smouldering nearer and ever nearer to the powder. Happily being at a safe distance of fifty miles, he can profess a dignified contempt for all *personal* attacks—save the *Garotter's* from the next street.

‘J.’

Though far from endorsing all the remarks of 'J,' the Editors will feel themselves much indebted to him, if the effect of his communication should be to widen the circle of their contributors, and make it more generally understood, (since it seems to be still doubtful) that genius and learning are not indispensable qualifications for admission to their pages. Their gratitude to their friendly censor will be still further heightened, if it shall appear that the sombre courts of our old college have been concealing some mute inglorious Thackeray, some Dickens guiltless of Little Dorrit, who have only waited for this summons to charm the readers of *The Eagle* with a new Pickwick or Vanity Fair.

They cannot, however, plead guilty to the charge of burking light literature—they have endeavoured to cater for the lovers of Blackwood, Bentley, and Co., with the best articles of the kind which presented themselves; it seems from 'J's' complaint without any great success. On the other hand, they cannot consent to inscribe over their portals, "Let none but wits enter." They would beg to remind their subscribers, and 'J.' amongst them, that the object proposed in the original prospectus was not simply to encourage a gay and lively style in the writers, or to procure amusement for the readers, but mainly to induce both readers and writers to think seriously on subjects which are not immediately connected with the College or University course. But the question whether grave or gay is to prevail, must be decided not by the Editors, but by the Contributors; the Editors can only promise to judge impartially of the articles sent to them, and admit those which appear to be best of their kind.

As 'J's' paper seemed to concern the old rather than the present Editors, it was handed to one of the former, whose somewhat vehement recalcitration is given below.

Ille ego qui quondam—at nunc horrentia Martis.

"Mankind may be divided for facility of reference," said a reverend Senior Wrangler, "into two classes; those who have read Geometry of three dimensions, and those who have not." We shall adopt a similarly exhaustive division of men.

Men are of two kinds, *the light* and *the heavy*. *The light* includes the outrageously light, and the elegantly light: the moderately heavy and the outrageously heavy compose the second genus. 'J.' is of the elegantly light species. His letter is pleasing and graceful: every line of it displays elegance of mind and taste; the easy refinement of the gentlemanly scholar; "the just-enough-and-no-more" style of conversation; and that inimitable touch-and-go-lightly way of treating a subject that makes his favourite periodicals so popular among the

species whom we have labelled "*elegantly light, per first class express with care,*" for their transit through the world.

'J.' being of this species, to reason with him would of course be quite unfair. We shall not pull his criticism to pieces; nor charge him with inconsistency or injustice in his remarks on our pages; nor explain to him that we could not dictate to our contributors, and that we must sooner or later represent impartially the writing portion of our community. We will only suggest to him that if St. John's is one of your touch-and-go-lightly school, *The Eagle* will shew it: if moderately heavy, *The Eagle* will be so too. For the *general reader* we cannot write, but the *general writer* is not inadequately represented.

We are to write says 'J.' of what we know and understand, and then we shall be entertaining. Just so. Accordingly, one man writes on *Paley*, another on *School Life*, one on *Woodbine*, a fourth on *Grappling*; those being the subjects on which their thoughts most ran at that time. Sir, we have done exactly what you desire. The real ground of your complaint is, that men do not all think on the same subjects, that we are not all *elegantly light*; that some men always endeavour "to improve the shining hour," and see in everything a sphere of fresh labour and responsibility. 'J.' cannot but think that an article which cost the writer some trouble is an unnatural offspring, and will not recognize the special predilections of men. "That odd looking man in the coat, my dear 'J,' has promised us an article." "Impossible, my dear fellow; what! with those trousers." "He knows more, I assure you, of the History of the Drama in mediæval Russia than any man in ———" "Ah! that's where he got his hat from, I suppose."

We have not so high an opinion of the conversation of Cambridge men, as 'J.' seems to have: and however sparkling at the time, it would be at best like flat soda-water when in print. A magazine which aims at no higher standard will surely sink lower. Was 'J.' a contributor to the "*Dejeuner*?" or would he have his dear old college degrade itself by printing such stuff, and then calling it a Johnian Magazine? The conversation of most men is very thin and frivolous, without the recommendation of being witty; and even intellectual men do not generally converse on theories and æsthetics. A country clergyman was invited to the fellow's table in Trinity, and was prepared for a conversation worthy of that illustrious body, and had studiously prepared what he thought likely subjects. Dinner passed away, and the cooking had been fully discussed. Very strange, thought he, but when we are in the combination room surely these great men will come out. They adjourned, and the talk turned mainly on the wine; there was a small pause: now or never; and he turned to the reverend gentleman on his left, and exclaimed, "What are your opinions, Sir, on the subject of the Elect Angels." "Don't know at all," was the reply, "will you try some claret?"

'J.' is the type of a certain class of general readers, and of University-men. His conversation is doubtless sparkling, larded perhaps, like his writing, somewhat too thickly with little classicalities, but easy withal and never oppressive. He looks on the world as Horace did in his most genial hours, gliding into manhood in sofa-reclining perusal of "the man whose name is as Ebony," too refined to fall into the vulgarity of earnestness, or excess in anything, delighting in his cushions and his meerschaum, his Quarterly and his Catullus, his Bentley and his beer. Paley is an old dotard; Cæsar fatigued himself very unnecessarily:

his philosophy consists in the *nil admirari* of the elegant man of the world, combined with the axiom that no emergency can justify a man in taking off his coat. He half respects, more than half pities the unfortunate men who read, think, and write from a sense of duty; who assert incomprehensible propositions, such as "That the Eagle is an Educational Magazine;" "That there is such a thing as a Johnian Spirit, of which Aquila ought to be the embodiment;" and, "That this spirit is one of *hard work*: to the boats on the river, to the questionists in the Senate-House, to the College in the University, to its members in after life, the Johnian Spirit says, 'You are a man and must work; there are plenty of butterflies.'" 'J.' is we fear of the butterfly species; and we have little doubt he thanks his stars that he is. So be it; but how dare *he* appeal to Domina Margareta? Look at her in our hall! what is she on her knees for day and night? Did she found a College on the banks of the Cam for butterflies?

'J.' is a lover of periodical literature. Of course he is: but did he never hear unaccountable men complain of what they called the universal levity and want of earnestness in his favourite magazines? This touch-and-go-lightly, untwine-your-cravat style of article is eminently characteristic of an age in which it seems at length to have been satisfactorily demonstrated that the world is a joke, an utter joke from beginning to end and all the way round.

'J.' smokes on his sofa and reads Blackwood; or sits in his 'patent-self-adjuster' and writes us a letter, seeing every now and then how it looks through the bottom of his pewter, and thinks himself doubtless the spokesman of a large and influential class of men in St. John's. "Bother these stupid fellows with their morals and their quartos, I don't care to read them:—I wonder whether they'll put this in." This a man! with his gently-old-fellow notions! Awake man! the world is no patent-self-adjuster like your arm-chair. The world is an oyster, not a muffin and crumpet; you can't open it with your finger and thumb.

Such is life however—we are not all made in the same mould; it would be a stupid world if we were. We will tolerate and play with 'J.'; and 'J.' will not take the trouble then surely to be intolerant of us. Queer mortals some men seem, (don't they 'J.'?) they give themselves a world of trouble; they will not take it easy, nor even as easy as ever they can, but strive and toil to get *hold* of something; they dig for hard ore under the meadows where 'J.' disports himself at his ease on a flowery bed, with his dog and his Horace, his verses and his gloves, draws portraits of Celestina in the smoke of his long meerschaum, feebly dissuading the grubbers from their labour, or languidly murmuring his 'suave mari,' till suddenly the ground gives way, and flowers and meerschaum, 'J.' and gloves vanish smiling from our view.

AN OLD EDITOR.





THE ORMBY BELLS.

A Tale.

CHAPTER I.

"DING, ding, dong! ding, ding, dong!" what a merry peal of bells! How they echo and ring up the quaint old gabled street of Ormby; rather out of time perhaps; and the last bell seems rather cracked, and has taken to give convulsed *dangs*, instead of the dignified *dongs* that one would expect from the bass bell of such an important place as Ormby; but nevertheless all the fishermen agree that they never heard the bells sound merrier than they did that day, and the three old jackdaws, whose ancestors have held possession and undisturbed enjoyment of the funny little Norman window, half way up the tower, seem to think so too, and join in with their "caw, caw, caw," trying if possible to beat the bells in noise, but it is no good, and after half-an-hour they give it up, and fly away to see some friends in the old ruined lighthouse, on the edge of the cliff, as their own house in the Norman window is now perfectly unendurable. There had not been such a bell-ringing in their recollection before.

"Ding, ding, dang! ding, ding, dang!" louder than ever. I do believe they will have the old tower down!

I was at that time the Churchwarden of the parish, and so just dropped in to see how they were going on. There they were, two to each bell, one lot just exhausted lying panting on the floor, and another batch, coats and waist-coats off, going in for it as if their lives depended on it.

"Hallo," said I, seeing that there were only apparently two bell ropes being pulled, "what's become of the rope of the big bell? it was ringing just now, and a right unmusical noise it was making too, that's certain, and sure enough it's ringing now, I can hear it above all the others

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with its confounded unmusical '*Dang*;' why lads you must have rung it so hard, it has not got off the swing yet."

"Why you see, Sir," said Tom Boyd, leaving off for a moment, "we broke the rope, being more used to work a sail rope than this church tackle, so Dick Harris volunteered to go up and strike the bell with a hatchet, and that accounts like for the dang danging it makes, but it would never have done to have had only two bells the day that Bill Norman was married. Would it, Sir?" And without waiting for an answer, off they started again harder and more out of time than ever.

Bill Norman was the handsomest and bravest fisherman in Ormby. He was the favourite of young and old. Every thing he tried seemed to succeed. Norman's boat was sure to come home fullest of fish, and Norman's hand was always the first to defend the weak, and help the distressed. If it can be called a fault he was almost too liberal. I remember two years ago, when the herring fishing almost totally failed and there was very great distress among the fishermen's families, Bill Norman drew the hundred pounds that an old Uncle had left him from the Savings Bank, and distributed it in equal shares among his half-starved companions. "Take it," says he, "and pay me next year, if you have a good fishing. I can trust my money as well in the hands of Ormby fishermen as in the hands of the banker."

The next year was as successful for the fishermen, as the preceding was unfortunate; and Norman got every farthing of his money paid back. And oh! how grateful all the poor people were to him! "Why," as he said to me sometime afterwards, "Why, Sir, I can assure you that I almost felt ashamed of myself, and thought that I had done a selfish action, they made such a fuss about me, I am sure I never was so happy in all my life and after all, though I might have had to wait a year or so, my money was as safe there as in the bank. Who ever heard of an Ormby man being dishonest?"

No wonder then, when it was rumoured that Norman was going to take unto himself a wife, that there was a great deal of curiosity and excitement in Ormby. Many an old woman who had experienced his kindness offered up a prayer for his happiness, and many an old man hobbled out on his stick to Norman's house to congratulate him. But who the fair damsel was, no one knew for certain, Some said it was the housemaid at the Hall. Others went

so far as to say it was Ellen Bede, the pretty Lady's maid and confidante of Lady Bowers; the latter on the whole seemed to be the most likely of the two.

Ellen had been heard to remark to her mistress one day as she was arranging her ladyship's hair, "that it was not often one met with such a handsome young fellow as Mr. Norman." "I hope that when you leave me Ellen," said her mistress, "it will be for some one higher than a fisherman. I think, considering your good looks and the £200. you will have from me, it will be quite throwing yourself away if you marry below a butler, or who knows but some well-to-do farmer may not take a fancy to you." "Me marry Norman," said Miss Bede, with a shake of her ringlets, and an application of the brushes which made her ladyship shake. "Me marry a fisherman, catch me at it?"

Here the conversation ended, and Lady Bowers went down to dinner, and Ellen to her private apartment, where no other servants but the housekeeper and Cruets the butler were allowed to enter.

In this retreat then sat down Miss Bede, surrounded by her mistress' gowns. "After all," said she to herself, "Norman is much better than Cruets, or even than Mr. Whitechoker, Lord Folly's gentleman as they call him; Cruet cares for nothing else than port wine, and Whitechoker but to imitate his master and dress up in his old clothes. I am really tired of this sort of life, I hate the very sight of my mistress's hair, and the silly nonsense I have to listen to in the housekeeper's room, what do I care for what Sir John Fop, or Lady Trinkets said at dinner. Now there is something fresh and genuine in Norman, although he is a fisherman, he's worth a hundred Cruets. I wonder if he really cares a bit about me. I dare say he doesn't, and thinks that I care for nothing but smart gowns. I do though, and I'm tired of this silly unsatisfactory life," and so saying she sat down and fairly burst into tears.

Poor little Ellen really cared a great deal more about Norman than she liked to own to herself, and there was never a night that she heard the winds moaning and screaming outside her window, but she thought of him, how perhaps he might be tossing about on the angry waves which she could hear dashing and roaring against the rocky cliffs.

Ellen was not such a light silly little thing as at first one might imagine, there was a great deal of good in her

and she had as warm a heart as she had a pretty little face. She might be a little conceited and have rather high ideas of herself, but after all that was not much to be wondered at, considering what a favourite she was with her mistress and that she was the toast of half the butlers and coachmen in the county. But take her on the whole, Ellen was "as winsome a wee thing" as one often meets with. No wonder then that Norman, who was but mortal and used constantly to meet her at his uncle's at the farm, fell in love with her. Now Norman was a man who never did things by halves, so of course when he fell in love, he fell desperately in love. Poor honest Norman, so good and handsome, yet so humble and thinking so little of himself, for a long time he scarce thought himself worthy to speak to such a beautiful little fairy as he thought Ellen, but at last he got over his shyness, and used to walk home with her. On one occasion he had the boldness to offer his arm to her, which was not refused, and they walked home to the Castle, her arm linked in his.

But as yet he had never dared to breathe a word of his love, once or twice he was just going to begin, but was seized with such a palpitation of his heart, that his huge muscular frame trembled like an aspen leaf.

Three days after her conversation with her mistress, Ellen was walking on the cliffs enjoying the glorious sunset and the fresh sea-air, when her attention was attracted by the form of some one rapidly approaching her. There could be no mistaking him for a minute,—'twas Norman who had seen her from the shore, and hastened up to the spot where she was walking. They talked together for some time of the fishing, and of the great boat Norman was having built, which was the pride and wonder of the whole village.

"Would you be angry with me Ellen, Miss Bede I mean, if I were to name the boat after you?" said Norman. "No, not I," answered Ellen with a blush, "certainly not, but it is getting late, and I must wish you good night Mr. Norman," and giving him her pretty little hand, which Norman seemed loathe to part with, she turned on her way home. Norman followed. "Ellen," he said, in a voice scarce audible with emotion, "if I may call my boat Ellen, may I call you Ellen, yes Ellen, dearest Ellen, I love you more than I can tell you; I am but a poor rough fisherman, and you are far too good for me; but oh! if a life of devotion could repay you for choosing such a rough fellow as

I am," and he caught hold of her hand, (often afterwards did he wonder at his audacity) somehow or other the hand was not withdrawn. "Ellen," he again repeated, "can you love me?" She only uttered one little word, but that word made Norman happier than anything else in the world could have done.

The sun by this time had set, and left a bright fiery threatening glow on the horizon, but all was bright, clear, and joyous in the minds of Ellen and Norman as they walked home together to the Castle. He was not so shy about offering his arm this time as he was before.

Norman was quite beside himself with joy, the very next day he started to Caxton, to buy furniture for his house, such a profusion of things he got, the brightest of red curtains, a tea set combining all the colours of the rainbow, a new sofa, and five or six pictures of storms in the handsomest of gold frames. Besides these articles of furniture, he sunk no little of his capital in a silk gown for his Ellen as he called her, and new blue cloth trousers and waistcoat for himself and a jacket with buttons half as large as soup-plates.

Lady Bowers, who was now as much for the match as she was once against it, insisted that the marriage should take place from the Castle, and gave orders that a grand wedding feast should be given in her Hall to all the servants, and a large party of the Ormby fishermen; so no wonder that the bells were ringing, and every one in Ormby was happy.

The wedding went off to perfection, seldom had the old Church of Ormby witnessed such a handsome pair. Norman in his new suit of dark blue cloth, and Ellen in the prettiest of white gowns and bonnets, presents of Lady Bowers.

CHAPTER II.

It was a cold stormy night, late in the Autumn, the wind was howling and screaming out of doors and the hail rattled against the windows.

Norman and Ellen were sitting over a bright sparkling fire in their cheerful little room, the pictures of the storms in their bright gold frames, perfectly flashed as the light of the fire fell upon them. A large black cat was purring on the rug and a large black kettle singing on the fire.

Ellen was at work and Norman sitting opposite smoking his pipe.

"William dear," said Ellen, laying down her work, "to-morrow will be our wedding day; we have been very happy, have we not?" "Ah! that we have Ellen," said Norman, "almost too happy I think sometimes to last. I often wonder Ellen what would become of you if any thing were to happen to me."

"Don't talk like that," said Ellen, taking hold of his huge great hand, "don't talk like that. Oh, how the wind blows, the shutters seem almost as if they'd come in; how glad I am I've got you safe at home."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud rapping at the door. "Come in," cried Ellen. And a square thick set man entered. "How do, Mistress Ellen? How do, Norman?" he said. "Rough night this, very. I'll take a cup of tea with you to-night, Norman." "Always glad to see you Long when you like to come," said Norman. "I was just wondering if your son was back from that ship that signalled for him the day before yesterday."

"Yes, thank heavens! he's back," said the pilot, "or he would have been fishes' food before now, you've not heard the story then, aye? sad one, very; could scarce believe it, unless I knew it for certain."

"Ah! do tell it Mr. Long, here's your tea. William, put on some more wood, and get Mr. Long a pipe, he always tells a story best over his tobacco," said Ellen.

"Well," said Long, filling his pipe, "you must know that last Sunday forenoon, a ship which we had been observing for some time through our glasses, as it was nearing the Hardwick sands, signalled for a pilot—it was John's turn, so down he took his boat and off he started, there was something curious about the ship, she seemed but half-manned. The Captain of the schooner—a dark, gloomy looking man, was hanging over the bulwarks, and with an oath asked him 'why he did not come quicker.' He said, 'considering the state of the tide, he had come as quick as he could.'"

"Without another word, he laid hold of the rope they let down to him, and swung himself up into the ship."

"'Halloa,' said he to the man at the helm, 'what an awful smell you have on board.'"

"'You may well say that,' said the man, 'it's a lucky thing your boat's out of hail, or I calculate you would not care to remain long with us, we are nothing but a floating churchyard. When we left the Crimea, our crew consisted of eighteen; seven of them are dead already and two more have taken the fever.' And sure enough, just as he was

speaking, up rushes a poor wretch, half black in the face, screaming, and throwing his arms over his head.

“‘Down stairs, double quick,’ said the Captain, ‘unless you want your brains blown out; why can’t you die in peace, and not disturb the only seven men we have in the ship worth anything, they have enough to do looking after the ship, without looking after a whining cur like you, you are all bound to me till the end of your voyage, you knew what my cargo was before you settled.’ ‘What is your cargo?’ said John to one of the men. ‘Bones,’ said he, ‘see here,’ and he opened one of the hatches—‘bones from the Crimea, camel’s bones and horses bones, the captain says—but its the belief of the crew that they are mostly human bones, and that the plague we have on board is a punishment for the sacrilege he has committed. We are bound for Shields and our cargo’s for manure.’ ‘Well,’ says my son to the captain, who came up just at this moment, ‘I’m bound to take you safe round the sands to Barton, but as you intend to anchor off Hardwick to-night, I should prefer sleeping on shore, to this floating charnel-house of yours, so as here’s the harbour boat coming out, I shall wish you good night captain. At half-past six I shall be out again, though I’d sooner be free of my engagement than have £50. down.’ So saying he got into the boat and came to shore.

“Early next morning there was a great excitement in Hardwick, a schooner had been run down by the screw steamer Etna, and all hands lost, no one knew the name of the vessel: so up got my son, and down to the beach with his glass. It was the Roderic sure enough; down she had gone, bones, crew, and all. Lord, have mercy upon them! My son has scarce recovered the shock yet; he says, it seems for all the world like an ugly dream.”*

“What a dreadful story!” said Ellen, who had sat listening, as pale as a sheet all the time—“what a dreadful tale, one would scarce believe it if one had read it in a book.

“No,” said Long, finishing his cup of tea, “but its as true as Gospel, every bit of it. The ship’s name was Roderic, and she was bound to Shields from the Crimea. But, partner,” said Long, “I was just coming to have a talk with you about your fishing voyage the day after to-morrow, not to frighten that pretty little wife of yours with dreadful stories. I suppose you’ll have to take as many as seven

* This actually occurred off Lowestoft in January, 1859.

with you to man the Ellen? she's a wonderfully fine boat, and wont disgrace her name, I hope."

"Ah!" said Norman, "we must take nine at least: the nets are all ready, and I told them all to be down at day-break on Wednesday." "Why William, you're not going so soon surely," said Ellen, "you never told me a word about it, and to-morrow is our wedding-day; what a sad one it will be." "Yes, dear, I must," said Norman, "I did not tell you of it before, nor should I have told you now, if our friend Long had not let it out. We shall be out for more than a month, which is far longer than I have ever been away since I married you; so I thought I would not give you time to fret about it, and did not intend to say anything about it to you till the night before."

"But it is such rough dangerous weather," pleaded poor little Ellen, with tears in her eyes. "Ah! I dare say it will be quite calm to-morrow, and the Ellen can stand a deal of sea, if any boat can. Do you remember two years ago, when I asked you to let me call it the Ellen?" said Norman, rising and kissing his wife.

The next day was a sad one for Ellen, though she had plenty to do in mending holes and sewing buttons on her husband's great rough shirts and trowsers—she had an undefined dread hanging over her mind, some dark and indistinct presentiment that all was not so bright for her in the future as it had been in the last two years.

Wednesday came. The sea had quite calmed down, and the wind which had been blowing so hard for the last three days had subsided into a gentle breeze from the south-east.

Norman was up at five. He had wished Ellen good bye over night, and had hoped to have got off without disturbing her in the morning, as she was far from being strong.

All the nets and provisions had been sent on board the evening before, and everything was ready at half-past six for starting. Although it was only just day-break, there was a considerable number of men and women on the beach to see the boat sail. It was the largest boat in the village, and as Norman was the most popular person in the place, the expedition caused no little interest among the inhabitants of Ormby.

Norman had just shaken hands with two or three of his friends on the beach, and was preparing to step into the little crab boat which was to take him out to 'the Ellen,' which was riding proudly at anchor some four hundred yards out, when he saw a little form (which he at once knew to be his wife's)

wrapped up in a cloak, hurrying down the cliff. "Poor little woman," he said, as he went up and embraced her, "I was in hopes we should have got off before you woke, and spared you the pain of a second parting, good bye love; be a brave little woman and take care of yourself till I come back, four or five weeks will soon pass;" and so saying he gave her a hasty kiss, and turned off before she had time to answer him.

This was the first separation, for any length of time, which Ellen had ever had from her husband. Since his marriage he had never been absent more than a night or two at a time. He had given up fishing a good deal, and had taken to boat-building on his own account, which business he had been enabled to set up with the money he had saved himself, and the little fortune his wife had brought him. The voyage he had just started on was the 'Ellen's' first trip. She was a boat considerably larger than the ordinary herring boats, and had taken some time building, and no little money; and now, being at last completed, Norman took great interest in her first voyage, and determined to go himself.

CHAPTER III.

"Dong, dong, dong!" The bell rings very slowly now, the three old jack-daws seem to like it better though than the merry peal that rang just two years ago; they give three or four hoarse caws and fall asleep again. "Dong, dong, dong!" o'er hill and dale, up the old gabled street, and far over the calm bright sea, that lies so quietly and lazily sleeping under the rising sun as if nothing in the world could disturb it.

"Dong, dong, dong!" past Norman's house, with the pretty little porch with the red five-fingered ivy climbing up it—past four other houses, where there are four pale widow's weeping, sounds the old bell, slowly this time, and very sadly.

There is no merry group of fishing lads this time in the belfry—only old Squires the sexton, who knows better how to toll for a funeral than to ring for a marriage! "Dong, dong, dong! Six graves," the bell seems to say to him, "more burial fees in one day than are generally got in three months."

Ring on old man—the bell will soon ring for you; but it is not for such poor shrivelled specimens of humanity as you that the bell tolls now, but for some of the bravest and best

men in Ormby. "Dong, dong, dong!" there are four pale widows in Ormby to-day and seventeen fatherless children. The melancholy music sounds clearly in the cold frosty morning air. Old bed-ridden men and women raise themselves on their poor shakey elbows, and wonder when the bell will ring for them. The bell sounds clearly and sadly through the rooms, where the little fatherless children quietly sleep as if nothing had happened. And the sun rises brighter than it has for weeks, as if to mock the sorrow in Ormby. It makes the roofs of the houses glitter like silver, as it lights up the bright hoar frost on them. It peeps mockingly into the windows, where the four poor pale widows sit weeping alone; it peeps into the four rooms upstairs, where the four cold clammy corpses lie, with their swollen faces, and hair still dripping with the cold sea water.

There are five more corpses somewhere rolling about in that beautiful treacherous sea, that shines so brightly under the morning sun, and laughs with its little joyous breakers.

There are five corpses yet to be found, Norman's among them, and they found part of the boat, but not its handsome young master, who left Ormby but yesterday so full of life and hope.

There are sad little groups of fishermen all about the place, talking in low voices.

"There's another body just washed up," cried a man coming up from the beach. "Whose?"—"Norman's?" "No, not Norman's," says the man, "poor Bill Reynolds, they picked him up down Horncastle way;" and just at that moment down rushed a poor woman, half frantic with grief and threw herself on the body the men were bringing up, and uttering, "O my husband, my dear, dear husband," fell down in a swoon. They carried them both to their house, husband and wife; and the bell burst out afresh with its melancholy music, as it did as each fresh body was washed ashore.

But where was Ellen all this while? the pretty little laughing bride of just two years back; the loved and loving wife of poor Norman. Where was she?

In her little room she sits with her hands before her face, her bright brown hair falling loosely over her shoulders, half stunned with grief, and her beautiful pale face so rigid that she looks more like a statue than a living being. The news had reached her about four hours since. At three o'clock she heard the bell and started up from her troubled sleep. She had just been dreaming that she had been holding her

husband in her arms, and instead of returning the embrace, he turned cold and clammy like a corpse. Hearing the bell, she started up, and going to the window, looked out into the street, where she saw a group of men, talking in low hurried tones to each other. When they heard her open the window, they turned away as if they feared to meet her gaze. "What is it?" cried she. "God support you ma'am," said an old seaman, "but the Ellen is gone down, and we fear all hands are lost!" She only heard the first few words, but she knew the rest; senseless she fell to the floor, where some women coming in soon after found her; for some time it was feared that life was extinct, but at last she began gradually to recover.

"Where is he," at length she said, "O! let me see him." "Keep quiet, my dear, that's a poor dear creature, he has not been found yet," said old widow Jones, who was busy-ing herself about the room. "O! then he's still tossing about in the cold cruel sea." "Oh! my husband, my dear brave good husband!" cried Ellen, bursting into an agony of tears, "shall I never see you again!"

Before three more suns had set, all the bodies had been washed up, or picked up by the boats, but Norman's.

Monday was the day fixed for the funerals, and the bell began by times; there were eight fresh dug graves in the old Church yard; there had not been so many open together since the plague, which raged in Ormby so fiercely in 1665.

It was a cold dark morning, and had been raining hard ever since seven o'clock. Every man in the village that had such a thing as a black coat, put it on, and those who had not, got some black crape and tied it round their hats or arms. And every woman in Ormby who had such a thing as a black gown put it on that sad morning. Old widow Jones, whose son had been drowned, pulls out the old gown that she had worn at her husband's funeral twenty years ago. It did not fit her as it had done then; twenty years had made some difference in her figure, she was a stout and hearty woman then, but grief, poverty, and old age had made her little better than a skeleton; and the old black gown hangs loosely on her poor shrivelled palsied form, as she goes to have one more look at her only son Richard, before the village undertaker comes from the next house (where she can hear him hammering at the lid of Johnson's coffin, the father of six children) to fasten up her son's. "Poor Richard! he looks very handsome still," said she, "a dear kind son to his poor old mother,—but

she'll soon follow him," and the poor old woman bent to give him one more kiss, as the undertaker entered and closed down the lid.

At eleven o'clock the melancholy procession started, it began at the farther end of the village. There was but one coffin at first and a lone mother leading two little children, but the further it went the larger it grew, and there were soon eight coffins, attended by their band of mourners, and slowly and sadly they went, as the bell tolled and the tramp of the bearers echoed up the old street. There were but few of the inhabitants of Ormby who were absent, and there were few who had not to grieve for some friend or relation. Two and two they came up the old street, round the corner of the cliff (where three masterless boats were lying high and dry), past the light-house, till they come to the Church gates. Here the clergyman met them, and again they proceed, and the tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp of the mourners sounds up the aisle, as the bell ceases to toll, and the coffins are borne into the Church.

There is a dead silence, only broken by an occasional half smothered sob, and the service begins; it is soon over and the earth rattles with a hollow clink on the eight coffins. The widows and the fatherless children, and sonless old women return to weep alone in their own lonely cottages.

From day-break till quite late in the evening, Ellen paced up and down on the sands. "Have you found him yet?" she said to every one she met. "I must find him, I cannot bear that he should be tossing about unburied in the sea;" and, without raising her eyes, she would continue her melancholy search. The people thought that she had gone mad, and tried to persuade her to keep quiet in her own cottage. But it was no good, morning and evening found her on the shore the same. Sometimes she would stop for a minute and listen, as if she heard something, but it was only the moaning of the waves, or the shriek of a sea gull, and with a despairing face she would resume her gloomy watch. For more than a week she watched each wave, but it brought not what she sought. On the second, she was too weak to leave the house; her delicate form seemed quite worn out with her constant watch, and she had a cough which shook and jarred her through and through. At about seven o'clock in the evening of this day, the bell burst out afresh with its melancholy toll, another body had been picked up about fifteen miles out at sea, spliced to a mast. It was Norman's!

They could not bring it into the house, so they placed it in the little chamber under the Church Tower until the next day, when it should be buried.

Ellen had just left her bed and had come down for an hour or two. "Is it his?" she asked when she heard the bell begin. And on being told it was, and that it had been taken to the little chamber in the tower, she asked in a calmer and more composed voice, than she had spoken in since the wreck, "but why not bring him to his own house?" On being told that this was impossible, she said, "then I must go to him." "Keep quiet, dear heart," said the nurse, "it will be your death going out such a cold windy night as this, keep quiet, there's a poor dear creature." But in vain. Ellen by this time had wrapped her cloak around her, and saying, "I shall be back soon," tottered off to the Church.

After some time, as she did not return, the nurse feeling uneasy followed her. The Church was quite dark, but in the little room under the tower, a small lamp was burning, throwing a dim light on the remains of the once handsome Norman. At a little distance, sitting on some cold boards, was Ellen, her eyes rivetted on the body of her husband; she seemed scarce to breathe, and her face as pale and rigid as a piece of white marble. As the nurse entered she calmly arose and went home.

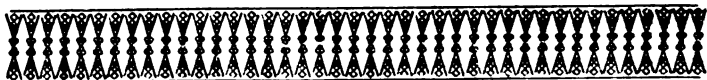
The next day Norman was buried. Ellen was one of the few in Ormby who did not attend; the horrors of the last night seemed to have been too much for her, and brought on an illness from which she never recovered.

"I was dreaming the other night," she said to the doctor a few days before her death, "and I fancied I saw my husband floating in the blue sea, and that I sprang into the water after him, and we both sunk together. There were bright red sea-weeds and huge monsters of fish floating round us; and then I fancied that the blue sea turned to blue sky, and that the red sea-weeds were red fringed clouds, that the fish were angels, and that the sound of the waves was the sound of their harps, and that we were gradually floating to heaven."

In the church yard of Ormby, beneath the old yew tree, there are two graves, with a little garden round them, which the young men and girls of Ormby delight to plant with their prettiest flowers.

Here lies Norman, and his little wife Ellen sleeps by his side.

"P. R."



A BALLAD.

I.

I CANNOT rest o' the night, Mother,
For my heart is cold and wan :
I fear the return o' light, Mother,
Since my own true love is gone.
O winsome aye was his face, Mother,
And tender his bright blue eye ;
But his beauty and manly grace, Mother,
Beneath the dark earth do lie.

II.

They tell me that I am young, Mother,
That joy will return once more ;
But sorrow my heart has wrung, Mother,
And I feel the wound full sore.
The tree at the root when frost-bitten
Will flourish never again,
And the woe that my life hath smitten
Hath frozen each inmost vein.

III.

Whene'er the moon's shining clear, Mother,
I think o' my lover that's gone ;
Heaven seem'd to draw very near, Mother,
As above us in glory it shone.
Ah ! whither hath fled all my gladness ?
Ah ! would from life I could fly !
That laying me down in my sadness
I might kiss thee, my Mother, and die !

“ψ.”



CLASSICAL STUDIES.

(Continued.)

[N a paper which appeared in a late number of the *Eagle*, I endeavoured to shew, in the first place, that "Classics" rested upon a really scientific basis; that the science of language was no medley of conventional rules gathered from the opinions of learned men, but real objective truth obtained by logical methods: and, secondly, that this science was progressive, and offered boundless scope to the most laborious and ambitious of the pioneers of knowledge. Nor is the interest of these investigations confined to the philologist alone: they supply the most authentic facts for the early history of our race, and afford a sure touchstone for the testing of psychological theories. So far however I may be thought to have been rather defending Classics in the abstract, describing an ideal case in which the builder proceeds step by step till the whole edifice of science stands complete before him, than pointing out the effect of classical study upon the student himself; and it may be asked what advantage will he gain by the study of Classics viewed merely as an application of the principles of language? If he gets up the book-work of the subject, *i.e.* if he endeavours to master the theory as a whole, and so far as he does so, his case will approach to the ideal described; but if he contents himself with endeavouring to master special difficulties as they meet him in his reading, it appears to me that the benefits which he will thus obtain may be shortly stated as follows.* In the first place, the attention is necessarily drawn to the meaning of words, their history and differences, and that not in one but in three languages; the

* For a fuller investigation I may refer to one of the *Cambridge Essays* for 1855.

importance of this will be obvious to readers of Coleridge or Trench or J. S. Mill.* Secondly, their variety of inflexions enabled the Ancients and especially the Greeks to mark finer shades of meaning than our modern stiffness admits of; and the subtlety of thought which is produced by close observation of these differences, is further trained by the freer use of connecting particles in both languages, where in English the sentences would be simply placed side by side, without an attempt to show why one should precede another. Thirdly, the inflexional character of their language also enabled the Greeks to employ a more involved structure than is possible for us, and it requires much patient attention and clearness of thought to unravel those twisted skeins, which we meet with in Demosthenes or Thucydides, and discover the relations of the subordinate clauses to each other and to the principal clause. Müller thus speaks of the structure of the Thucydidean sentence: 'In Thucydides there are two species of periods, which are both of them equally characteristic of his style. In one of them, which may be termed the descending period, the action or result is placed first, and is immediately followed by the causes or motives expressed by causal sentences or participles, which are again confirmed by similar forms of speech. The other form, the ascending period, begins with the primary circumstances developing from them all sorts of consequences or reflexions referring to them, and concludes often after a long chain of consequences with the result, the determination, or the action itself. Both descriptions of periods produce a feeling of difficulty and require to be read twice in order to be understood clearly and in all respects; it is possible to make them more immediately intelligible, more convenient and pleasant to read, by breaking them up into the smaller clauses suggested by the pauses in the sentence; but then we shall be forced to confess that when the difficulty is once overcome, the form chosen by Thucydides conveys the strongest impression of a unity of thought and a combined working of every part to produce one result.'

The three points just mentioned correspond generally to the triple division given in my former paper, under the heads of lexicography, etymology, and syntax. In each department the student is obliged to be constantly on the watch for the least shadow of analogy and ready to profit

* See the excellent chapters on language in his system of Logic.

by it, he is always liable to be called upon to give rules for his facts and principles for his rules; and the general result to which all three should contribute is to give a man a mastery over his thoughts and save him from superstitious adherence to a single form of expression. Of minor importance is the good derived from the study of prosody, but no doubt one who has been trained in the Greek and Latin metres is so far better fitted to appreciate the beauties of rhythmical composition, whether in prose or verse.

Thus much for language: and now shall we require any further teaching to enable us to penetrate through the crust of language to the matter stored up within? Is there anything intervening which requires to be understood before we are in full possession of the thought which the speaker intended to convey to us? I use the word thought here, because whatever sensation, emotion, volition, or intuition it may be desired to communicate from one mind to another, all must pass through the crucible of the understanding to begin with. Thus, to take the simplest case, a man sees a comet, the picture of it impresses itself on his mind; but how is he by means of words to give this picture to one who has not seen it? It can be only done indirectly by referring to some general conception already possessed by the other, and then paring this down till it is narrow enough to fit the picture and nothing but the picture: but as to the actual delineation of the picture in the hearer's mind, that must be the work of his own imagination acting upon the conception thus given. It is thought alone then which is directly conveyed by speech: but every thought may be approached from different sides, and admits of various divisions; it rests with the speaker in what connexion he shall offer the different parts of his subject to the hearer. Again, when this is determined he has still to choose his words, constructions, rhythms, &c., i.e. the outward expression of his thoughts. The arrangement of thought constitutes composition, the choice of expression, style, and the rules for both are given by rhetoric. It appears therefore that if we proceed methodically from the knowledge of language to that of the subject matter, the first thing which will call for investigation is style, which determines how given thoughts should be expressed in the particular case with reference to speaker, subject, and hearer; while grammar teaches in the abstract how thought may be expressed by speech.

The *practical* importance of style in order to produce pleasure, persuasion, or instruction need not be dilated

on, and from Cicero's time it has always been held that nothing facilitates the attainment of a good style more than the practice of translation from one language into another. Translation from Greek and Latin is especially useful in this respect, not only as we may thus imbibe something of the energetic brevity of the one, and the infinite variety and adaptability of the other, but because the idiomatic differences of the ancient languages call forth more activity of thought on the part of the translator. It is by no means an easy task to break up long periodic sentences and transpose the order which an inflexional language admits of without losing much of the connectedness and pointedness of the original. And if these are the difficulties of style which attend a translation from an ancient author, a still more thorough acquaintance with the idiom and phraseology is needed in the composer.

But besides this more laborious exercise of the mind there is a peculiar advantage to be gained from the study of the great ancient masters. Many of our best modern authors seem haunted by a feverish self-consciousness, which is entirely absent in the classical writers of Greece and Rome. And here it is I suppose that we may detect the secret of that cultivated taste which is frequently spoken of as the main result of classical training: vulgarity and affectation of style ought to be impossible to the reader of Herodotus and Demosthenes, of Livy and Cicero. Here, however, I must insert a caution which I should wish to be kept in view throughout this paper, that in speaking of the effects of classical study it is not denied that there are exceptions on both sides; there are those who have a natural taste and facility in writing which appears to render training superfluous, there are others who remain awkward in spite of every advantage of education; all that is here asserted is that this study is best adapted to perfect the naturally good and counteract natural awkwardness.

But the consideration of style is not only important as regards our own practice, it gives us a further insight into the character of the writer and the readers for whom he wrote. Contrast, for instance, the curt speech of the Spartan Sthenelaidas in Thucydides,* with that of the more cosmopolitan Archidamus; or the truly Roman letter of the proconsul Metellus with the reply of the half-Greek Cicero.† We may learn more of national character from

* I. 80, 86.

† Cic. ad Fam. v. 1, 2.

such specimens than from many pages of Grote or Merivale. And so, if we consider, is it not mainly from their style that we gain our conception of the men, as we compare Plato with Aristotle, Livy with Tacitus? No doubt much may be learnt here from a close examination of the details of the subject: thus Boyes in his illustrations of *Æschylus* has pointed out how the maritime character of the Athenians shows itself in the similes of their poets. He who reads simply in order to get to the thought of the writer without any regard to the medium through which it is conveyed, is like one who looks at a painting only to learn what is its subject, passing over colour, form, and composition, and thus deprives himself of much pure enjoyment, at the same time that he is guilty of injustice to the painter. Who will say how much of the pleasure derived from poetry is to be attributed to the '*curiosa felicitas*' of the poet's style, the exactness and neatness with which the thought is presented, the various associations with which it is bound up by means of simile and metaphor, the keynote struck in our own feelings by unusualness of word or ruggedness of structure?

The second branch of rhetoric is composition, the art of arranging thoughts so as to produce the strongest effect upon the reader. This art is cultivated to a certain extent in the theme-writing which is encouraged by the College and University, and most scholars will have learnt something of the theory both of style and composition from Aristotle's *Rhetoric*. In former times this was apparently a more important element in the regular course of study than it is now; we have a rhetoric lecturer in College, and Waterland in his outline for the student introduces Cambray on *Eloquence* and Vossius's *Rhetoric* under the head of *Classics*. But after all, the best way of learning to divide a subject naturally and arrange its different parts so as to facilitate the comprehension of the whole, is to observe the method of the greatest masters of the art, and with this object no exercise can be more useful than the analysis of a dialogue of Plato, or a speech of Demosthenes or Cicero.

Thus equipt then with the rules of language, of style, and of composition we are prepared to approach the mass of ancient literature and extract from it the knowledge of those who wrote and are written of there. What manner of men were they who 2000 years ago could rival our modern civilization, who have supplied us with so much of our laws, our language, our philosophy, nay even of the form of our theology; who have impregnated our whole life, so that every

action, every word, every thought seems plagiarised from these giants of old, is in some way or other coloured by what they thought and said and did? So Dr. Whewell says, "The Greek and Roman classics form the intellectual ancestors of all the intellectual minds of modern times, and we must be well acquainted with their language, their thoughts, their forms of composition, their beauties, in order that we may have our share of that inheritance by which men belong to the intellectual aristocracy of mankind."

Now we may look upon the Greek and Latin literatures as wholes, each possessing an organic unity in itself and showing as it were in a panorama the gradual development of the national character. Bernhardt has pointed out the peculiar importance of Greek literature as typical of all others, free on the one hand from the stagnation of the aboriginal Asiatic, and on the other being itself sprung from the soil and exhibiting that natural growth which its own overpowering influence prevented in the other European nations. To this therefore we may at present confine our attention.

If we examine the oldest Greek literature we shall find that it consists in great part of poetical stories about gods and heroes, of mythes and of legends. This mythology is the sole relic which has come down to us from pre-historic times and the root of the later intellectual activity of Greece. It embodies the fading records of primæval tradition and symbolizes as it were the future history of the race: and yet it is only in our own day that the subject has been carefully investigated, we are only now beginning to analyse the mass of mythological tradition which has come down to us; to assign this portion to one tribe, that to another; to determine the most genuine form of the original mythe and investigate its sources, whether borrowed immediately from Phœnicia and the East, or the lingering remnant of patriarchal revelation, or the effect of natural phenomena upon the yet untutored imagination, or arising from an exaggerated reverence for the dead, or the necessary result of the personifying tendency of the earlier language. These and other questions of the like kind the English reader will find discussed in Keightley's *Mythology* or Professor Max Müller's *Essay on Comparative Mythology*; for most minds they are sufficiently fascinating in themselves, but the use which has been made of the theory of the mythe in order to weaken the historical truth of the Old and New Testament must give an additional interest to the study for those who are especially called upon

to weigh the evidences of the Christian Religion. The legend embraces that part of mythology which professes to describe the achievements of men. Assuming for the most part some fact of history to begin with, it proceeds to adorn it with the clustering flowers of romance, till it requires the insight of a Niebuhr to penetrate to the underlying basis of truth. And thus the legends of Greece and Rome merit peculiar attention not only from the singular beauty of many of them or because they have supplied subjects to the noblest of poets, but because they have been made examples of the methods of historical criticism in the hands of Grote and Niebuhr.

As we watch the progress of Greek literature we see the main trunk of mythology throwing off its separate branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, we see the Greek mind gradually attaining to a distinct and appropriate representation of fact, feeling, and thought in all their various combinations. The interest which once attached to stories of heroes and monsters is gradually diverted to the actions of certain representative men, and finally finds its fittest nourishment in the development of the common national life, while the wonders which pleased a simpler race are now cast aside as '*poeticis magis decora fabulis.*' Poetry is the branch which proceeds most directly from the original stem: whether Epic, Lyric, or Dramatic, the poetry of Greece still finds its favourite theme in the old mythology; even Comedy, which might seem to stand furthest from religious sentiment or reverence for the past, being formally consecrated to the God, however much it may really have helped to uproot the foundations of all belief. And, lastly, Philosophy and her daughter Science are at first merely interpretations or developments of those genealogies of Gods by which the personifying tendency of the original race realized to itself the series of physical causes and effects. So Thales pondering on that line of Homer,* and seeing that the land was surrounded (borne up, as he thought) by water, that water was needful for the sustenance of animal and vegetable life of every kind, arrived at his theory that water was the one true element, the first form of all things, and originated philosophy by asking how the one element produced the variety of the universe. Heraclitus too strove to add authority to his theory of the fiery, the moist, and the dry, of ceaseless flux governed by eternal law, by an

* Ὠκεανόν τε, θεῶν γένεσιν, καὶ μητέρα Τηθύν. II. XIV. 302.

appeal to the mythe of Dionysus and the prophecy of the Sibyl, to the name of Zeus and the dark conception of necessity; if we are not rather to suppose that these first suggested the theory.

Thus the science of causes passes from the theological to the metaphysical stage, though even in Plato and Aristotle we may perceive traces of its origin, sometimes introduced by way of playful illustration, at others perhaps as screening unpopular doctrines under a decent veil of orthodoxy.

The three elements of the old mythology were fused into one by religion. It can hardly be said that this finds a distinct expression for itself in the Greek as in the Jewish literature, yet it appears, crops out, as the phrase is, in writers of every kind and period, and many treatises have been written upon the religious ideas of the ancients in general, or of special authors, as Plato, Thucydides, Tacitus. The questions which force themselves upon the Classical student, in reference to this subject are, how far may we trace a development of the moral sense from the earliest to the latest period of heathen Greece, with what natural feelings was it most closely intertwined (as with the feeling of parental authority in Rome), how was this affected by the established religion of the time, was it corrupted and debased till it could no longer discern between good and evil, or did it burst out into indignant defiance of the gloomy spectre which darkened heaven and worked such misery on earth, or taking a middle course did it endeavour to reconcile its own intuitions with the traditional teaching by bold excision and free interpretation, or finally leaving doubts and difficulties on one side did it bend itself mainly to practical work, while still availing itself of every channel offered by that religion to the exercise of devout and reverential feelings? Through each and all of these phases we know that the moral sense past; in Plato and the later Stoics we know that it made its nearest approach to a perfect system of natural religion, anticipating in some points the divine morality of the Gospel. What has of later times gone by the name of natural religion has always been affected by the propinquity of the stronger light of revelation, generally borrowing from it truths which reason had never made known, but sometimes in its hostile antagonism abjuring doctrines which ancient prescription had made its own. It is from the Greek Philosophers that we may best learn what unaided reason can do and what it cannot do, and there we find it wanting in the great conception of

human weakness and human sin; we find that sin, even in its most odious form, is looked upon as a fit subject for playful allusions even by the most Christian of heathens, the "divine Plato;" and as the religion of reason is imperfect in its noblest representatives, so the comedians and satirists show us what religion was among the mass of the people. Thus much we may learn even from books, but if we would fully comprehend the religion of Greece, we must not confine ourselves to these; we must see how it manifested itself in arts, in sculpture and music and architecture, in sacrifices and festivities.

To return however to our subject, the development of Greek literature; if we would know why lyric poetry succeeded epic and dramatic succeeded lyric; why oratory prevailed at one age and criticism at another, we must know the varying influences which swayed the national mind. We must estimate the Greek character as we find it given in Homer, and consider how far this may be explained by known attributes of the Indo-European family; how far by climate, geographical position, and the mode of life consequent on these; we must observe changes, internal and external, social, constitutional, political; we must watch the framing of laws, and the growth of customs, and learn to feel ourselves at home in the whole region of Greek antiquities. And thus penetrating into the life of the nation, we shall have advanced a further and this time a gigantic step, not from grammar to style, or from style to literary development, but from this last to the history of the nation in its widest sense, watching the genius of Greece as it gathers shape out of the mists of mythology, and declares itself more plainly in action or in speech. Thus trained our ideal classic will read the writers of antiquity as they were read by contemporaries, no careless allusion of Aristophanes, no lightest breath of Socratic irony will escape him, he will stand with the eager crowd and catch up the words of Pericles before they fall from his lips, and his heart will bleed and burn as he gazes with Tacitus on the cruel profligacy of imperial Rome.

And now need we ask what is the educational use of this training? Every age is accustomed to exaggerate its own importance, and never was the conviction more needed than now that those who went before us were men and not a superior kind of brutes. Material improvements and scientific discoveries have taken such strides of late, that we are too much amazed at our own wisdom or good fortune to be

able to spare a thought for the patient workers who opened the road to the Canaan they were not to enjoy. Shakespeare, it is true, is the fashion; but is it very uncharitable to doubt whether he is more than the fashion, admired as reflecting credit on the admirer, with a generation which shrinks from all that requires deep thought or deep feeling, whose favourite sciences are the most outward, the most removed from man, whose favourite literary recreations are the frivolities which appear one day to be forgotten the next? Never were Bp. Butler's cautions more needed, that with many men "no time is spent with less thought than that which is spent in reading," and that "it is possible to indulge a ludicrous turn of mind so far as even to impair the faculties of reason."

Niebuhr used to prophesy a return of barbarism for Europe, and indeed there seems some reason for his fears, if this *ἀπαιδευσία*, this underbred shallowness of mind continues to gain ground among us, growing with the growth of our cheap literature, till every thing is debased to the standard of the least thoughtful and least educated of our population. The progress of the race is the principle which is put forward; it is supposed that the latest birth of time must comprehend all that has been possessed by previous ages. But the man does not preserve all that the boy once had—

The youth who daily further from the East
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
At length the man perceives it die away
And fade into the light of common day.

And Wordsworth's sorrowful regrets form the boast of the Comtian, who has exchanged the 'theological' for the 'positive' epoch. The fact is that as people are now satisfied with knowing that the earth goes round the sun, and do not take the trouble to watch the starry heaven moving round and the planets cutting their paths across it, so in philosophy every thing is assumed now and we do not enter thoroughly into the grounds of this or that belief, as in old times while it was still doubtful. In his new work on "Liberty," J. S. Mill writes thus, p. 79: "The loss of so important an aid to the intelligent and living apprehension of a truth as is afforded by the necessity of explaining it to, or defending it against opponents, though not sufficient to outweigh,

is no trifling drawback from the benefit of its universal recognition." And he refers to the "Socratic Dialectics so magnificently exemplified in the dialogues of Plato," as a contrivance for making the difficulties of the question "as present to the learners consciousness, as if they were pressed upon him by a dissentient champion, eager for his conversion."

But grant for a moment that no truth has been lost, that no aspect of truth is seen by us less clearly than by previous ages; still the effort to pass out of our own circle and our own time, to sympathize with another generation and become conscious of the living union which subsists between the most remote of the human family, cannot but be most valuable as supplying us with fresh subjects of interest, and kindling our imagination, while it softens our prejudices, and teaches us moderation and experience by proxy. And this study of the past is of still greater importance to those who believe that each age and each nation had its special lesson to teach, its appointed part to bear in the great drama of humanity. That Grecian History offers lessons of peculiar significance to our own times, is pointed out by Arnold in the preface to the third volume of his *Thucydides*. "The state of Greece," he says, "from Pericles to Alexander affords a political lesson perhaps more applicable to our own times, than any other portion of history which can be named anterior to the eighteenth century." The whole paragraph on this subject is well worth reading.

Nor is it only the *resemblance* of Grecian history to our own which makes it deserving of our study, it gains an additional importance from the very contrasts between the Greeks and ourselves. We want to observe the highest type of man as he is when uninfluenced by Christianity or Romanism or Protestantism, we want to examine the simpler framework of ancient society before we philosophize about the complex principles which sway us now: even with regard to the workings of the human heart, much which is hidden by modern reserve may be learnt from the less self-conscious and more unabashed Greek. And if we confine our attention to external events, we do not find that facts lose their interest in proportion to their remoteness, we cannot but feel that there was more at stake in the Persian wars of Greece, and the Punic and Gallic and Germanic of Rome, than in any modern wars since the final repulse of the Saracens and Turks. However our later wars had ended, Christianity and European civilization

would have still survived; but if Rome or Greece had fallen, in all human probability the world at large would have known nothing higher than the semi-barbarism of India or China.

After dwelling so long upon the advantages to be gained from a general acquaintance with Greek History and Greek Literature, I have no time to spend upon individual writers, and surely there is no need for me to offer proofs that to be made familiar with the thoughts of great men is one of the best means of education. Homer and Æschylus and Sophocles and Thucydides and Plato and Aristotle; these are names which have been every where held in honour for more than two thousand years; if there is anything which can teach us to feel nobly and think wisely, it is to read and re-read the writings, to live as it were in the society, of such men as these. I do not deny that there are some modern writers as great, perhaps greater, but the reading of these has never been made an integral part of any great system of education, and till this is done, I believe that were it simply for the reasons just alleged there is no training for head and heart which can pretend to vie with Classics.

In thus sketching out the field of Classical study I have omitted all mention of some of the accessories of our science, such as Palæography and Numismatics and the rules of textual criticism, but, before I conclude a paper already too long, I must add a few words respecting the use of scholarship, as furnishing the key to the Christian revelation. The following passage, taken from Sir W. Hamilton exhibits the necessity of Scholarship from this point of view, in terms which may appear almost exaggerated:—

“Interpretation is not only the most extensive and arduous, but the most important function of the Theologian. The interpretation of the sacred books supposes a profound and extensive knowledge of the languages of antiquity, not merely in their words, but in their spirit: and an intimate familiarity with the historical circumstances of the period which can only be acquired through a comprehensive study of the contemporary authors. It is thus evident that no country can possess a theology without possessing philological erudition, and that if it possesses philological erudition it possesses the one necessary condition of theology.”

I have spoken thus strongly of the benefits to be derived from Classical studies pursued in the right way, because I fully believe that they may, and in many cases do, pro-

duce that beneficial effect. But, much as I applaud candidates for Classical Honours, I am afraid I must own that it is possible for a man to take a First Class, and yet miss a large part of the good which I hold he ought to have obtained. As the proverb says, you may lead a horse to the well, but you can't make him drink; and so you may bring a man face to face with subjects of the deepest interest and yet he may turn away and choose to see nothing but the labour of acquiring a vocabulary. I have known a case, I hope unique, of a classical man of more than ordinary powers deliberately preferring a page of Liddell and Scott to a page of Plato. Of course, a case so extreme becomes a caricature, but I fear it bears considerable resemblance to a not uncommon original. And is it not almost the exception to find a man who endeavours to give life and reality to the past by a constant reference to present experience? Are there not many who look upon Plato and Thucydides as nothing more than words, connected by grammatical laws indeed and desirable to be treasured up for use, but destitute of any meaning which might help to solve the difficulties of life around them, or even to bring before their minds the fact, that there existed at such and such times counterparts to our Liberals and Conservatives, to our Orthodox and Heterodox; that the world was made up then, as now, of dreamy enthusiasts and sharp men of business, of earnest workers and fashionable loungers; that, in short, there lies before them one of the most eventful pages of that divine revelation of history which has been handed down to us for our guidance and our warning?

On the other hand, as there are Classical men who thus fling away their birthright, so there are some who may have been deterred from the *Tripes* by a deficient vocabulary or an objection to verse-writing, who may yet have had their sympathies widened and their tastes raised by an attentive study of the ancient master-pieces. Even without a knowledge of the original languages, much may be learnt by the use of good translations, such as those by Wright and by Davies and Vaughan of certain dialogues of Plato: and I cannot see why an educated man who may not have the advantage of being able to read Greek or Latin with fluency, should feel any greater reluctance to make the acquaintance of an ancient writer through the medium of a translation, than he would have to reading Cervantes or Manzoni in an English dress, if ignorant of Spanish or Italian.

JOSEPH B. MAYOR.

CAMOENS ON THE OCCASION OF HIS FIRST PARTING FROM CATERINA.

SWELLED a wave on time's broad main,
Rose, and swelled, and ebb'd again;
Hangs a link on memory's chain

Dear as treasured gold:
Five bright Suns had gilt the day,
Five soft Vespers blush'd away,
Five pale Moons had shed their ray,
Five—the tale is told.

Came a meeting, gay yet kind,
Where each spirit seemed to find
That unknown for which it pined

Oft in visions lone:
Came a throb of blissful pain,
As, in softly dying strain,
Lull'd to rest the weary brain
Music's melting tone.

Oh! the dreamy bliss to rove
Through some maze of shadowy grove,
Whispering murmurs, half of love,

In a timid ear:
Gazing on the peerless maid,
Yet to tell her *all* afraid,
Though to leave it half unsaid
Seemed the greater fear.

Bliss in sooth to sit beside,
And her graceful thoughts to guide
Through some page where fancy's pride

Weaves its wild romance;
Oh! what pulses would not warm,
When they felt her fairy form
Circled by one happy arm,
Gliding through the dance!

Parted!—'tis a bitter word—
And my tale—untold!—unheard!—
Life's fair page with tears is blurr'd

At the weary thought:
Whispers Hope with flattering art,
"Joyed they meet, who sorrowed part;"—
In its dull suspense the heart
Hears—but answers not.



THE BACHELORS' BALL.

CHAPTER I.

TWAS the time of the Bachelors' Ball at Cambridge. Throughout the live long day an unwonted animation had been visible in the streets of that usually quiet town. There was not a bed to be had at "The Bull"; "The Lion" had long since closed its hospitable mouth: and even had "The Hoop" been equal in dimensions to our modern Crinolines it would not have sufficed to accommodate the wonderful influx of visitors. Cabs rattled over "the King's Parade," in a manner torturing alike to the nerves of their occupants and the ears of passers by. Occasionally one met tall dignified men, rejoicing in immense red whiskers and moustaches, whose appearance shewed them to be, if University men at all, no longer "in statu pupillari." On passing a group of these formidable invaders, Jones would nudge Smith and whisper to him, that "the tall fellow with the beard and rainbow tie, was none else than Slogger who rowed "five" in the 'Varsity in 18—," upon which Smith would answer with a "by Jove!" and an adoring stare at Slogger. From all this it was evident that the attendance at the Ball was to be "unprecedented."

At a window commanding a view of the Parade, might be seen the graceful figure of a young man, who had evidently seen not more than three-and-twenty summers. Tall and powerfully built, he had all those personal attractions which fall to the lot of the happy heroes of Mr. James's thrilling novels. Yet was there something of melancholy, notwithstanding, in the young man's appearance: the foaming flagon of Buttery ale stood untasted by his side: his "cutty" seemed to work on the "consume your own smoke" principle, and drooped languidly in his mouth; the whole appearance in fact of our Hero as he perused a List of the Candidates who had passed for the ordinary degree, betokened a mental anguish, which I hope no reader of this

periodical will ever feel. The Novelist must not disguise facts: Horatio de Cochleare had been plucked!

An untasted dinner, frequent revokes at whist, a sleepless night and a head-ache in the morning were some of the least of the sufferings of De Cochleare after reading the list of yesterday. That he the heir of the Spoonlington estates, the pride of his county and the glory of his "set," that he should of all people have met with so foul a disgrace! and at a time too when all seemed so smiling, when Fortune, Ambition, Love—— but no! the thought was too much for him, and seizing the quart tankard by his side, he drained it at a draught, and surveying himself in the crystal mirror at the bottom, he whispered to himself, as a bitter smile stole across his pale features, "Ah! not such a bad looking fellow after all!"

Starting from a reverie of several minutes, he rose, and advancing languidly to the table began to open and read a letter, which had hitherto been lying there unnoticed. "Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "a letter from my good aunt: what a blow this pluck of mine will be to poor ——!" and he rang the bell and ordered "a quart more beer," and sat down to read his letter.

As we have a perfect right to know the contents of all our hero's letters, there is no violation of confidence in our laying before our readers the one just opened by him.

*Muffington Hall,
January, 18—.*

"MY DEAR HORATIO,

"I write in a hurry to say that your Uncle, myself, and Louisa intend coming up for Degree-day and staying for the Ball. Will you get us tickets for the latter, and join our party? We shall be proud of your company now that you are (for I do not suppose you have been plucked!) a B.A.; Louisa sends her love, and says she expects to see you a Senior Wrangler *at least*. All well, except bad colds. In haste,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"SERAPHINA MUFFINGTON."

Horatio de Cochleare having read his letter through three or four times, as well as the five Postscripts, which we think it unnecessary to add, put his hand suddenly to his brow and staggered to a chair. Then sighing to himself "well here's a pretty go," he left the room to negotiate the tickets, and then went to the Station to welcome the fair travellers.

CHAPTER II.

It is now time that we give the reader a brief account of our hero's previous life:—

Born of the illustrious house of De Cochleare, the eldest of three sons, and heir to the great Spoonlington Estate, to make use of a poetical metaphor, he seemed to have been born with "a silver spoon in his mouth." Alas! poor youth, "the silver spoon" of thy boyhood availed thee not now, when not even "the wooden spoon" fell to thy lot. Brought up in the enjoyment of all the happiness that rank and opulence could confer, Horatio knew not a care till in his fifteenth year he met his fair cousin Louisa Muffington. It was a case of "*veni, vidi, vici*" at once. Nor were the parents on either side adverse to a union which would join "lands broad and rich (the lands of Spoonlington and Muffington) and two persons not ill suited in years and intellect." From this moment, the chief object of Horatio's hopes was—Louisa! At the same time other ambitious projects fired his soul. The private tutor with whom he read had discovered in him "Classical powers of a very high order, and an aptitude for mathematics which gave promise of the highest possible distinction." Henceforth, to be Senior Wrangler was with him an object only secondary in importance to winning the heart of his fair Cousin.

Years passed by, and the boy of fifteen had grown into the youth of twenty; yet, still the objects of his ambition were the same—Louisa, and the first place in the Mathematical Tripos.

He was now an Undergraduate at Cambridge, "reading double." True, Fortune had not as yet smiled on him: for on closer acquaintance he found that the Goddess Mathesis was not so easily to be won, and that the Muses of Parnassus would not listen to the vows of one who pronounced *jam-dūdum* as though it were *jamdūdum*. Worn out by study he determined to relieve his mind by the noble pastime of rowing. But here again he was unsuccessful. For how was he to "do some work" while his heart was far away with Louisa? How was he to "take her round" at Grassy, when in fancy he was taking Louisa round in the whirling waltz? How was he to "mind his oar" at the Railway Bridge, when in the midst of a sonnet in honour of his Cousin? But if in all these pursuits Horatio's success was equivocal; no one disputed his right to be called a Poet. Twice did he obtain the medal for English verse; and his simile taken from the

moon was acknowledged to be the newest and best that had been made for the last five years. Such had been the life of our hero up to the time when he went in for his degree; the result of the examination we have already stated, it is one too painful to dwell on. We therefore conclude this chapter abruptly, and hasten on to our next in which we hope to find Horatio more successful.

CHAPTER III.

Whatever may be said or preached against "the Bachelors' Ball," no thoughtful man of sense will deny that it is one of the most useful of our University Institutions. How many vacant Fellowships does it produce! What a corrective is it to our celibate system! Here the proud intellect of the Senior Wrangler, the poetic taste of the Senior Classic, and the milder attainments of the Poll man are all on a level, all alike bask in the divine light of woman's beauty. Are you of "light fantastic toe?" where can you find a better arena for display than the Bachelors' Ball? Are you a lover of the Muses? seek the Bachelors' Ball, and there feed your poetic fancy, there let τὸ καλὸν enter into your soul and fill it with images of grace and loveliness!

Believe me my (ah! would that I could say "*fair!*") reader, the only opponents of the Ball are Senior Fellows of Colleges, who having for a long time warded off the arrows of the little blind god, still feel how insecure is the tenure on which they hold their fellowships. Once let them enter the Bachelors' Ball, and they know that ere long matrimony will be their lot. Fortunately the majority of mankind and of University men are not afraid of such a fate as this, and therefore we may feel confident that the Ball will safely survive the ill-timed and interested attacks occasionally made upon it. All honour to those gentlemen who, regardless of their own time and trouble, by their admirable arrangements enable us all to enjoy ourselves to our hearts' content at the Bachelors' Ball.

It was with thoughts such as these that Horatio entered that noble Hall,* which is so grand an ornament to our

* It is with unfeigned regret that we have heard a report to the effect, that our magnificent and commodious Town Hall is to be pulled down, and a more modern structure raised on the same site. Can aught surpass the vandalism of the nineteenth century? When shall we learn to respect edifices hallowed as is our Town Hall by the hand of Time, and the Genius of Antiquity?

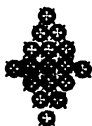
Town: and as he danced his first dance with his fair cousin Louisa, led away by the inspiring music of "the Gonville and Caius Quadrilles" and thinking only of the fair form by his side, he almost came to the conclusion that some happiness might *possibly* revisit the breast of a plucked man. Needless is it to relate how stoically he admitted to his fond relations that he had failed to obtain his degree, partly owing to his ill health, and partly owing to the well-known partiality of the examiners and the general unfairness of the papers. Needless is it to relate with how sweet a grace the fair Louisa wished him "better luck next time." How his first quadrille was "most delightful"; how his first waltz was "heavenly," and how after the third he could dance no more, but how on one of those sofas placed so conveniently by the managers of the Ball, he poured forth those feelings of love which for the last four hours had been pent within his breast. How, to cut a long story short, before the end of the year, you might have seen in the *Morning Post* the following paragraph:—

"Marriage in High Life.

"On Wednesday the 24th inst. the marriage of Horatio "de Cochleare, Esq., eldest son and heir of Sir Horatio "de Cochleare, bart., of Spoonlington Hall in the County "of —, to Louisa, only daughter of Digby Muffington, "Esq., of Muffington Hall, was celebrated in St. George's "Hanover Square. Mr. De Cochleare was educated at "— College, Cambridge, where he gave early proof of "those high intellectual powers, which we understand he "will soon be called upon to exercise for the good of his "country in Parliament."

Horatio de Cochleare is now a married man, blest with a sweet wife and a fine family, his name stands high among the Statesmen of Europe, but when asked for the secret of his success, he never fails to attribute all his happiness and greatness to "the Bachelors' Ball" at Cambridge.

Ψ.



THE FIRST TROUBLE.

I STRAY'D by the walls of an old village church,
 Gleaming grey through the laurel and silvery birch;
 And a winterly music came sighing along,
 As the dark winds of evening breath'd their last song
 To the dying December day.

Oh! how chang'd was the scene from the sunny spring tide,
 When I stood on that tower with Ann by my side;
 When my hand stay'd her steps on the shelving roof,
 And I listen'd entranc'd to her gentle reproof
 For not heeding what round me lay.

Full fair was the view in that woodland spot,
 With its budding green leaves—but I mark'd it not;
 The horizon held only that face to me,
 And, while gazing on it, what cared I to see
 How the branches stood bathed in light?

I felt not the breeze, but I knew it was there,
 For it kiss'd the low waves of her rippling hair;
 I saw not the trees, but I knew they were nigh,
 As I follow'd the glance of her travelling eye,
 And could tell where its ken would alight.

Oh! woe to the hour, when I found that the breast,
 I had fondly deem'd mine, held another as guest;
 When in wondering pity one look she bestow'd,
 As on some fragile thing she had crush'd in her road,
 Then pass'd unconcernedly by.

I press'd my hot brow to a tombstone cold,
 As the thoughts of that hour o'er my memory roll'd;
 Till the moonbeams had silver'd the battlements hoar,
 And I felt a strange hush o'er my spirit pour,
 Like the calm of that moonlit sky.

And I pray'd that on me, when all time-worn and grey,
 As then on that tow'r, a still radiance might play,
 And teach, it might be, to some breaking heart,
 Through the storms of affliction to bear up its part,
 Till it rested as peacefully.

“SATURN.”



A VISIT TO A WELSH COAL-PIT.

THE ideas which most people are accustomed to associate with the name of a coal-pit are, I think, anything but agreeable; they figure to themselves a dark dirty pit underground, something like a coal-hole on a large scale, with the addition of a little more dirt and obscurity than may generally be found in a well-regulated private establishment. Well, to some extent they are no doubt perfectly right; dark it is, and dirty—very dirty—much dirtier than they would probably consider at all desirable. Have you ever been down a coal-pit? No, you tell me, and what is more you don't intend to; you thank God that you were not born a collier, and do not at all see why you should reduce yourself to the level of one, and go burrowing underground like a mole, with the additional attraction of the chance of being reduced to your ultimate atoms by the explosion of the fire damp. At all events such would probably be the sentiments of your loving mother, if her darling Harry or Willie were to think of undertaking such a mad scheme. Still, however natural may be such a maternal remonstrance, it is always interesting to see for oneself the way in which so many thousands of our fellow-countrymen spend the greater part of their lives, and by which they earn their daily bread, and the thoughts which will necessarily arise from comparing their mode of life with our own more fortunate lot, are certainly not without their value to ourselves. However this may be, *curiosity* is common to us all, broad cloth and crinoline alike; and if curiosity was sufficient to lead Ida Pfeiffer round the world, I need scarcely be ashamed of having allowed it to lead me down a coal-pit.

I was staying during the last vacation in the ancient town of Cardiff, which, although but a short while ago almost unknown to gazetteers, has recently risen into con-

siderable importance as a sea-port town; and fortunately for my purpose I was well acquainted with the Government Inspector of Coal Mines for the district, who on learning my desire, at once offered to take me with him down a pit, and coach me up in the way in which they are worked and ventilated. I very readily accepted his offer, and a day was fixed for visiting the Gadlys colliery, which was one of the largest in that neighbourhood. The railway which took us to the town of Aberdare, near which the pit was situated, passed through one of those beautiful vallies which are so common in Glamorganshire; the appearance of a number of these has, however, considerably altered in the last few years; the quiet angler who formerly sauntered with his rod and line along the banks of Rhondda or of Cynon thought little of the mineral wealth over which he walked; the valley, with its grassy fields and lazy cattle, diversified by an occasional farmhouse, or quiet country-church, with the grand old hills on either side over which the mountain sheep bounded like chamois, seemed to him doubtless as pretty a place as any sprouting Tennyson could well desire in which to write a love-lorn sonnet to a Welsh milk-maid. Now, however, the scene is changed; the sheep and the fields and the cattle are still there—probably the milk-maid also; but on all sides may be seen dirty chimneys vomiting forth their smoke under the clear blue sky, with ugly sheds around them, from which issue sounds of panting engines, which seem to work for ever like modern Danaïds without getting a whit nearer the end of their labours. Our sonnet-writing friend would, I have no doubt, tell you that this is sheer desecration of the beauties of Nature; if so, put him to write poetry in December, without any fire; if he uses the coal he must be content to endure the chimneys.

On our arrival at Aberdare, our first care was to make ourselves as much like colliers as possible, by the aid of a couple of suits, which we had provided for the purpose of offering some resistance to the wet and dirt we knew we should have to encounter underground, a coal-pit not being exactly the proper place for lavender-kids or fashionable 'continuations.' Having done this, we proceeded to the pit. I now found the advantage of my companion's official character; a government inspector has power, and we were in consequence received by the manager with all due deference. The first thing to be done was to examine the plan of the workings, and the course taken by the

ventilating current of air, after which we descended the pit and began to make observations for ourselves.

Now to write an elaborate description of the nature of coal-pits and of the manner in which they are worked, would be a task of no small difficulty for myself, and possibly if accomplished, the result would be but little attractive to the majority of my readers. I will therefore spare them a long technical description, which they might find somewhat hard of digestion, and confine myself to my own experiences, giving them rather the hasty impressions of a foreigner than the full information of a native. To be brief, then; a coal-pit worked in the manner of the one I visited on this occasion consists of a series of narrow lanes called dip-head levels, which are driven out in an accurately horizontal direction from the bottoms of the shafts. These form the main streets of the subterranean; out of them branch other lanes called headings, and into the last open the passages in which the coal is actually cut, and which go by the name of stalls. It was of course in one of these levels that we found ourselves on arriving at the bottom of the shaft, and to one like myself, for whom the scene possessed the charm of novelty, the general effect was highly picturesque; the sudden change from the light above to the darkness of the pit, the faint light thrown by a few candles on the grimy faces of the colliers, and of some little imps* who were standing by their loaded trams, the at-first oppressive consciousness of the mass of earth above, and of the gloomy passages which seem to lead into the very bowels of the earth, all contribute to produce a striking impression when viewed for the first time, and forcibly remind one of some of the conceptions of Dantè or of Milton. It must not, however, be supposed, from my description, that a coal-pit is a silent, dismal abyss, where nothing is to be heard but the solemn sound of your own footstep splashing through the mire; it is cheerful enough in its own way, especially near the bottom of the shaft; the rattling of the trams, and the cries of the men urging on the horses (of which there are always a number in the pit), shew that there is plenty of work being done, and fill the place with the sounds of honest industry. Having rested for a minute or two in order to accustom our eyes to

* There is a regulation that no boys under ten years of age shall be admitted to work in a coal-pit; but this is not uncommonly evaded.

the darkness, we proceeded onwards under the guidance of one of the overseers, each carrying a Davy lamp to enable us to steer as clear as possible of the mud and pools of water with which the ground was plentifully covered; it was not, however, yet necessary to put the tops on our lamps, for the explosive fire-damp is never found very near the bottom of the shaft, and there is consequently no danger in carrying a naked light. We pursued our walk through the pit for some three or four hours, and while my companion was examining those parts of the arrangements which he wished more particularly to inspect, or interrogating the men in guttural Welsh, of which he seemed to be a complete master, I had plenty to do in looking at the various objects of interest which presented themselves. It was a strange sight, when in the middle of our walk we would come suddenly upon some solitary man with his single light, working in the corner of a distant stall, and hacking away at the solid wall before him; and strange to think, that while the sun is shining, and the birds are singing under God's blue heaven above, he crouches there day after day, week after week, aye, and year after year, hacking away at the same dull black wall which rises ever before him; and sad to think what must be his mental condition and that of thousands of others like him, who must work on while bone and sinew last, or they and their children starve. What to him are the pleasures of the intellect, the charms of literature, of history, and of science?—he cannot even read. I might bring forward many instances of the deplorable ignorance of these men both in Wales and in the North—that for example of the collier, who said in answer to one of our Home-Missionaries after a careful consideration for a moment or two, “No, he could’nt say as how he knew anybody of the name of Jesus, but perhaps *he worked in the next pit!*” But it is easier to moralize on a state of things, the existence of which we all know and regret, than to propose a practical remedy. Something has been done in the way of education, and much more we may hope will be; the sooner the better, for no one can doubt that a festering mass of ignorance and brutality, such as may still be met with in some parts of *merry* England, must be fraught with danger to the well-being, if not the very existence of any civilized community. There are, however, bright exceptions even amid the darkness of a coal-pit; there is many an honest, hearty man who does his duty to himself and to his family in the fear of God—all honour to him for it; despise him not as you rattle along in your dog-cart over the ground under

which he works, or as you stand in your comfortable room with your coat-tails under your arms warming yourself before the coal which he has cut;—there may be something to learn even from a collier.

As you have allowed me to lead you down a coal-pit, it is necessary that I should say a few words concerning the manner in which they are ventilated, as this is perhaps the most important subject connected with their management. We know that it is not always the easiest thing in the world to keep the air pure in workshops and factories above ground, and the difficulty is of course much increased at a distance of perhaps two or three hundred yards below the surface, especially when we consider the gas exuding from the coal, which, unless it be driven off by an artificial current of air, will soon make its presence felt by one of those fearful explosions of which we occasionally hear. It may seem to the uninitiated almost impossible to establish this artificial current at so great a depth: the way in which the object is attained is as follows. The shafts of a colliery are divided into two classes, upcast and downcast shafts, and at the bottom of each of the upcast shafts a furnace is kept constantly burning. This of course heats the air, and causes it to ascend; the cold air rushes down the corresponding downcast shaft to fill up the vacuum, and thus produces the required current; the expedient is an old one, having been used in mines in the 16th century;* and with due care it answers very well. If, however, there be any neglect or carelessness, the foul air immediately accumulates and explodes on contact with a naked light. This is especially the case in the old workings; one of those to which we came on this occasion my friend suspected might contain gas, and having taken the precaution of putting the tops on our Davy lamps we went in to examine it. The result shewed that he was right, and on elevating the lamp we had the satisfaction of seeing that it was only owing to the invention of Sir Humphry Davy that we were not blown off to infinity. Of course I expressed, as in duty bound, a profound admiration for the glorious triumph of science, and mildly suggested the advisability of moving a little further off. It is satisfactory, no doubt, to place your head under a steam-hammer which descends with terrific force and is stopped to a nicety at about the extremity

* See Rodolphus Agricola de Re Metallica.

of your whiskers, but I think it is far *more* satisfactory to take it away again.

There are many other interesting things connected with a coal-pit to which I have not yet alluded; but a due regard to the patience of my readers will, I fear, prevent me from enlarging upon them: I trust that I have said enough to awaken their curiosity upon the subject: should this be the case, I can only, in conclusion, recommend them to descend a pit upon their first opportunity, and examine it for themselves. I can promise them that when after a few hours spent underground they emerge once more, wet and dirty, into the light of day, they will not regret the time which they have spent in the Birth Place of the Black Diamond.

“ENOD.”

FANCY.

1.

I rode across the hills
 When the summer-morn was fair,
 And came and saw from the breezy ridge
 Her valley beneath me there:—
Her valley, and all beyond
 Mountain and meadow and valley and wood
 Rolling wave-like in glory from where I stood
 To the line of the moorlands bare.

2.

And there were the village roofs,
 And over them rose the spire,
 Gleaming up in the morning sun
 Like a heavenward flame of fire;
 And my blood ran fuller and faster
 In all its ebbings and swells,
 As Fancy caught a glimmer of white,
 And the clash of bridal bells.



UNIVERSITY ENGLISH.

"I MAY read," said the afflicted Dean of Christ Church as he vainly sought for rest on his sick couch, "my physician says I may read light literature." One of Scott's novels was handed him. "Pshaw, what stuff for a sick man! I want *light* reading! give me a Greek Lexicon!"

Perhaps, reader, I need not tell *you* that the story is a true one. You may be one of Alma Mater's most promising sons; your mind may be already so saturated with Mathematics or Greek dialects, and so regardless of all other subjects and objects as to have closely assimilated to that of the learned Dean. Perhaps you are one to whom the story seems too strange for belief, and you will say that if it be true, the Dean must have been either more or less than man.

But by far the greatest probability is that you will not class under either of these heads. You may indeed be a happy D^r SENIOR, or a high Double First, yet you will not consider the Dean's state of mind to be that to which all learned minds should approximate: and on the other hand you may be, at present at least, guiltless of having misunderstandings with Newton, or of mutilating Homer's remains, and yet you will neither discredit the story nor denounce the worthy Dean as inhuman.

Let us step back a little in our history and take a view of our Heads of Houses and Fellows as they existed some dozen generations ago, and try if by any stretch of imagination we can connect them with the Masters and Seniors of our time. I fancy they differed even in form from our "Dons." Square built, thick-set men with graceless gait and heavy tread, whose every movement seemed regulated by the slow stroke of St. Mary's clock, men with "beard of formal cut," that cut being such as would make a modern moustache stand on its end, men who spoke barbarous Latin with a still more barbarous provincial brogue, who grinned

from ear to ear at the most wretched pun or abortive attempt at a "quaint conceit" but never, never gave loose to a light-hearted fit of ringing laughter;—such seem to me to be the men who were spoken of as "Y^e Fellowes of Cantebrigge, learned in Latine and Logicke."

Our Latin improved when bluff Harry endeavoured to establish his rule over men's intellects, and under Elizabeth we overcame our dread of "heretical Greek," but English was left to itself. Hear a combination-room discourse, when the pedantic Scot swayed the badly united sceptres of St. Andrew and St. George, as his favourite prototype Solomon did those of Israel and Judah.

"As I walked out this morning, Master Farmer, about five of the clocke, I lighted on two younge men near Trompingtonne coming to Cambridge. The one was mounted on a sorry horse, and his fellowe did trudge beside him in clouted brogues. Now, as ye wot, our Master hath changed the time to break-faste from half-past five to half-past six, I hasted not to returne, and thus I spake the striplings, 'Good morrow, sirs, young clerkes as I suppose'; and they said 'yea'; right glad that they were cleped clerkes. 'And you are from the North,' said I to him that rode, 'your speech saieth so'; he answered, 'Sir, ye say sooth; I much admire your cunning.' Then said he that strode, 'and I am a Welshman fro Comberlande; it chanced to us to joint-lodge in one taverne three nights agone and we have joint-travailled from then; my fellowe carrieth my wallet on the horse, and would grant to me to ride behind, but there is to the beaste need of strengthe, poor jade, scant can he carry himself.' Then did I admire and said, 'Sir, there be that in your wordes and utterance, which agreeth not with our speeche in these partes.'

"After a while I turned to him that rode, 'Sir, your bridle is of straunge device, it is of hempe, even that part which is in the beaste's mouth.' I trow not of another ilk,' quoth he, 'howbeit it is ycleped a haulter.' 'Nay,' quoth the forayne, 'now do you mis-stand each other. There be two fashions, the bridle, whereof the part in the horse's head is iron, and the collar, whereof no part doth go through the beaste's head, but goeth round the head or neck only, wherewith to lead the beast, and differeth from the drag-collar wherewith the beaste doth draw draftes.'

"This have I said Master Farmer, to do you to wit what a tonge of Babel our English tonge be, insomuch that the speeche of one parte is not understood in another. Were

it not well if a doctor should discourse of English in the schools as we now do of Latine?"

To this Master Farmer responds with becoming indignation, "Opus dignissimum sane, ad verba puerulorum dirigenda descendere! Ad hoc putasne domus nostras fundatas esse, ad docendos rusticos quomodo inter se elegantissime loquerentur, et quomodo equis canibusque perspicacissime jubeant? Nonne est Latina lingua thesaurus opimus theologiæ, et historiæ, et artium, et scientiarum omnium? Est ars longa, vita brevis; visne igitur vitam decurtare artes vilissimas discendo? Et de hoc ipso quod adducis, de intelligenter loquendo, nonne facilius est unam linguam quam quadraginta dialectus discere? Et quis hoc officio fungeretur, vel ad quam normam conformares linguam nostram? Num ad tuam, qui mecum loquens his vocibus usus es "clouted brogues" quarum nec significatio nec sonus mihi est notus? Desine, satis est lingua Anglicana ad usum tabernariorum et rusticorum, nos vero universalem linguam et artes immortales discere oportet."

The juniors look wondering applause, at this thunderburst of Latine and Logicke and sage erudition, and the castigated sufferer mentally vows that he will never again introduce the subject.

Master Farmer's estimate of the relative values of Latin and English outlived his time, perhaps there are some who still maintain it. It certainly was not defunct when our friend the Christ Church Dean was an infant prodigy. He was fed no doubt with unadulterated Homer, Pindar and Anacreon, moistened now and then with a dissertation on the prepositions, and when he was of an age at which most boys would be plucked if required to distinguish veal from venison, his delicate palate would be disgusted if a dish of Greek were seasoned with a compound of *περι*, instead of *αμφι*. Looking back as he did with scorn on the coarse Roman roots adulterated with the barbarous garbage of the monks whereon his scholastic progenitors batted, he felt that he was feeding on the true manna and nectar, which would raise him to a god-like stature and strength.

With him, English was the speech to express the wants of his lower nature, the medium of communication with his servants; Greek was the language of his heart and intellect. English was a serviceable surtout and top-boots, good for wet weather and walking over the farm; Greek was the neat, easy-fitting evening dress, in Greek he chatted and laughed, in Greek he danced and sang, in Greek he sat down to "the

feast of reason and the flow of soul." A slow, obtuse, unwieldy housekeeper was his mother tongue to him; Greek was the coy and queenly beauty, such as Phidias would have died to petrify, the thing of light and life and love, of grace and intelligence which entranced and captivated his soul. Well might he say, "Give me a Greek Lexicon!"

But, meanwhile that part of England which was outside University walls (which, I hope University men will allow me to state, was no inconsiderable part), had become other than it was when Master Farmer discoursed so learnedly in Latin. It had increased and multiplied, and was replenishing the earth and subduing it. The ever-heaving ocean of commerce had softened and ground down the many dialects of Jutes and Angles which stood in its way, flinty and angular-like repulsive rocks. They had been split and worn and scattered by its roll and flow, and now formed one level beach of soft rich sand. But in all this the Universities had no hand. A language had been formed and perfected, and a literature was arising with which they had nothing whatever *directly* to do, (*indirectly* the greater part of the Latin element of our language comes from the Universities). English was as far as possible ignored. Newton and Bacon wrote in Latin, and the English of the Professors written and spoken was cast in a Latin mould. Thousands had gone forth from the Universities to teach the Saxon multitudes, but the language of the teachers was less pure, less idiomatic, less forcible than that of the taught. There was a difference of language which the rustic supposed to result from difference of feeling and want of sympathy. Illiterate (unsophisticated?) men gained the affections of the people, and the tinker Bunyan had more followers than the Archbishop Laud. This is borne witness to in religion by the prevalence of dissent; and in literature, by the outcast Saxon offshoot in America sending us first a Lindley Murray to teach us how to speak, and now a Webster to tell us what to say.

But the learned bodies cared for none of these things. They walked indeed on the fair English beach, and sometimes left there the impress of their feet, but it never occurred to them that a little of the leaven of the Schools, a little of the learning and fervour which the Universities often devoted to trifles, would have fused all that Saxon sand into one vitreous mass of translucent crystal, making it the clearest medium which the world has ever seen or shall see.

But they had their reasons for acting as they did. In the first place, they thought that Master Farmer's opinions were right in the main, though perhaps his conclusions were not legitimately deducible from his premises; and secondly, they argued that as the Students had been nurtured in English and would converse in it alone after leaving the University, *that* part of their education was least liable to be deficient, and that it was best to keep men, while at the University, to those necessary studies which they would have no other opportunity of acquiring.

Let us not hastily and irreverently impugn the judgments of honest and sensible men, who anxiously consulted our interests, who loved their Alma Mater, and whose bodies mingle with the dust within the sacred walls of our College Chapels. They had their prejudices, we also have ours; if an English Tripos were established to-morrow there are few who would not "pooh! pooh!" it, and there are none who would not think its highest honours spurious, beside the Wranglers and First Class men of the two standard Triposes. Let us not be eager to run off chuckling to the "Times" to amuse the world with the inaccuracies of our Seniors. To use the style of a century ago, too homely and honest for the present squeamish generation, "let us not harbour an indecent haste to point out the scanty covering of our parent, remembering the curse of Ham."

University English may be bad, but if *ours* be bad, we have only ourselves to blame, the remedy is in our own hands,—the "Eagle" is that remedy.

The laws of nature are fixed, so are the laws of classic composition, so are the laws of the human mind. Such being the case, the Mathematics and Classics will be read at Cambridge till the end of time, for they are the best exercise for the mind. But with respect to men's private reading and exercises, it would be well if they changed to suit the wants of an ever-changing world. Let then those who have just come up, who bring, as it were, the latest news from the external world be not backward to state and discuss their views in the "Eagle." There simple truth, there the results of experience or deep thought, there modest common sense will always be welcome.

"W. M. T."

NOCTURNE.

WHAT are those stars above us
 That beam so softly down,
 Like golden jewels sparkling
 In some bright seraph's crown.
 Are they but blooming flowerets,
 The darlings of the skies,
 That in some heavenly meadow
 With purest fragrance rise?
 Or are they gentle tear drops
 Of pity and of love,
 Of cherubin and seraphin
 That dwell in worlds above?
 Are they the saints in glory
 That once on earth did tread,
 And now look down upon us
 From the mansions of the dead?
 Or do they, rolling onward,
 Their harps melodious raise,
 And sing to God above them
 One long grand hymn of praise.
 No; they are something nobler,
 Those little orbs of night,
 Those fiery drops of splendour,
 Those dewy gems of light.
 Each one of them is teeming
 With pleasure, light, and love,
 And shadows forth the glory
 Of its great God above.
 Round each one stars are circling
 In never-ending course,
 Which weave a chain of brightness
 Around their shining source.
 And each one too is circling
 Around some distant star,
 That in more radiant glory
 Burns downward from afar.
 Thus roll they on for ever,
 The guardians of the night,
 The foot-prints of Jehovah,
 Lamps of the Infinite.

“ENOD.”



UNCLE JOE

WHAT an admirable century is the nineteenth! so good, so pious, so charitable! Such were the thoughts that flitted through the writer's brains as he perused a not very ancient article of the *Times*, in which that periodical endeavoured with all the force that Times-article-writing could muster, to inculcate on us that we are indeed too good and charitable to know how good and charitable we are, and, while it calls upon us to hug ourselves in the thought of the recent subscriptions for the poor, and in true John-Bull fashion to count up our charity-founded churches, hospitals, schools, dispensaries, lying-in-hospitals, and workhouses, forbids us under penalty of being thought to hold opinions contrary to the *Times*, ever again to doubt our own charity. True, most true, oh! spiritual periodical, voice of the nation of England! most true it is that we are a charitable people. And when I reflected on my own younger days, and thought on the many shillings which had been given me in church to put into the plate, and the pennies which I had in like manner deputy-like bestowed on crossing-sweepers with twisted or no legs, I came to the conclusion that I too was a charitable individual of a charitable nation; suppressing, I must confess, certain uncomfortable reminiscences of occasional calculations as to how many marbles said shillings or pence would have procured, and one not unsuccessful stratagem by which I contrived to abstract one-half of a charitable donation, investing the same in sugar candy; for which feat I had indistinct ideas of having received my first whipping. With these complacent feelings, I turned to discuss my coffee which was getting cold, and a letter from my Uncle Joseph as yet unopened and unread, owing to the superior attractions of the *Times*. Charitable reader, I am going to insert this letter. Therefore also, if it seem good to you, I will lay before you a few particulars relating to my worthy uncle, to one who wants to understand the following letter, not altogether useless.

My uncle Joe then is a gentleman of limited means: in short, not to mince matters, possesses an independent fortune of £300. a year, which it is his object in life to make to appear four, five, or any other number of hundreds greater than the aforesaid three: under these circumstances, I need scarcely say that my uncle is guiltless of marriage. The last ten years he has spent in wandering about on the continent and elsewhere, for the sake of better effecting the object of his existence in happy districts where for 7500 francs per annum, Smith may find himself called "*Milor*." For private reasons I shall not say what Chancery suit it was which, with its golden hopes, induced my poor uncle to quit his charming life abroad and rush to his former detestation, expensive, dirty, disagreeable London. This is not our concern. Suffice it that in his last letter to me, after describing innumerable onslaughts made on him by lodging-house keepers, who wore widow's weeds, and having seen better times, and had their misfortunes, used to charge twice the ordinary prices for "furnished apartments to let," he had once more "enquired within," and this time with a satisfactory result. In the West End of London, leading out of Haregrove Square into Little-Philadelphia-lane, there is a small street, containing about thirty houses, which vary in respectability inversely as the numbers on the doors. In other words, numbers one and three consider themselves in the square; number two can see a little bit of the square larnum tree, and of course therefore cannot be said to live in a street with *his* prospect; numbers four, five, . . . fifteen are in the highest degree respectable; thenceforth the respectability decreases till we reach number twenty-five when it becomes zero, and subsequently a negative quantity, yielding to the baneful influence of Little-Philadelphia-lane. Here then, at number fifteen, in lodgings of the highest respectability, had my uncle unpacked his little Lares and Penates and stuck them up on the mantle-piece, and from number fifteen accordingly I expected I should have received the following letter. What then was my astonishment when I saw at the top of the letter—

Paris,

"MY DEAR FREDERIC,

"Possibly you are surprised at seeing whence this letter is dated, but you will be surprised no longer when you read further. You are aware, my dear boy, that with a view to superintending in person the case of — *versus* —

I lately took most respectable lodgings in a highly fashionable part of London, and that I renewed some most agreeable acquaintances with the rector of the parish and several other gentlemen who reside in the neighbouring square. Well, I had not lived any great length of time in — street, when I began to find myself gradually annoyed by begging advertisements relating to schools, hospitals, dispensaries, work-houses, poor-houses, and a variety of other charitable institutions which I never heard of before the last twenty years. This was the more annoying because my good landlady, in other respects a very amiable and worthy woman, was herself interested in what she called "the good cause." The consequences are obvious. On my breakfast-table every morning was laid an appeal in behalf of a consumption-hospital; in the folds of the "*Times*" lurked a pathetic entreaty in favour of a dispensary, illustrated with two or three remarkable cures; at dinner, as being applicable to the occasion, were presented to me short treatises on the advantages of Sunday-School festivals; and when I lit my afternoon pipe, as a preparation for my customary siesta, I found that I had devoted to that sacred purpose a short account of a neighbouring flannel-society, beginning with "Are you a Christian?" and ending with "Subscriptions will be received by J. Smith, Esq." Smith, indeed, why, if *he* asks me, I must give, I can't think of refusing *him*; and yet, sir, there was the time when a gentleman might be a gentleman, and yet never give a farthing to these plaguy innovations, these flannel-societies, and dispensaries, and what not; but, deuce take it, a gentleman must give now, if he's to be respectable: it's the fashion, a humbugging fashion, if you will, nothing like the old let-alone fashion of my times, but still, the fashion; and so old Joe has to swim along with the tide; and bleed as he swims; yes, bleed sir,—but I am anticipating. When I found, last Monday, these pestilential begging-papers come in faster and faster, so that my pipe was no longer equal to the work of destruction, I gave them in a heap to my landlady's little Tom to make cocked hats and boats with, according to the boy's own ingenious and, I must say, original taste. The consequence of this rash act of mine was, that as I descended the stairs for the purpose of going out to dine with the before-mentioned J. Smith, I heard a huge squealing arise from down stairs, and looking through the open door, saw Tom with a Prayer-book in his hand standing in the corner, from which he was

forbidden to stir till he had learnt all that piece about "to keep my hands from picking and stealing." On his head a large cocked-hat with CHURCH-BUILDING-SOCIETY in large letters thereon imprinted bore plain witness to the cause of his sufferings. On seeing me Mrs. Robinson came out, her lap full of fragments of charitable documents, and lifting up the finger of scorn at poor little 'Tom, exclaimed 'Drat the little villain, sir, who'd have thought it; a heathen should 'nt have had the heart to do it, much less one as has had Christian godfathers and godmothers.' I blush to say it, I remained silent; I said no word for Tom: Mrs. Robinson's reproof went to my heart, and I left the house in sorrowful silence. When I reached Smith's (it's only a few doors off, in fact, we are almost in the square) I found a very pleasant assemblage of friends, the Rector and two other old College-chums, who with myself and Smith, and of course Mrs. Smith, made up the party. The dinner was a pleasant one, passed off as pleasant dinners do; nothing very extraordinary, but still no stiffness or awkwardness, everything very comfortable. At about half-past nine, Smith's countenance began to assume a slightly solemn aspect; he and the rector in the corner; frequent conferences (excuse the disjointed sentences, Fred, I'm getting tired), Mrs. Smith began to look on me with a mysterious blandness, missed one or two of my best jokes, and at last, when I asked her whether she had been lately to the Princess', said 'Oh yes Mr. —, I trust—I am sure you will not fail us.' I stared, and she proceeded. 'I know my dear John may calculate on your zealous assistance, now as ever; they are going to build a new infant-school, you know; such a pretty style of architecture.' Hereupon Smith addressed the company, saying that he had invited his friends together on this eventful night, not only for the purpose of enjoying, for indeed it was an enjoyment, the pleasure of their company, but also that they might co-operate, as he knew they would, in the good work which was in hand. He pointed out to them the liberal manner in which Messrs. *A, B, C*, on the other side of the square had supported the undertaking, and he trusted, nay more, he would say he knew, that we would not be left behind. Mr. Smith then offered a subscription list, which he produced from his pocket, to the Rector, who wrote down a name and amount: his example was followed by Mr. Smith and my two fellow victims. Now it was my turn; with a firm step and easy gait, I strode toward the fatal document, as though I were walking to my wedding, not a subscrip-

tion list: good heavens! sir, what an amount did I see! how many sunny trips near sunny Marseilles; how many bottles of good vin de Bordeaux; how many light and excellent French dinners: how much of all that is good and fair might not have been procured anywhere out of subscription-signing England, for the amount which I saw before me! How I wished I had been a woman, that I might have fainted! 'Ah, Mr. — you can't really write with that horrid pen, pray take this,' said my hostess, handing me a quill with her own fair fingers. Two seconds more and I was a lost man. I had done sacrifice to the great respectable Juggernaut who treads on the necks of us free Englishmen. I don't care one fig for the little infants; or, if I do, I had rather they should stay at home with their mothers than come and get their little brains turned topsy-turvy by school-learning which their fathers and grandfathers did very well without—and yet there was my name down on the list—Joseph —, Esq. £20. I had tried to resist Juggernaut, and he had been too strong for old Joe, rolling over him, and cracking his old bones to shivers. In fine, sir, I went into the house a Christian, I came out a Juggernautist. From henceforth I had no freedom; Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C., from the square, all called on me, thanked me for my great liberality and begged to recommend to me certain cases which they were sure I had only to know, &c. The pestilential missives again poured in: little Tom scowled at me; my landlady triumphed; and, to crown all, a week had scarcely elapsed when they began to pull down three houses opposite number fifteen to build their infant school: and in return for my giving them £20. made my life miserable and my ears deaf. On the day before yesterday, Mr. D., whom I had not yet seen, called in behalf of the Plumb-Pudding-and-Goose Institution. I took my resolution that moment; and begging him to wait for a few minutes, as I was just on the point of stepping out, took my hat, walked down stairs, and here I am at Paris, where the motto is, 'every one for himself,' and there are none of these accursed subscription-lists to worry a man out of his existence. You will perceive from the above account of my misadventures, that your request for ten pounds cannot at present be answered by

Your affectionate Uncle,

"JOSEPH —."

Charitable reader, my uncle was a humbug. He himself admits it: but before you proceed to condemn him, before

you say "he is a humbug," had you not better—for surely justice as well as charity begins at home—say "I am a humbug," or at all events, "am I not a humbug?" Fear not, reader, I myself will respond to your Juggernaut chant, while we bow before our common idol, and will sing in return, "we are all humbugs." That is to say, humbugs relative, not absolute. Can you, who—at least in all probability—think and talk so lightly of the charity of our ancestors, a charity unfostered by letters in the *Times*, by speeches, resolutions, and printed subscription lists; a charity which could not be dropped conveniently down the conducting-pipe of some provident society to come out at the other end metamorphosed, without trouble or thought of yours, into bread and clothing for starving women and children whom you, it may be, never thought about, much less saw, can you, I say, look back on no charitable doles which pick-pocket fashion has wrested from you, while you, artful hypocrite, could scarce conceal your writhings, or summon up the minimum amount of deception required by respectability? I have no doubt you can: and if so, most charitable reader, why blame my uncle? Most of you have had, perhaps, sufficient experience to take honours in the art of subscription-signing: as for my poor uncle, he would have been plucked for his little-go. For, simple fellow, he never could possibly persuade himself afterwards that he had been really charitable: he always would persist in looking on Juggernaut as a god of plunder, of booty, an Anglican Hermes in sheep's clothing, and rejected the crowns of commendations showered on him by his friends, not considering that they are the fillets and coronets which it becomes the victim to wear as he is led to the sacrificial altar of the god. And yet, my poor uncle, to have paid, as it were, your entrance-fee, and after all to miss the advantages of a Juggernaut education, does seem too hard! Well, for my part, I intend henceforth to wage determined war against humbug of every description; for what else has abstracted my good uncle's money, what else cut short his charitable purposes toward me, and what else now forces me to sign myself,

Yours in distress,

"FREDERIC —?"





A WORKHOUSE TALE.*

SILLY old woman,
Why are you weeping?
Late grows the night,
All around are sleeping.
Sadly the moon shines,
On the windows splattering
Fast fall the rain drops.
Hark, the cold blast scattering
All the few autumn leaves
That are left remaining
From the cold November
And its stormy raining.

Tell me, old woman,
Are you not contented?
We find you clothing,
Warm, but not expensive:
We find you victuals,
Coarse, but not unwholesome:
We pay up poor rates;
Are you not contented.
Ladies come and read to you,
Dressed in their silk gowns,
So condescending:
Tell you that God loves
All to be humble;
So He does—that's why
Every Sunday morning
Each fair one kneeling,

* This very irregular little ballad is founded on a tale told,
I think, by Monro.

Damaging her silk gown,
 Owns that she is a
 Miserable sinner;
 Orders out her carriage,
 Drives home to dinner.
 If they are wretched,
 Dress'd in their silk gowns
 Living amidst plenty,
 Followed by servants
 Bowing and scraping,
 Wretched must you be,
 Silly old woman!
 Clad in your grey gown,
 Badge of your workhouse,
 Mark of your poorness,
 Silly old woman!

Why are you crying?
 Have you not blankets?
 Have you not clothing?
 Have you not pastors
 And spiritual Masters?
 This is your workhouse,
 Kept by your parish;
 Tell me, old woman,
 Why are you crying?

I beg your pardon, Sir,
 Didn't see you coming;
 Yes, I am silly,
 Worn out, and tired,
 Tired of living,
 Weary and world worn;
 'Twas but a trifle
 That made me weep so;
 Ought not to mind it:
 I have borne trials
 More than my share, Sir,
 Seldom have wept, though,
 Yes, Sir, I'm thankful
 To you and the ladies.
 The roof keeps the rain out:
 The clothes keep the cold out;
 Yes, Sir, I'm thankful.
 But a few years more
 My life is over,
 No longer shall I
 Trouble the parish

But for a coffin.
'Twas but a trifle
That made me weep, Sir;
But you must know, Sir,
I was not always
Such a poor, wretched,
Friendless old woman.
Once on a time, Sir,
Not twenty years back,
I kept a dairy.
William, my only son,
Used to live with me;
Dearly I lov'd him :
Twice on each Sunday
Both of us together,
Down to the old Church
Used to walk together.
Under the Yew-tree
Lay my dear husband;
Will never past his grave
Scarce without saying—
“Mother, though he's gone
(Pointing to his green grave)
I am left, thank God,
For your help and comfort.”
Then I was happy,
Now I am a homeless,
Friendless old woman.
Down to our village
Came a troop of soldiers
Dress'd in their red coats,
Will got enlisted,
Left his poor mother
Half-broken hearted.
Soon the wars broke out,
William, my sweet lad,
In the first battle,
Fell with his comrades;
Then for the first time
I felt alone, Sir,
In the cold winter
When the rain patter'd
Hard on my windows,
No longer William
Sat by the fireside,
No longer William
Read me my Bible:
Dim had my eyes grown,

Couldn't see no longer;
Used to sit for hours
Thinking of William
How he left his mother,
Then I used to think how
Much he used to love me.
Sorrows come together,
Soon my two cows died:
Could not pay my year's rent;
Every thing was then sold
All but a little mug,
"William, from his father,"
Painted upon it,
It was the mug which
Every Sunday evening
He used to drink from;
'Twas not worth selling,
So they let me keep it.
Penniless and homeless,
Widow'd and sonless,
Weary and world-worn,
Longing for dying,
I was left alone, Sir—
Well, then, at last I
Came to the workhouse;
Little did I think that
I should ever come to
Be a parish pauper.
Well, Sir, the mug which
Used to be my William's,
I had about me,
'Twas but a trifle,
Yet I loved it more than
All the world together—
It was the only thing
Which was my own now,
It was the only thing
Left of my poor son's;
'Twas but a trifle,
And I don't know, Sir,
But my cup of tea, Sir,
Always seem'd warmer
Out of that little mug,
"William," written on it,
"From his dear father"—
Sweet recollections
Used to cling around it,—
Days long pass'd away,

No more to come back;
When my dear Will's mug
Over the chimney,
Used to be hung up,
While the fire sparkled
Bright up the chimney,
In my own cottage,
Where, in the corner,
Sat my dear husband
Reading his Bible,
Whilst the bright fire light
Flash'd on his glasses,
Oh! those were glad days!
Then was I happy!
Now I'm a wretched,
Friendless old woman,
Tired of living,
Longing for dying!
'Twas but a trifle,
Ought not to mind it.—
Well, then the small mug,
"Will," written on it,
"From his dear father."
Only thing in the world
I could call my own, Sir:
As I was sitting
Drinking my tea, Sir,
With the other paupers,
Out of my own mug,
Up comes the Master,
Snatches my little mug,
"Will," written on it,
"From his dear father;"
Would you believe it,
Brake it before my eyes,
Saying—"old woman,
No pariah pauper,
By the regulations,
Can be allow'd to have
Property however small;"
It was my own mug,
"William," written on it,
"From his dear father."

Silly old woman,
Cease from your crying,
Soon in your coffin
You will be lying.

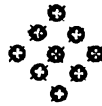
A Workhouse Tale.

Silly old woman,
Why are you weeping?
Soon in your green grave
You will be sleeping.

Silly old woman,
Cease from your mourning,
Though man is cruel,
Brighter days are dawning.

Silly old woman,
Angels are around you,
In this cold ward room
Spirits now surround you.

“P. R.”





A CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

[I PROPOSE to write a Chapter of English History from 1794 to the present time, illustrated from the Equation and Problem Papers of this College.

If it be true as is asserted by Philosophers, and as there seems no reason to doubt, that the effects of all our minutest actions are infinite both in time and space, that each movement we make, each word we utter, produces an ever-widening, ever-extending sphere of influence which comprehends within its expanding range the remotest star, the furthest recesses of unexplored space, that this influence once excited can never be annihilated, never absorbed, but must exist, for good or for evil to all time: surely we must expect that the great actions, the great events of the last sixty years have not failed to leave behind some foot-prints on the sands of time as they passed into the ocean of infinity, and where are we so likely to find these traces as in the immediate neighbourhood of the exciting cause. I propose to shew this in the case of the Equation and Problem Papers.

There was nothing in the early history of these papers to indicate their future greatness. Simple and rustic in their nature they speak to us of the manners of a time when Quadratic Equations and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were alike unknown. The first three specimens relate to a flock of sheep, a flock of geese and turkeys, whose driver to distinguish his own and to remember their number, resorts to the barbarous expedient of plucking feathers from their tails, and a comparison of income by two countrymen by means of the squares, products, and fourth powers of their daily wages.

In 1801, however, we are introduced to a new and brighter scene. Jovial and jocund were the days of old. Feasting and merriment still held their benign sway within

the walls of our ancient metropolis. Still as of yore did the Lord Mayor with his attendant Aldermen proceed on swan-hopping excursions up the silvery (?) Thames: still was turtle devoured and wine quaffed on these festive occasions: still did the loving cup circulate freely among the assembled guests. One of such scenes is presented to our view in the second Problem of this year. We see the City barge, the *Maria Wood*, proceeding on her way with her gallant array of ladies and gentlemen, her trained expert band of bargemen, her store of turtles and of wine. Every countenance is joyous, every heart light, (the river did not smell then) all gave themselves up to the festivities of the day—save one. Who is that in the corner absorbed in contemplation, seemingly immersed in abstruse calculations? Who is it but the great Senior Wrangler, fellow of St. John's, Chaplain most probably to the Lord Mayor or one of the Sheriffs. He notices indeed the drawing of each cork—it is but to register its number. He scrutinizes the turtles—he is only counting them. He gazes at the bargemen—he is counting them. He looks round on the assembly—he is counting them. The result is before us. All doubtless who were present on that festive day have long passed away, but a faithful chronicler was there, and this problem still remains as an imperishable record to all future time of that swan-hopping excursion; and now that the *Maria Wood* is devoted to the hammer, and these excursions have been discontinued, generations yet to come will gaze with silent regret at the faithful picture here portrayed of days that are no more, and will sigh to think that of all the old customs discarded in this age of economy and reform, this at least should not have been spared, and many a Johnian freshman as he pores in the silence of the night over these mysterious problems, will pause awhile from his absorbing and exciting study to meditate over these scenes of yore, and perchance to drop a tear over the memories of days that have passed never to return.

But the time of which we are now writing were troublous times. Nor was the time of that French Revolution which awoke Europe from her sleep of centuries, which raised up new dynasties and overthrew ancient monarchies, about which poets have sung, orators declaimed, historians written, and mathematicians invented problems. It is now but just beginning. England is not yet involved in the dreadful struggle. We hear as it were at first only the sullen

rumblings of the distant thunder, and catch a few faint flickerings of the far-off lightning, but ere long we are overtaken by the approaching storm, and battles and sieges, marches and countermarches, appear year after year in our Problem Papers. Thus in 1798 the militia is called out, in 1803 a company of merchants fit out a privateer, which in 1808 appears in chace of a trader. In 1804 and 1811 the evolutions of soldiers; in 1809 the cannon balls used in an engagement; in 1814 the scarcity and mortality in a besieged garrison; in 1815, the review of an army, form respectively the subjects of problems. But in 1816, 'grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front,' Peace descending from on high, and covering Europe with her fostering wings, calms the tempest with her benign influence, and starts a sailing packet from Dover to Calais; and from this time forth war disappears from the scene, till in 1831 another French Revolution calls for the pen of the chronicler, and till in 1841 and 1846 occur two faint allusions to the Indian war, and the expedition to the Sutlej, faint as befits their remoteness.

But turning from foreign politics to domestic concerns, our problems throw no less light on these than on the former. Questions of social improvement, of public festivities, of general distress, of domestic disturbance, of political tumult, all in turn engross the general attention and leave their indelible impress on this collection. Thus, to mention a few. In 1810 we are presented with a scene of public rejoicing on the occasion of a late jubilee; we hear, as it were, the loyal acclamations of a happy and contented people on the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III. And again in 1812 we are told that the preceding winter had been one of great distress. Nor does the political and moral improvement of the people fail to find its due place. In 1809, it is the enclosure of waste lands; in 1816, sanitary improvements and the institution of savings banks to which our attention is called. But with the return of peace, invention was stimulated, and useful arts received an impulse which entirely changed the face of the problems. The papers of this time bear remarkable testimony to this fact. The first step in this direction was the forming of canals, accordingly we find in 1818 a canal is started; but this was soon effaced by greater advances. In 1816 we saw a sailing packet going on its way from Dover to Calais: but in 1821 it is no longer a sailing packet but a steam boat. And the change in our means of internal communication is equally marked.

In 1811, 1820, 1822, 1829, and 1839 the rivalry and performances of stage coaches are brought under our notice, but in 1842 the Birmingham Railway is seen in full work and henceforth stage coaches are seen no more:—their place is occupied by railroads, as in 1848 and 1849. Other things of a similar nature occur about this time. In 1849, it is a telegraph; in 1826 and 1853, it is gas; in 1828, it is the erection of the Thames Tunnel; in 1831, a balloon ascent, which is brought under our notice. The spirit of speculation so rife some few years back is not forgotten. The griefs of the Spanish Bondholders are celebrated in 1823; and the rise and fall of Bubble Companies are duly chronicled in 1841 and 1846. The commercial panic of 1826 is not forgotten, nor are the Luddite riots of 1813, or those on the Reform Bill in 1831; the passing of the latter measure finds its record in 1832 and also in 1835, as does the Tithes Commutation Act in 1838.

Turn we now to our university and college, these are not neglected. In 1851 we find (if we take the trouble of solving the first Problem) that the sum of £16. is divided every week among our resident fellows. In 1821 the building of the observatory; and in 1827, of our new court afforded scope to the ingenuity of the examiners and a puzzle to the minds of the Freshmen, as did the election of a Chancellor of the University in 1847.

Nor is one of the most noble and elevating of our College pursuits passed over in silence. In 1827 the University Boat Club was first started, and our Mathematicians were not behind the age. All the more usual events of the boat-races are faithfully delineated for us. In 1830 it is the enthusiasm of a bump, in 1831 the interest accompanying a sculling-match, in 1837 the submersion of a ferry-boat by a sudden influx of eager passengers, and in 1856 the excitement of a time-race that are severally recorded. Cricket is only once mentioned in 1837.

And lastly, in more modern times, the last but not the least of our Sadlerian Lecturers has been the first to recognize the value of this collection as a medium of immortality. Only last year, we saw a problem which will perpetuate the memory of his shortness of breath and his elevated and skylike dwelling, will inspire with due veneration the minds of freshmen yet unborn, and impress more vividly on them the old proverb, "Most haste is worst speed."

To conclude. There are other topics of a kindred nature on which I might enlarge, but I forbear, and leave these as fertile fields for future investigators, assuring the patient and attentive student, that they will amply repay the labour and time spent in the pursuit, that they will afford as it were rich mines of precious metal, of which I have only broken the surface. In the meantime, if I have succeeded in shewing that in the most unlikely spots grow flowers unseen by the careless traveller, that even a mathematical problem may furnish a full storehouse to the historical student, providing him with unfailing indications of popular feeling and of general opinions; above all, if I have said aught which may increase the reverence and affectionate ardour with which Freshmen regard these papers, supplying them with new and nobler motives for their earnest and thoughtful study of them, I shall not have written in vain.

And lastly, I will presume to say a word to our present Lecturer on Lady Sadler's Foundation, with all the respect and deference due to his exalted station. Under the fostering care of, at first, the Greek Lecturer,* and in more modern times the Sadlerian Lecturer, these problems have arrived at their present pitch of excellence. Let it be his care, as befits the last of that illustrious line, to use worthily the noble heritage bequeathed to him by his predecessors. Let him either sing in mournful strains, sweetly and sadly as the expiring swan, the disastrous perversion of this princely gift, or rather let him surround with a brighter halo of glory and more brilliant coruscations of splendour the setting of that sun, which may, it is to be hoped, rise again under as fair auspices on the day which shall usher in the new dispensation.

“Q. E. F.”

* It was formerly part of the duty of the Greek Lecturer to set these papers.

A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE morn was dim with clouded mistiness,
 And a dull distance indistinct and gray,
 And on the churchyard turf the dews still press
 The green blades earthward with a heavy sway;
 But all the dimness and the cloudiness
 Noontide is melting silently away;
 The redbreasts all about in chorus sing
 Beneath the blueness of the brighten'd day;
 A quiet sound of insect murmuring
 Blends with the dewy voice of distant floods,
 And oh! so sweetly the calm sunshine broods
 O'er the still graveyard and green elms that move
 Gently above it in the low wind's breath,
 That all the motionless abode of Death
 Seems girt with presence of eternal Love.

NOTE.

TO the passages cited in my former note, it may perhaps be as well to add one from Albricus: in his *Commentariolum de Imaginibus Deorum*, Cap. V., he says "Huic (i.e. Veneri) et Cupido filius suus alatus et cæcus assistebat." The book is a description, in 23 chapters, of the manner in which some of the heathen deities and heroes were represented; thus, in the beginning of Cap. I., "Saturnus.... pingebatur, ut homo senex, &c." With respect to the Author, Muncker says (in the preface to the second volume of his *Mythographi Latini*, Amstel. 1681), "Albricus, sive is Alfricus est, qui Anglus fuisse, et annis abhinc sexcentis vel septingentis floruisse videtur." He also says that the book is now incomplete; and though an un mutilated copy was known to be extant (in manuscript) up to his time, it could not then be found on search being made for it. Hence Muncker has to content himself with saying, *οἱ χεραὶ ἄρ' ἐκεῖνος, καὶ ἠφάνισεν αὐτὸν εἰς οὐτοπιάν.*

G. DE A. DECURIO.



OUR TOUR.

AS the vacation is near, and many may find themselves with three weeks' time on their hand, five and twenty pounds in their pockets, and the map of Europe before them; perhaps the following sketch of what can be effected with such money and in such time, may not come amiss to those, who like ourselves a couple of years ago, are in doubt how to enjoy themselves most effectually after a term's hard reading.

To some probably the tour we decided upon may seem too hurried, and the fatigue too great for too little profit; still even to these it may happen that a portion of the following pages may be useful. Indeed, the tour was scarcely conceived at first in its full extent, originally we had intended devoting ourselves entirely to the French architecture of Normandy and Brittany. Then we grew ambitious, and stretched our imaginations to Paris. Then the longing for a snowy mountain waxed, and the love of French Gothic waned, and we determined to explore the French Alps. Then we thought that we must just step over them and take a peep into Italy, and so disdaining to return by the road we had already travelled, we would cut off the north-west corner of Italy, and cross the Alps again into Switzerland, where of course we must see the cream of what was to be seen; and then thinking it possible that our three weeks, and our five and twenty pounds might be looking foolish, we would return, *viâ* Strasburg to Paris, and so to Cambridge. This plan we eventually carried into execution, spending not a penny more money, nor an hour's more time, and despite the declarations which met us on all sides that we could never achieve anything like all we had intended, I hope to be able to shew how we did achieve it, and how any one else may do the like if he has a mind.

R

A person with a good deal of energy might do much more than this; we, ourselves, had at one time entertained thoughts of going to Rome for two days, and thence to Naples, walking over the Monte St. Angelo from Castellamare to Amalfi, (which for my own part I cherish with fond affection, as being far the most lovely thing that I have ever seen,) and then returning as with a nunc dimittis, and I still think it would have been very possible; but on the whole, such a journey would not have been so well, for the long tedious road between Marseilles and Paris would have twice been traversed by us, to say nothing of the sea journey between Marseilles and Civita Vecchia. However, no more of what might have been, let us proceed to what was.

If on Tuesday, June 9, you leave London bridge at six o'clock in the morning, you will get (*viâ* Newhaven) to Dieppe at a fifteen minutes past three. If on landing you go to the Hotel Victoria, you will find good accommodation and a table d' hôte at five o'clock; you can then go and admire the town which will not be worth admiring, but which will fill you with pleasure on account of the novelty and freshness of everything you meet; whether it is the old bonnetless, short-petticoated women walking arm and arm with their grandsons, whether the church with its quaint sculpture of the entombment of our Lord, and the sad votive candles ever guttering in front of it, or whether the plain evidence that meets one at every touch and turn, that one is among people who live out of doors very much more than ourselves, or what not—all will be charming, and if you are yourself in high spirits and health, full of anticipation and well inclined to be pleased with all you see, Dieppe will appear a very charming place, and one which a year or two hence you will fancy that you would like to revisit. But now we must leave it at forty-five minutes past seven, and at twelve o'clock on Tuesday night we shall find ourselves in Paris. We drive off to the Hôtel de Normandie in the Rue St. Honoré, 290, (I think) stroll out and get a cup of coffee, and return to bed at one o'clock.

The next day we spent in Paris, and of it no account need be given, save perhaps the reader may be advised to ascend the arc de triomphe, and not to waste his time in looking at Napoleon's hats and coats and shoes in the Louvre; to eschew all the picture rooms save the one with the Murillos, and the great gallery, and to dine at the Diners de Paris. If he asks leave to wash his hands before dining there, he will observe a little astonishment among the waiters at the barba-

rian cleanliness of the English, and be shown into a little room, where a diminutive bowl will be proffered to him, of which more anon; let him first (as we did) wash or rather sprinkle his face as best he can, and then we will tell him after dinner what we generally do with the bowls in question. I forget how many things they gave us, but I am sure many more than would be pleasant to read, nor do I remember any circumstance connected with the dinner, save that on occasion of one of the courses, the waiter perceiving a little perplexity on my part as to how I should manage an artichoke served à la Française, feelingly removed my knife and fork from my hand and cut it up himself into six mouthfuls, returning me the whole with a sigh of gratitude for the escape of the artichoke from a barbarous and unnatural end; and then after dinner they brought us little tumblers of warm lavender scent and water to wash our mouths out, and the little bowls to spit into; but enough of eating, we must have some more coffee at a café on the Boulevards, watch the carriages and the people and the dresses and the sunshine and all the pomps and vanities which the Boulevards have not yet renounced; return to the inn, fetch our knapsacks, and be off to the chemin de fer de Lyons by forty-five minutes past seven, our train leaves at five minutes past eight, and we are booked to Grenoble. All night long the train speeds towards the south. We leave Sens with its grey cathedral solemnly towering in the moonlight a mile on the left. (How few remember, that to the architect William of Sens we owe Canterbury Cathedral.) Fontainebleau is on the right, station after station wakes up our dosing senses, while ever in our ears are ringing as through the dim light we gaze on the surrounding country, "the pastures of Switzerland and the poplar valleys of France."

It is still dark—as dark that is as the Midsummer night will allow it to be, when we are aware that we have entered on a tunnel; a long tunnel, very long,—I fancy there must be high hills above it; for I remember that some few years ago when I was travelling up from Marseilles to Paris in mid-winter, all the way from Avignon (between which place and Chalons the railway was not completed,) there had been a dense frozen fog; on neither hand could anything beyond the road be descried, while every bush and tree was coated with a thick and steadily increasing fringe of silver hoar frost, for the night and day, and half day that it took us to reach this tunnel, all was the same,—bitter cold dense fog and ever silently increasing hoar-frost: but on emerging from

it, the whole scene was completely changed; the air was clear, the sun shining brightly, no hoar-frost and only a few patches of fast melting snow, everything in fact betokening a thaw of some days duration. Another thing I know about this tunnel which makes me regard it with veneration as a boundary line in countries, namely, that on every high ground after this tunnel on clear days, Mont Blanc may be seen. True, it is only very rarely seen, but I have known those who have seen it; and accordingly touch my companion on the side, and say, "we are within sight of the Alps;" a few miles further on and we are at Dijon. It is still very early morning, I think about three o'clock, but we feel as if we were already at the Alps, and keep looking anxiously out for them, though we well know that it is a moral impossibility that we should see them for some hours at the least. Indian corn comes in after Dijon—the oleanders begin to come out of their tubs—the peach trees, apricots, and nectarines unvail themselves from the walls, and stand alone in the open fields. The vineyards are still scrubby, but the practised eye readily detects with each hour some slight token that we are nearer the sun than we were, or at any rate, farther from the north pole. We don't stay long at Dijon nor at Chalons, at Lyons we have an hour to wait; breakfast off a basin of *café au lait*, and a huge hunch of bread, get a miserable wash, compared with which the spittoons of the *Diners de Paris* were luxurious, and return in time to proceed to St. Rambert, whence the railroad branches off to Grenoble. It is very beautiful between Lyons and St. Rambert. The mulberry trees shew the silkworm to be a denizen of the country, while the fields are dazzlingly brilliant with poppies and salvias; on the other side of the Rhone rise high cloud-capped hills, but towards the Alps we strain our eyes in vain.

At St. Rambert the railroad to Grenoble branches off at right angles to the main line, it was then only complete as far as Rives, now it is continued the whole way to Grenoble; by which the reader will save some two or three hours, but miss a beautiful ride from Rives to Grenoble by the road. The valley bears the name of Grésinvaldan. It is very rich and luxuriant, the vineyards are more Italian, the fig-trees larger than we have yet seen them, patches of snow whiten the higher hills, and we feel that we are at last indeed among the outskirts of the Alps themselves. I am told that we should have stayed at Voreppe, seen the Grande Chartreuse, (for which see Murray) and then gone on to Grenoble, but we were pressed for time and could not do everything. At

Grenoble we arrived about two o'clock, washed comfortably at last and then dined; during dinner a calèche was preparing to drive us on to Bourg d' Oysans, a place some six or seven and thirty miles farther on, and by thirty minutes past three we find ourselves reclining easily within it, and digesting dinner with the assistance of a little packet, for which we paid one-and-fourpence at the well-known shop of Mr. Bacon, Market-square, Cambridge. It is very charming. The air is sweet, warm, and sunny, there has been bad weather for some days here, but it is clearing up; the clouds are lifting themselves hour by hour, we are evidently going to have a pleasant spell of fine weather. The calèche jolts a little, and the horse is decidedly shabby, both quâ horse and quâ harness, but our moustaches are growing, and our general appearance is in keeping. The wine was very pleasant at Grenoble, and we have a pound of ripe cherries between us; so, on the whole, we would not change with his Royal Highness Prince Albert or all the Royal Family, and jolt on through the long straight poplar avenue that colonnades the road above the level swamp and beneath the hills, and turning a sharp angle enter Vizille—a wretched place, only memorable because from this point we begin definitely, though slowly, to enter the hills and ascend by the side of the Romanche through the valley, which that river either made or found—who knows or cares? But we do know very well that we are driving up a very exquisitely beautiful valley, that the Romanche takes longer leaps from rock to rock than she did, that the hills have closed in upon us, that we see more snow each time the valley opens, that the villages get scantier, and that at last a great giant iceberg walls up the way in front, and we feast our eyes on the long desired sight till after that the setting sun has tinged it purple, (a sure sign of a fine day,) its ghastly pallor shows us that the night is upon us. It is cold, and we are not sorry at half-past nine to find ourselves at Bourg d' Oysans, where there is a very fair inn kept by one Martin; we get a comfortable supper of eggs and go to bed fairly tired.

This we must remind the reader is Thursday night, on Tuesday morning we left London, spent one day in Paris, and are now sleeping among the Alps, sharpish work, but very satisfactory, and a prelude to better things bye and bye. The next day we made rather a mistake, instead of going straight on to Briançon we went up a valley towards Mont Petrous (a mountain nearly 14,000 feet high,) intending to cross a high pass above La Bérarde down to Brian-

çon, but when we got to St. Christophe we were told the pass would not be open till August, so returned and slept a second night at Bourg d'Oysans. The valley, however, was all that could be desired, mingled sun and shadow, tumbling river, rich wood, and mountain pastures, precipices all around, and snow-clad summits continually unfolding themselves; Murray is right in calling the valley above Venô a scene of savage sterility. At Venô, in the poorest of hosteleries was a tuneless cracked old instrument, half piano, half harpsichord; how it ever found its way there we were at a loss to conceive, and an irrelevant clock that struck seven times by fits and starts at its own convenience during our one o'clock dinner; we returned to Bourg d'Oysans at seven, and were in bed by nine.

Saturday, June 13.

Having found that a conveyance to Briançon was beyond our finances, and that they would not take us any distance at a reasonable charge, we determined to walk the whole fifty miles in the day, and accordingly left Bourg d'Oysans at a few minutes before five in the morning. The clouds were floating half-way down the mountains, sauntering listlessly over the uplands, but they soon begun to rise, and before seven o'clock the sky was cloudless; along the road were passing hundreds of people (though it was only five in the morning) in detachments of from two to nine, with cattle, sheep, pigs, and goats; picturesque enough but miserably lean and gaunt: we leave them to proceed to the fair, and after a three miles level walk through a straight poplar avenue, commence ascending far above the Romanche; all day long we slowly ascend, stopping occasionally to refresh ourselves with vin ordinaire and water, but making steady way in the main, though heavily weighted and under a broiling sun, at one we reach La Grave, which is opposite the Mont de Lens, a most superb mountain. The whole scene equal to anything in Switzerland, as far as the mountains go. The Mont de Lens is opposite the windows, seeming little more than a stone's throw off, and causing my companion (whose name I will, with his permission, Italianise into that of the famous composer Giuseppe Verdi) to think it a mere nothing to mount to the top of those sugared pinnacles which he will not believe are many miles distant in reality. After dinner we trudge on, the scenery constantly improving, the snow drawing down to us, and the Romanche dwindling hourly; we reach the top of the col de Lautaret, which Murray must describe; I can only

say that it is first class scenery. The flowers are splendid, acres and acres of wild narcissus, the Alpine cowslip, gentians, large purple and yellow anemones, soldanellas, and the whole kith and kin of the high Alpine pasture flowers; great banks of snow lie on each side of the road, and probably will continue to do so till the middle of July, while all around are glaciers and precipices innumerable.

We only got as far as Monestier after all, for reaching that town at half-past eight, and finding that Briançon was still eight miles further on, we preferred resting there at the miserable but cheap and honest Hôtel de l' Europe; had we gone on a little farther we should have found a much better one, but we were tired with our forty-two miles walk, and after a hasty supper and a quiet pipe, over which we watch the last twilight on the Alps above Briançon, we turn in very tired but very much charmed.

Sunday morning was the clearest and freshest morning that ever tourists could wish for, the grass crisply frozen, (for we are some three or four thousand feet above the sea) the glaciers descending to a level but little higher than the road; a fine range of Alps in front over Briançon, and the road winding down past a new river (for we have long lost the Romanche) towards the town, which is some six or seven miles distant.

It was a fête—the fête du bon Dieu, celebrated annually on this day throughout all this part of the country;—in all the villages there were little shrines erected, adorned with strings of blue corncockle, narcissus heads, and poppies, bunches of green, pink, and white calico, moss and fir tree branches, and in the midst of these tastefully arranged bowers was an image of the virgin and her son, with whatever other saints the place was possessed of.

At Briançon, which we reached (in a trap) at eight o'clock, these demonstrations were more imposing, but less pleasing, the soldiers too were being drilled and exercised, and the whole scene was one of the greatest animation, such as Frenchmen know how to exhibit on the morning of a gala day.

Leaving our trap at Briançon and making a hasty breakfast at the Hôtel de la Paix, we walked up a very lonely valley towards S. Servière. I dare not say how many hours we wended our way up the brawling torrent without meeting a soul or seeing a human habitation, it was fearfully hot too, and we longed for vin ordinaire; S. Servière seemed as though it never would come—still the same rugged

precipices, snow-clad heights, brawling torrent and stony road, butterflies beautiful and innumerable, flowers to match, sky cloudless. At last we are there—through the town, or rather village, the river rushes furiously, the dismantled houses and gaping walls affording palpable traces of the fearful inundations of the previous year, not a house near the river was sound, many quite uninhabitable, and more such as I am sure few of us would like to inhabit. However, it is S. Servièrè such as it is, and we hope for our *vin ordinaire*; but alas!—not a human being, man, woman, or child, is to be seen, the houses are all closed, the noon-day quiet holds the hill with a vengeance, unbroken, save by the ceaseless roar of the river.

While we were pondering what this loneliness could mean, and wherefore we were unable to make an entrance even into the little auberge that professed to *lôge à pied et à cheval*, a kind of low wail or chaunt begun to make itself heard from the other side of the river; wild and strange yet full of a music of its own, it took my friend and myself so much by surprise that we almost thought for the moment that we had trespassed on to the forbidden ground of some fairy people who lived alone here, high amid the sequestered vallies where mortal steps were rare, but on going to the corner of the street we were undeceived indeed, but most pleasantly surprised by the pretty spectacle that presented itself.

For from the church opposite first were pouring forth a string of young girls clad in their Sunday's best, then followed the youths, as in duty bound, then came a few monks or friars, or some such folk, carrying the virgin, then the men of the place, then the women and lesser children, all singing after their own rough fashion; the effect was electrical, for in a few minutes the procession reached us, and dispersing itself far and wide, filled the town with as much life as it had before been lonely. It was like a sudden introduction of the whole company on to the theatre after the stage has been left empty for a minute, and to us was doubly welcome as affording us some hope of our wine.

"Vous êtes Piedmontais, monsieur," said one to me. I denied the accusation. "Alors vous êtes Allemands." I again denied and said we were English, whereon they opened their eyes wide and said, "Anglais,—mais c'est une autre chose," and seemed much pleased, for the alliance was then still in full favour. It caused them a little disappointment that we were Protestants, but they were pleased at being able to tell us

that there was a Protestant minister higher up the valley which we said would "do us a great deal of pleasure."

The vin ordinaire was execrable—they only however charged us nine sous for it, and on our giving half-a-franc and thinking ourselves exceedingly stingy for not giving a whole one, they shouted out "*voilà les Anglais, voilà la générosité des Anglais,*" with evident sincerity. I thought to myself, that the less we English corrupted the primitive simplicity of these good folks, the better; it was really refreshing to find several people protesting about one's generosity for having paid a half-penny more for a bottle of wine than was expected; at Monestier we asked whether many English came there, and they told us yes, a great many, there had been fifteen there last year, but I should imagine that scarcely fifteen could travel up past S. Servièrè, and yet the English character be so little known as to be still evidently popular.

I don't know what o'clock it was when we left S. Servièrè; middle-day I should imagine—we left the river however on our left, and began to ascend a mountain pass called Isoard, as far as I could make out, but will not pledge myself to have caught the name correctly; it was more lonely than ever—very high; much more snow on the top than on the previous day over the col de Lautaret, the path scarcely distinguishable, indeed quite lost in many places, very beautiful but not so much so as the col de Lautaret, and better on descending towards Queyras than on ascending; from the summit of the pass the view of the several Alpine chains about is very fine, but from the entire absence of trees of any kind it is more rugged and barren than I altogether liked; going down towards Queyras we found the letters S. I. C. marked on a rock, evidently with the spike of an alpine-stock,—we wondered whether they stood for St. John's College.

We reach Queyras at about four very tired, for yesterday's work was heavy, and refresh ourselves with a huge omelette and some good Provence wine.

Reader: don't go into that auberge, carry up provision from Briançon, or at any rate carry the means of eating it: they have only two knives in the place, one for the landlord and one for the landlady; these are clasp knives, and they carry them in their pockets; I used the landlady's, my companion had the other; the room was very like a cow-house—dark, wooden, and smelling strongly of manure; outside I saw that one of the beams supporting a huge

projecting balcony that ran round the house was resting on a capital of white marble—a Lombard capital that had evidently seen better days, they could not tell us whence it came. Meat they have none, so we gorge ourselves with omelette, and at half-past five trudge on, for we have a long way to go yet, and no alternative but to proceed.

Abries is the name of the place we stopped at that night, it was pitch dark when we reached it, and the whole town was gone to bed, by great good luck we found a café still open, (the inn was shut up for the night) and there we lodged. I dare not say how many miles we had walked, but we were still plucky: and having prevailed at last on the landlord to allow us clean sheets on our beds instead of the dirty ones he and his wife had been sleeping on since Christmas, and making the best of the solitary decanter and pie dish which was all the washing implements we were allowed, (not a toothmug even extra) we had coffee and bread and brandy for supper, and retired at about eleven to the soundest sleep in spite of our somewhat humble accommodation. If nasty, at any rate it was cheap; they charged us a franc a piece for our suppers, beds, and two cigars; we went to the inn to breakfast, where though the accommodation was somewhat better, the charge was most extortionate. Murray is quite right in saying the travellers should bargain beforehand at this inn (*chez Richard*): I think they charged us five francs for the most ordinary breakfast. From this place we started at about nine, and took a guide as far as the top of the col de la Croix Haute, having too nearly lost our way yesterday; the paths have not been traversed much yet, and the mule and sheep droppings are but scanty indicators of the direction of paths of which the winds and rain have obliterated all other traces.

The col de la Croix Haute is rightly named, it was very high, but not so hard to ascend until we reached the snow—on the Italian side it is terribly steep, from the French side however the slope is more gradual,—the snow was deeper at the top of this pass than on either of the two previous days; in many places we sank deep in, but had no real difficulty in crossing; on the Italian side the snow was gone and the path soon became clear enough, so we sent our guide to the right about and trudged on alone.

A sad disappointment however awaited us, for instead of the clear air that we had heretofore enjoyed, the clouds were rolling up from the valley, and we entirely lost the magnificent view of the plains of Lombardy which we ought

to have seen: this was our first mishap, and we bore it heroically. A lunch may be had at Prali, and there the Italian tongue will be heard for the first time.

We must have both looked very questionable personages, for I remember that a man present asked me for a cigar; I gave him two, and he proffered a sous in return as a matter of course.

Shortly below Prali the clouds drew off, or rather we reached a lower level, so that they were above us, and now the walnut and the chesnut, the oak and the beech have driven away the pines of the other side, (not that there were many of them) soon too the vineyards come in, the Indian corn again flourishes everywhere, the cherries grow ripe as we descend, and in an hour or two we felt to our great joy that we were fairly in Italy.

The descent is steep beyond compare, for La Tour which we reached by four o'clock is quite on the plain, very much on a level with Turin, (I do not remember any descent between the two) and the pass cannot be much under the eight thousand feet.

Passports are asked at Bobbio, but the very sight of the English name was at that time sufficient to cause the passport to be returned unscrutinised.

La Tour is a Protestant place, or at any rate chiefly so, indeed all the way from S. Servière we have been among people half Protestant and half Romanist; these were the Waldenses of the middle ages, they are handsome, particularly the young women, and I should fancy an honest simple race enough but not over clean.

As a proof that we were in Italy we happened while waiting for table d'hôte, to be leaning over the balcony that ran round the house and passed our bed-room door, when a man and a girl came out with two large pails in their hands, and we watched them proceed to a cart with a barrel in it, which was in a corner of the yard, we had been wondering what was in the barrel and were glad to see them commence tapping it, when lo! out spouted the blood red wine with which they actually half filled their pails before they left the spot. This was as Italy should be. After dinner too, as we stroll in the showy Italian sort of piazza near the inn, the florid music which fills the whole square, accompanied by a female voice of some pretensions, again thoroughly Italianises the scene and when she struck up our English national anthem (with such a bass accompaniment!) nothing could be imagined more incongruous.

e- Sleeping at La Tour at the hotel kept by M. Gai, (which very good, clean and cheap) we left next morning, *i.e.* Tuesday, June 16, at four by diligence for Pimerolo, thence by rail to Turin where we spent the day. It was wet and we saw no vestiges of the Alps.

Turin is a very handsome city, very regularly built, the streets running nearly all parallel to and at right angles with each other; there are no suburbs, and the consequence is that at the end of every street one sees the country; the Alps surround the city like a horse-shoe and hence many of the streets seem actually walled in with a snowy mountain. Nowhere are the Alps seen to greater advantage than from Turin. I speak from the experience, not of the journey I am describing but of a previous one. From the Superga the view is magnificent, but from the hospital for soldiers just above the Po on the eastern side of the city the view is very similar, and the city seen to greater advantage. The Po is a fine river, but very muddy, not like the Ticino which has the advantage of getting washed in the Lago Maggiore. On the whole Turin is well worth seeing. Leaving it however on Wednesday morning we arrived at Arona about half-past eleven: the country between the two places is flat, but rich and well cultivated: much rice is grown and in consequence the whole country easily capable of being laid under water, a thing which I should imagine the Piedmontese would not be slow to avail themselves of; we ought to have had the Alps as a background to the view, but they were still veiled. It was here that a countryman seeing me with one or two funny little pipes which I had bought in Turin asked me if I was a *fabricante di pipi*—a pipe-maker.

By the time that we were at Arona the sun had appeared, and the clouds were gone; here too we determined to halt for half-a-day, neither of us being quite the thing, so after a visit to the colossal statue of San Carlo, which is very fine and imposing, we laid ourselves down under the shade of some chestnut trees above the lake, and enjoyed the extreme beauty of everything around us, until we fell fast asleep, and yet even in sleep we seemed to retain a consciousness of the unsurpassable beauty of the scene. After dinner (we were stopping at the *Hôtel de la Poste*, a very nice inn indeed) we took a boat and went across the lake to Angera, a little town just opposite; it was in the Austrian territory, but they made no delay about admitting us; the reason of our excursion was, that we might go and explore the old castle there, which is seated on an inconsiderable eminence

above the lake. It affords an excellent example of Italian domestic Gothic of the middle ages; San Carlo was born and resided here, and indeed if saintliness were to depend upon beauty of natural scenery, no wonder at his having been a saint.

The castle is only tenanted by an old man who keeps the place; we found him cooking his supper over a small crackling fire of sticks which he had lighted in the main hall; his feeble old voice chirps about San Carlo this and San Carlo that as we go from room to room. We have no carpets here—plain honest brick floors—the chairs indeed have once been covered with velvet, but they are now so worn that one can scarcely detect that they have been so, the tables warped and worm eaten, the few, that is, that remained there, the shutters cracked and dry with the sun and summer of so many hundred years—no renaissance work here—yet for all that there was something about it which made it to me the only really pleasurable nobleman's mansion that I have ever been over; the view from the top is superb, and then the row home to Arona, the twinkling lights softly gleaming in the lake, the bells jangling from the tall and gaudy campaniles, the stillness of the summer night—so warm and yet so refreshing on the water—hush—there are some people singing—how sweetly their voices are borne to us upon the slight breath of wind that alone is stirring: oh, it is a cruel thing to think of war in connexion with such a spot as this, and yet from this very Angera to this very Arona it is that the Austrians have been crossing to commence their attack on Sardinia. I fear these next summer nights will not be broken with the voice of much singing and that we shall have to hush for the roaring of cannon.

I never knew before how melodiously frogs can croak—there is a sweet rich guttural about some of these that I never heard in England: before going to bed, I remember particularly one amorous batrachian courting *malgrè sa maman* regaled us with a lusciously deep rich croak, that served as a good accompaniment for the shrill whizzing sound of the cigales.

My space is getting short, but fortunately we are getting on to ground better known; I will, therefore, content myself with sketching out the remainder of our tour and leaving the reader to Murray for descriptions.

We left Arona with regret on Thursday morning (June 18), took steamer to the Isola Bella, which is an

example of how far human extravagance and folly can spoil a rock, which had it been left alone would have been very beautiful, and thence by a little boat went to Baveno; thence we took diligence for Domo d'Ossola; the weather clouded towards evening and big rain drops beginning to descend we thought it better to proceed at once by the same diligence over the Simplon; we did not care to walk the pass in wet, therefore leaving Domo d'Ossola, at ten o'clock that night, we arrived at Isella, about two the weather clearing we saw the gorge of Gondo; and walked a good way up the pass in the early morning by the diligence; breakfasted at Simplon at four o'clock in the morning, and without waiting a moment, as soon as we got out at Brieg set off for Visp, which we reached at twelve on foot; we washed and dressed there, dined and advanced to Leuk, and thence up the most exquisitely beautiful road to Leukerbad which we reached at about eight o'clock after a very fatiguing day. The Hôtel de la France is clean and cheap. Next morning we left at half-past five and crossing the Gemmi got to Frutigen at half-past one, took an open trap after dinner and drove to Interlaken which we reached on the Saturday night at eight o'clock, the weather first rate; Sunday we rested at Interlaken; on Monday we assailed the Wengen Alp, but the weather being pouring wet we halted on the top and spent the night there, being rewarded by the most transcendent evening view of the Jungfrau, Eigher and Monch in the clear cold air seen through a thin veil of semi-transparent cloud that was continually scudding across them.

Next morning early we descended to Grindelwald, thence past the upper glacier under the Wetterhorn over the Scheideck to Rosenlauri, where we dined and saw the glacier, after dinner descending the valley we visited the falls of Reichenbach (which the reader need not do if he means to see those of the Aar at Handek) and leaving Meyringen on our left we recommenced an ascent of the valley of the Aar, sleeping at Guttanen about ten miles further on.

Next day, *i.e.* Wednesday, June 24, leaving Guttanen very early, passing the falls of Handek, which are first rate, we reached the hospice at nine; had some wine there and crawled on through the snow and up the rocks to the summit of the pass—here we met an old lady, in a blue ugly, with a pair of green spectacles, carried in a chaise à porteur; she had taken it into her head in her old age that she would like to see a little of the world, and here she was. We had seen her lady's maid at the hospice, concerning whom we were

told that she was "bien sage" and did not scream at the precipices; on the top of the Gemmi too, at half-past seven in the morning, we had met a somewhat similar lady walking alone with a blue parasol over the snow, about half an hour after we met some porters carrying her luggage, and found that she was an invalid lady of Bern who was walking over to the baths at Leukerbad for the benefit of her health—we scarcely thought there could be much occasion—leaving these two good ladies then, let us descend the Grimsel to the bottom of the glacier of the Rhone, and then ascend the Furca—a stiff pull—we got there by two o'clock, dined (Italian is spoken here again) and finally reached Hospenthal at half-past five after a very long day.

On Thursday walking down to Amstegg and taking a trap to Fluelen, we then embarked on board a steamer and had a most enjoyable ride to Lucerne where we slept; Friday to Basle by rail, walking over the Hanenstein and getting a magnificent panorama (alas! a final one) of the Alps, and from Basle to Strasburg where we ascended the cathedral as far as they would let us without special permission from a power they called Mary, and then by the night train to Paris where we arrived Saturday morning at ten.

Left Paris on Sunday afternoon, slept at Dieppe; left Dieppe Monday morning, got to London at three o'clock or thereabouts, and might have reached Cambridge that night had we been so disposed; next day came safely home to dear old St. John's, cash in hand 7*d*.

From my window in the cool of the summer twilight I look on the umbrageous chestnuts that droop into the river, Trinity library rears its stately proportions on the left—opposite is the bridge—over that, on the right, the thick dark foliage is blackening almost into sombreness as the night draws on. Immediately beneath are the arched cloisters resounding with the solitary footfall of meditative student, and suggesting grateful retirement. I say to myself then as I sit in my open window—that for a continuance, I would rather have this than any scene I have visited during the whole of our most enjoyed tour—and fetch down a Thucydides for I must go to Shilleto at nine o'clock to-morrow.

“CELLARIUS.”



THE SLEEPERS;

A Legend of Richmond Castle.

I stood in spirit on the twilight hills
About whose rocky bases day and night
The hoarse Swale murmurs evermore, and saw
The shadows darken round the hoary Keep,
And thought upon the tales of chivalry,
Of Arthur and his knights, and Guinevere;
And musing thus amid the museful shade
Of thickly-falling twilight, in my brain
Rose the wild story of its time-worn tower.

For unto one at even wandering there,
There came a stranger knight, strangely array'd,
More like a vision than a living man,
Who hail'd him courteously, and led him down
Thro' an old portal muffled up in briars,
Down broken flights of steps, and on thro' gloom
Of dripping crypts and vaulted corridors,
That rang with strange dim echoes, as their feet
Trampled along the floors, until they came
To where, between two pillars arch'd above
With massive mouldings, was a dark old door.
They stay'd; and while the youth's heart in his breast
Flutter'd, like a caged bird against its bars,
The stranger knight reach'd down a key to ope
The portal: wide it flew before his touch;
And to him lingering fearfully, as came
A soften'd light pour'd upward thro' the crypt,
The knight in deep-toned voice spake "Enter in."
He enter'd, but as unto one that wakes
In sunshine, fell the light upon his eyes
Dazzling his vision, yet he saw ere long,
Slowly reveal'd unto his wandering sight,
A hall of fairy glories; and he gazed
Till one by one along the dim saloons

Grew gradual into shape reclining forms;
Vision of bygone ages! knights array'd
In armour, and beside them mighty shields
Jewell'd and richly blazon'd, and that shew'd
By many a dint the tale of wars gone by:
And ladies, angel-forms, the beautiful
Of whom old tales keep record: chiefest she
Whose beauty, high-enthroned in Camelot,
When all the meadow rang with tournament,
Shower'd smiles and conquest; round her perfect face
From snowy brows was pour'd on either side
Profusely all her wealth of golden hair;
But on her eyelids, that with sumptuous fringe
Swept her warm cheeks, and on her ripest lips
Lay sleepy light and motionless repose.
And all about were many ladies more,
And knights, and aged men, upon whose brows
Gray-hair'd, the wisdom of the council-hall
Sat in the sleeping wrinkles, calm and sure.
And so the youth unconscious stood and gazed,
And would have gazed, when suddenly the knight
That brought him thither turn'd, and from his belt
Loosen'd the sword, and o'er his shoulder drew
The bugle in its spangled baldric hung,
Starr'd like some constellation of the skies
With pearl and diamond, and in low deep tones
That woke him musing, even as thunder wakes
With sudden voice the ears of one that looks,
Heart-charm'd, upon a lake among the hills,
Spake such like words as these: "Such lot as thine
Since the old days departed as a dream
Hath never come to mortal, thus to view
These wonders; but far more remains; for this
Take courage, either from this sheath to draw
This sword, undrawn for ages! or to blow
One blast on this; choose then at once, nor fear."
So saying he held out in either hand
The bugle and the sword—O who hath seen
So fair a sword since Bedivere out-flung
Excalibur across the lake, that eve
When Arthur fell with all his chivalry?
He paused, and then at sudden laid one hand
Half-down the sheath, upon a rim of pearl
Swollen with rubies, and the other firm
On the cold gems that glitter'd on the hilt,
Set in red gold; and held his breath, and strove
With one swift jerk to draw it—half it came
And flash'd, and quiver'd, and throughout the hall

Ran a faint noise of motion, as when doves
About a roof whirl, and alight again;
And lo! the lady's eyes on whom he glanced
Moved, as to open, whereat all at once
A sudden tremor ran thro' all his limbs
With quicken'd pulses, and the half-drawn sword
Blazing fell backward in its sheath again.
And then he look'd, and saw that strange knight's eyes
Glare full upon him, while his brow was knit
In scornful anger, and with proud-curved lips
He spake, "O coward! craven hearted boy!
Know that this foolishness of thine hath lost
High honour, such as ages have not seen
And will not; but of aught that might have been
To know thou art unworthy; out, begone!"
So spake he, flush'd with anger and disdain;
And he, the trembling youth, he knew not how,
Fled thro' the porch, along the corridors,
And up the ruin'd stairs; nor ever stay'd
To look or listen, till beyond the gate
He issued out upon the hill, and saw
The moonlight waning in a gleam of morn.





EPITAPHS.

I DELIGHT in churchyards. If there is an old cathedral anywhere, older than any other cathedral, I, for one, have wandered thro' it often; thro' every aisle and corner; up the towers, and round the roof.

But there is one thing of which I wish to speak. When you linger in long aisles or solemn chapelries, or lean against the tombs in willow-shadows, you read over all the tales written on the tablets and stones with curious interest. This I have done a hundred times. And I confess that I have been continually surprised and offended by their absurdity and profaneness. The eulogies of the great, the vapid platitudes of ordinary worthies, the ludicrous epitaphs of the poor, are alike offensive to delicate taste and true feeling. No *heart* could dictate them, one would think. I cannot bear them. I read them, and my anger burns hot. My patience loses itself completely in the direction of the four winds.

I want to chit-chat a little about this nuisance, and what I conceive to be the remedy.

Setting aside the profanation of sacred edifices, I could pass over the great marble inanities of unheard-of lords and ladies, who protrude their astonishing virtues so unblushingly upon our notice. For, you see, they have left nothing behind them worth remembering, nothing "good" which well-meaning friends can say about them. So we may easily suppose the relicts of these people to find a paltry satisfaction in marble blocks and long Latin eulogies. Rob them not, these mourning relatives! Let them not be left utterly desolate: for in poor case they certainly are. This is setting aside the profanation.

But when Stoney, under strange diabolic influences, chisels abominable ribaldries and trivialities on the graves of sensible people, who did their work here, and died in a becoming manner, then I wax exceeding wroth. And who could help it? Look here:—

Here lies Joan Kitchen, when her glass was spent
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

I remember being shocked at that when a mere boy. Doubtless it is not meant that she died in a drunken fit. Surely, would not Joan Kitchen, if she could, stealing at dead of night to Stoney's bed, lean to him with white lips and pleading, beseeching eyes, seeming to say, "come and chisel it off. I cannot rest?" Or if speech were permitted, what would she say? "O man of Stone, have pity! I was quiet in my life. I lived as a maiden should. I died in peace. And now thou hast put this curse upon me. I am come out of my grave. I cannot rest. My good fame is blasted; my name made a mockery. O man of Stone, have pity! chisel it off!"

I say such inscriptions are an insult to the memory of the dead; which they, poor helpless ones, if they could, would scratch off with their long-grown nails.

And then again, many, which seem to us all right, probably do not at all fit the subject. Tho' we can quite conceive the possibility of a serio-comic friskiness like that of the following; I doubt much if the owner be fairly represented:—

Here lies I. There's an end to my woes;
And my soul and body at aise is;
With the tip o' my nose and the tips o' my toes
Turned up to the roots o' the daisies.

There is a simple pathos about the daisy part which goes well with the woes; but the flippant element seems discordant.

You will say, these ludicrous and profane inscriptions are only found on the graves of the very poor and ignorant. Perhaps it may be so, tho' I doubt it much. Further I believe they are almost always meant seriously; and written from a wish to honour the dead and to keep memorial of them.

But be that as it may, the prosy sing-song nursery rhymes of the middle classes are no better in their kind; and frequently conceal beneath their seriousness something

infinitely more ludicrous. There is little to choose between them.

Come to the simple grave of some poet or author, known to fame. Linger on the spot; look at the grass. And your thoughts come swift and natural, and your melancholy is touched with light from Heaven. Look now at his inscription! read it. You involuntarily draw back from it, and reject it in your heart for its empty sound and studied folly.

Take the monument of Sterne in illustration:

Alas, poor Yorick!
Near to this place lies the body
of
The Reverend Laurence Sterne, A.M.
Died Sept. 13, 1768,
aged 53 years.
Ah! molliter ossa quiescant.

‘Well,’ you say, ‘this is all right.’ Well, reader, perhaps it is. But this is not all. First follow twelve stupid lines in the rhyming couplet of Pope; which I omit. And then, O ye gentle spirits! these words:—

This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by his brother masons; for altho’ he did not live to be a member of the society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square; *they rejoice in the opportunity of perpetuating his high and unimpeachable character to after ages.*

For my part, I like simplicity. And to be on the safe side, give me just the name, birth, and death. Or perhaps only the name. For time, is it not a conceit of ours? If we remember the dead, is it not as yesterday when they moved about us? And if we forget them, is not the gulf as it were ages?

Yea, if we be strangers, to whom the name is nothing, does not a wave of grass, or a lichen-spotted cypress, tell the tale best of all?

These perhaps are mere fancies; tho’ I could find support for them.

Westminster Abbey has many memorials of great ones, and not great; but there is no inscription in Westminster Abbey that can compare with this:—

“O RARE BEN JONSON.”

Not a date or age or anything, but only that: and your heart is thrilled within you, as you stand in the Poets’ corner.

There is nothing to draw away attention from the essential fact; nothing to exercise the mechanical mind upon: and so the soul is touched.

But come with me. Over the water to a little island, between England and America, but much nearer England; a little island that had a king once, but has no longer; redolent of herrings; remnant of whose greatness still survives in a curious and uncertain device still extant upon farthings: noted for cats. Come with me.

Here, hid in trees, is a little hill, with an old church upon it: and the hill is thick with graves. But the dead far exceed the graves. A new graveyard on an opposite hill would hint as much: also the old sexton's pregnant remark, "no more folks is to be put here." You are conscious of the judiciousness of this regulation, in more ways than one. Giant Death has been here. Hear him say with Samson, "Heaps upon heaps, I have slain a thousand men."

Of this church you may safely take a sketch: so quaint is it. Also near the porch are some very ancient stones, described in all guide books, which I scorned to consult. I shall not tell the name of the kirk, lest you should hunt them up in some shilling nuisance. I will help to keep their secret.

But what I brought you here for was to read a few inscriptions. What do you think of this:—

The grave of Ann Clark.

or this:—

Rob Kelly was buried here.

No Latin, mark! plain, simple English. I conceive that Rob Kelly could not sleep if he thought his name was Robertus Kelleius. How could he, innocent soul!

Many a grave here has only a piece of slate with just initials; many and many a grave here has no name at all. Yet these were not beasts or dogs, but simple-hearted; men, women and children: good souls many a one, each in his own style; whom the world forgot; who were great, but not recorded, save of the rank grass; whose memory survives in Heaven.

I am sure you would like to hear of two brothers, who always remained brothers; who gave a helping hand, each to each, and jogged along together; sharing life's vicissitudes, of joy or sorrow; who "retired independent" to this

place. Perhaps you expect to find such an inscription as this :—

“In this tomb are deposited
the mortal remains of
William Curphy,
Of this Parish. He was born the 8th of May, 1809,
and died June 10, 1840, at the early age of 31.

He was universally loved in life, and
deeply regretted in death, by all who knew him.

Also of
Matthew Curphy,
brother of the aforesaid William Curphy.
Between these two brothers an unspotted
friendship continued thro' life.”

“Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives.”
2 Sam. i. 23.

“Weep not for we who's buried here,
For we was friends in life;
Weep not for we, nor shed no tear,
For we was man and wife.”

The like is not to be found here. I doubt not but Stoney will transfer it to his pocket-book, and take the earliest opportunity of pressing it into the service. But in this Kirk-yard is none such.

Come and read what we have. Ye that know the pathos of silence, stand on this green heap, and read this bit of slate at the head :—

William Curphy and Mat.

There it is ; nothing more.

Now I shall bring you back to England, to a Cemetery in Bath, which I myself have not seen, as yet, but a friend of mine has.

A little garden plot, one foot by two, little flowers about it ; a marble coping round it ; and just one word on the marble coping :—

“JOHNNY.”

We will say “farewell” here. Only speak to your friends of this matter. So that when you leave them at last, you may lie in your grave in peace, “the smile have time for growing in your eyes,” and your spirit rest.

“C.”

LINES.*

WHO now, in sweetly-plaintive strain,
 Reveals the seat of inward pain?
 Who now upon thy cheek's soft bloom
 Distils the sweetness of perfume?
 Ah! hapless youth, and yet to prove
 How treach'rous are the paths of Love!
 He never thinks of storms to come—
 Yet not a sign to warn him home!
 Little he dreams of chafing seas;
 Little he dreads the fickle breeze!
 But, fondly trustful, hopes to find
 Thee ever lovely, ever kind.
 How oft, I ween, will he deplore
 His fondest hopes are hopes no more!
 How oft in tears he'll mourn the day,
 When first he sail'd Love's treach'rous bay!
 The sky was clear, the sea was calm,
 And not a breath to raise alarm;
 The sails are furl'd, he softly glides
 Adown the bosom of the tides;
 Winds sudden rise, and tempest-toss'd
 The youth laments his fortunes lost;
 Down sinks the boat, and strives the wave
 To wash him to an early grave;
 Struggling he gains the wish'd-for shore,
 And inly vows to love no more!
 I too have sail'd this stormy sea,
 A victim to vain phantasy;
 But now, far wiser grown, I know
 What grief the cares of love bestow;
 Ah! now it is that, danger gone,
 I thank the gods for kindness shown;—
 The gods—who ever wish to show
 The safest way for men to go;
 Grateful I feel I gain'd the shore,
 That all the cares of love are o'er;
 Now I reflect, as well I may,
 My fault was of a bygone day;
 My former hopes are lost in air—
 My future hopes are—not the fair!

“THASIN.”

* The ideas contained in these lines are in great measure suggested by Hor. Od. i. v.



JULIA.

An Ode.

WHEN the Cambridge flower-show ended,
And the flowers and guests were gone,
As the evening shades descended,
Roamed a man forlorn alone.

Sage beside the River slow
Sat a Don renowned for lore
And in accents soft and low
To the elms his love did pour.

"Julia, if my learned eyes
Gaze upon thy matchless face:
'Tis because I feel there lies
Magic in thy lovely grace.

"I will marry! write that threat
In the ink I daily waste:
Marry—Pay each College debt,
College Ale no more will taste.

"Granta, far and wide renowned,
Frowns upon the married state;
In her views she'll soon come round,
Hark! Reform is at the gate.

"Other fellows shall arise,
Proud to own a husband's name:
Proud to own their infants' cries,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From our ancient College walls,
Armed with trumpets, noisy things,
Shall astound us by their squalls.

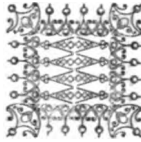
"Sounds no wrangler yet has heard,
Our posterity shall fright:
E'en 'the Eagle,' valiant bird,
Shall betake itself to flight."

Such the thoughts that through him whirl'd
Pensively reclining there:
Smiling, as his fingers curl'd
His divinely-glowing hair.

He, with all a lover's pride,
Felt his manly bosom glow,
Sought the Bull, besought the Bride,
All she said was "No, Sir, No!"

Julia, pitiless as cold,
Lo the vengeance due from Heaven!
College Livings he doth hold;
Single bliss to thee is given.

"ψ."





THE OTHER LODGER.

IN looking over the Ordnance Maps of the Counties of England, I have somehow or other been unable to find the little village of Purbridge. How, or why this is, I will not presume to say; whether the science of Geography be at fault, or the insignificance of that tiny cluster of cottages hid it from Government survey, remains to be determined. Still, there it was that I got up an extempore home, for a few weeks of recreation one Long Vacation, and exchanged the pursuit of coy Mathematics for the music of the deep blue waves.

It was certainly a beautiful spot, and when I think of it, I feel poetical all over. The neatly built village with its fisherman population, the coolness of my cheery little room looking out over

"the faintest sheen,
Of low white walls upon the village green,"

its seclusion, and its calmness were pleasing to me, who sought for rest and quiet. There too, the eye could roam at pleasure over the grand open sea, or wander on and on until it was fain to rest for a moment or two on one of the sails which dotted the horizon, and seemed to glance and sparkle like diamonds in the light of the sun.

I lodged in a house not far from the beach, with,—to all appearance,—a worthy couple, who rejoiced in the name of Trout. Trout himself was a burly fellow, captain and proprietor of a small skiff; he always addressed me as "yer honor," and religiously tarred his trousers in true boatman-like fashion. His better-half was very respectable and obliging; indeed, a very model landlady, if I may except her uncontrollable tendency to tears, an arrangement I always considered unnecessary in such a naturally briny locality. This habit rather annoyed me at first. An appeal for eggs for breakfast generally produced emotion; mustard for my steak at dinner, at least a few sighs and a sob; water-cresses for

tea, a flood of tears and distress beyond measure. But after a day or two I became used to this, and indeed at last fancied that these lacrymose spring and ebb-tides imparted an agreeable coolness and sea-sidy flavour to the atmosphere. "Bless your 'eart, yer honor," said Trout to me one day, touching his spouse, "she does draw an uncommon deal of water, but give her plenty of sail" (a playful allusion to pocket-handkerchiefs) "and few can do her number of knots per hour."

One real disadvantage, however, soon manifested itself. I was constantly awaked in the middle of the night by heavy footsteps going up and down stairs, and by strange noises in the room over me, as though a bookcase were waltzing with a chest of drawers, or a detachment of pavers at work by the job. The first night I grinned and bore it; the next I growled and bore it; the third I became desperate, and in the morning demanded an explanation. Mrs. Trout seemed considerably embarrassed, drew forth a handkerchief and wept. She at last began to speak, slightly inarticulate at first, poor woman; but she got over my unkindness at last, and assured me that "He would'nt hurt a unborn babe." Further enquiry elicited the fact, that the "he" was another lodger, endowed with all the attributes of an angel,—if my landlady was to be believed,—with the exception of the wings. Who the babe unborn might be, is still a mystery. As might be expected, I expressed myself strongly on the domestic proceedings of the other lodger, and suggested for his benefit a trifle more attention to the natural phenomena of day and night, and "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

"Well, sir," expostulated Mrs. Trout, "he is 'centric, sir; and I told him this morning, Mr. Biggs, says I; Well, Mrs. Trout, says he; says I, now really sir you must take care of them dear boxes of yours, and keep 'em more still like. And I made bold to tell him, sir, that you was a nice quiet young gentleman as was worth your weight in gold, and that you was always a reading of poetry."

Here the good lady was quite overcome, and being flooded with tears, and having used up handkerchief, apron, and sleeves, vanished, I suppose, for fresh "sail."

Lest the reader should lie under a misapprehension, it may perhaps be desirable to correct Mrs. Trout on the matter of the poetry "I was always a-reading." The fact is, she could not read; and the Epic in question was a book of Logarithmic Tables, which she had seen in my hand.

Whoever this Mr. Biggs was, (for strange to say, I had never seen him,) he was quiet enough the next night; in-

deed, had Mr. Biggs become suddenly inanimate and been placed in a glass-case, he could not have behaved in a more exemplary manner. The chest of drawers and bookcase dismissed their dancing-master, and the brigade of pavers were discharged.

Want of society soon brought me over to Alexander Selkirk's view of Solitude, and led me too to ask "the Sages," as a personal favour for the charms they "had seen in its face." I thought then how wisely the Poet, who admired Solitude, begged a benevolent public

To give him still a friend in his retreat,
That he might whisper, Solitude is sweet.

And, thus it was that, after a little while, I felt so amicably disposed towards my fellow-lodger, that I strongly desired to see him, and, if advisable, to strike up an acquaintance. Both Mr. and Mrs. Trout seemed to object to this. Mr. Biggs (they said) wished to be alone; he never went out but at night; he did not care who lodged under him; he could not come and breakfast with me; he could not look in on me at any time; and, finally, Mr. Biggs was ill in bed.

All this mystery puzzled me. In a few days this man became an ideality which haunted me, a perfect nightmare. He had nothing substantial about him but luggage, and this was constantly being carried up and down the stairs. What he lived on I could not discover, for never by any chance did I see provisions go up to him, if I may except a large cask, which contained in my temperate view sufficient beer,—if beer it was,—to intoxicate a small garrison of artillery. Fancy constructed for him a dietary involving all possible combinations of beer hot, beer cold, beer spiced, copus, and caudle; but, after all, this style of living presented such a bilious aspect, that I was obliged to abandon the hypothesis. This was not all;—though very ill, Mr. Biggs would see nobody, not even a doctor. Could it be some mortal disease beyond the reach of human skill? Impossible, in these days of Holloway's Pills, or if the pills could do nothing, still there was the Ointment. I began to feel anxious, so I went up one day and knocked at his door, but no voice invited me in, and the bolt was drawn inside. At last I abandoned all hope of seeing him, and contented myself with building airy castles as to who and what he might be. I have often wondered since, how I could possibly have spent those days of relaxation without Mr. Biggs; my speculations upon that man were the very joy of my heart. Sometimes I inclined

to believe him a spy of the French government; at other times, a student of Nature, silent, abstracted; but this idea I soon rejected, for unless he was writing a full and exact history of the owl and bat tribes, such a supposition was quite untenable. At length, in sheer desperation I gave the matter up, and tried to banish Biggs from my mind.

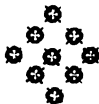
Meanwhile a fortnight passed by; still Biggs was what he had always been,—an ideality, and his luggage a disagreeable reality. One day the thought struck me, that perhaps either from necessity, from fancy, or a romantic turn of mind, he went out shut up in one of those everlasting black boxes. It was just possible that he might be a refugee, or some one to whom careful concealment was important, but, as even refugees occasionally need fresh air, he might use his box as a palanquin, being a contrivance at once ingenious and elegant. I resolved to test the truth of this supposition. That very night Mr. Biggs' luggage went for its usual constitutional, and after it had blundered past my door, and under the special patronage of Trout's tarred trousers, emerged into the darkness of night, I cautiously followed. From the care and tenderness with which Trout handled his burden, I became more than ever convinced that I had indeed discovered at least one of Mr. Biggs' little ways. It was a very dark night, and I had some trouble to keep Trout in sight without betraying myself. He made for the beach, through some winding foot-paths carefully constructed so as to throw the traveller on his head every four or five steps he took. The curve described by my apex as I stumbled along was of such a painfully complicated character, and the danger of a repeal of the union between my head and shoulders so imminent, that I began to envy Biggs his style of conveyance as a real luxury, especially if the box was nicely fitted up inside, and the arrangements of the breathing department satisfactory. The sea was at length reached, and there stood Trout's skiff moored beside a wharf-shaped rock. Two men were on board who (impressed, as I thought, with Biggs' dignity, or awed by the stillness of the night) spoke in whispers, and very little of that. Was it possible that Biggs,—if Biggs it was,—was going for a cruise that time of night? The idea was so absurd that I laughed aloud, and immediately a heavy thump on the head from a neighbouring benefactor (Trout, I believe) produced a beautiful illumination within me, and before the gas was turned off I became senseless, my last sensation being a strong smell of cigars.

When I came to myself I was lying upon my bed, and

Mrs. Trout wiping her eyes in the distance. My thoughts were very confused, but one notion predominated, and that was, that Biggs had assaulted me. This idea Mrs. Trout confirmed, evidently catching at it as a means of getting out of a difficulty; but she reckoned without her host. The music of the "invisible's" black box meandering up the stairs, brought back the Biggs' infatuation strong upon me, and this combined with an impulse to avenge my wrongs, rendered me deaf to my landlady's entreaties; so leaping from my bed, with three bounds I reached the mysterious chamber. The black box was in the middle of the room, Trout on his knees before it, taking out packet after packet of cigars, a keg of whiskey, and other contraband goods. The place was simply a store-room, Mr. Trout a convicted smuggler, and Biggs a nonentity. The whole truth rushed upon me, and so did Trout. In perfect disregard of all the treatises on etiquette I have ever heard of, he seized me by the collar, and was about to turn my vertical into the horizontal, when a third party made his appearance. The stranger was a coast-guard; and before the slightest allusion could be made to Mr. John Robinson, or any other proverbial personage likely to be of assistance, we were both arrested as smugglers, and the cigars and other property of the imaginary Biggs confiscated in the Queen's name. As we descended the stairs, Mrs. Trout stood in the doorway, weeping into the counterpane of my bed, and sobbing out "that she never thought 'twould come to this."

I made out a clear case to the magistrates, and was at once released. Trout was completely at fault, and subsequently went into retirement under the immediate patronage of the Government.

"λαβυρίνθειός τις."





SONG.

ARM! arm! ye men of England! the battle hour is nigh,
The hour when ye must conquer, or vanquished, nobly die.
Beware of boasting counsel, beware of long delay,
And leave not till to-morrow, what should be done to-day.

The foeman standeth ready, in grim and fierce array,
And leaders vainly hinder the hands they cannot stay;
Along the whole horizon the war-clouds gather fast;
To scatter them, brave Britons, be ye not found the last.

Go, deck the expanse of ocean with British men-of-war,
And let your squadrons cover the plains both wide and far;
Let no one now look backward; haste on to meet the foe,
And let each heart with courage within each bosom glow.

Remember, that if victors, old England will rejoice,
And cheer each noble effort with all her heart and voice:
And, if ye fall, remember, she never will forget
Those sons that for her freedom their fate have bravely met.

Go, gallant hearts, 'tis England, your own dear native land,
For whom against the foeman ye will combat hand to hand:
Arm! arm! ye men of England! the battle hour is nigh,
The hour when ye must conquer, or vanquished, nobly die.

“J. W. W.”





NOTES ON FICHTE.

The Nature and Vocation of the Scholar.

Welche wohl bleibt von allen den Philosophien?
Ich weiss nicht;
Aber die Philosophie, hoff'ich, soll ewig bestehen.

Those who occupy themselves with Mathematics to the neglect of Philosophy, are like the wooers of Penelope, who, unable to obtain the mistress, contented themselves with the maids.

THERE is no doubt that a certain element in our literature, commonly and correctly ascribed to the influence of German thought and German writers, has of late grown into great and increasing importance. It is curious to observe how nearly all the writers of the present age, who exercise any influence in the regions of thought among young men, are more or less conversant with German philosophy and modes of thought. It influences especially our poetry; perhaps because that is necessarily a truer reflex of the present in each individual, than a work which draws its material from the past. Cambridge has felt the influence but slightly; all her training is opposed to it. Strange that the University devoted to science should be opposed to philosophy? But is it not so? Is there a theology in Cambridge? Are there principles which belong to the present and not to the past? Her theology, politics, and principles are alike hereditary, and are but ill adapted to form leaders of men, men who can enter into and solve the great social, religious, and philosophical problems peculiar to the present age.

To make philosophy attractive even to a cultivated English mind it should be prepared expressly with that view. It must be written by an Englishman who completely com-

T

prehends his subject, gets clearly round and grasps it; and not by a German, who dives deeper perhaps into the ocean, but comes back without a specimen of what he found there, that is appreciable by an Englishman. I know not how therefore to persuade others to try a book which I myself found of inestimable value—Fichte's 'Nature and Vocation of the Scholar.' It was recommended to me by the author of a paper in *The Eagle*, No. III., and I tried it; and I hope others will do the same.

The life of Fichte is an admirable study. The principle at the root of all his heroism, all his tenderness, and all his philosophy is so simple, that it seems as if all men could be equally great; so pure and spiritual, that men would almost cease to be men if they could but once apprehend it, and it became the fundamental principle of their lives. He felt and knew the spiritual life within him; he saw and knew that it exists in every one; deadened it may be, but not dead; overgrown by the pleasures of sense, the frivolities and indulgences of the intellect; and to the education of this, to the calling it forth into a distinct consciousness, and into the grand ruling principle of thought and action, did he devote those unequalled powers of argument and eloquence, of meditation and enthusiasm, of love and truth, and, above all, the example and testimony of a most noble and heroic life. A truly great man was Fichte; great in head and heart; great in spirit, in will, in intellect; so great, that the unspeakable tenderness of his character is the more admirable. Yet who but a simply great man could have written those letters to Johanna Rahm, which tell of unfathomable though clear depths of purity and greatness and love.

Such too was his philosophy. Never did any one so completely live his own philosophy. To give even a sketch of his system, with its relation to those which preceded and those which followed it, is out of my power; and would be here out of place. Those who care to see the subject briefly handled by an able though severe judge, may refer to Sir Wm. Hamilton's *Essay on Cousin*.* The *Lectures on the Nature and Vocation of the Scholar* are intelligible (though they require the stiffest and closest read-

* He brings an ingenious argument against Fichte's principles, and refers to it triumphantly as completely overthrowing them; but a closer examination will prove that he assumes the very point at issue.

ing) without any previous knowledge of his system; and this is the work which I would so earnestly recommend. Nor indeed am I about to give the analysis of these lectures which I have prepared. In the first place it *would* not, and *could* not, do justice to the original, and in the next place it would be exceedingly dull reading.

On opening the first lecture we find that "the scholar is that man who from the learned culture of his age has attained to the possession of the attainable portion of the *Divine Idea*. The Student is obtaining glimpses at the same."

Here we strike the keynote of Fichte's system.

What is the Divine Idea?

First, what is *culture*? Culture, with Fichte, means the acquisition of skill in eradicating certain tendencies which arise from the influence of external things on the character; and partly in modifying them so as to bring them into harmony with our ideas; which is the true *summum bonum*, or the highest vocation of man. The object of culture then is to lead men to truth and the Divine Idea. If it fails to do so, it is, in so far as it professes to make scholars of them, worthless.

But what is this Divine Idea?

The only absolute Being is the Being of God. The only absolute Life is the Life of God. The universe is the manifestation of God in so far as He can be revealed in any manifestation; but the Life of God must be manifested in Life, and therefore we judge that Human Life is the manifestation of the Divine Life. Human Life then, as it ought to be, has its origin in God; and speaking anthropologically we say that it is the Idea of God in the creation of things.

This is an epitome of Lecture 2, omitting such parts (relating to the position of experience) as have no immediate reference to the question What is the Divine Idea? Now the question is answered—is the answer intelligible? Certainly not. It could not possibly be made so. What then is the use of giving it? I will endeavour to indicate an answer to this question that shall be intelligible.

Ideas are incommunicable by words. A startling assertion perhaps, but true. A strictly speaking new idea, to which no idea similar in kind is already possessed, is incommunicable. This will be readily perceived by an example. Conceive a man from his birth incapable of hearing musical sounds so as to distinguish them. It would be impossible to give him by description any conception of the fullness and

majesty of the Hallelujah chorus. He would find nothing in his own mental experience similar to your description, and would therefore, unless more charitable than most men deficient in any faculty, consider you guilty of giving reins to a lively imagination, of exaggeration, or of absolute lying, according to the degree of his confidence in your probity. Consider how a child learns his own language; how a man learns a new science by comparing the technical terms with what are more familiar to his mind; and how utterly puzzled he is when he can find no such connection. What is a salt? The combination of an acid and an alkali? Very good; now what is an acid? an acid is that which by its combination with an alkali forms a salt. An alkali may be similarly defined. Here are three new terms, we will suppose; new ideas proved incommunicable by words.

What then is the use of writing about the Divine Idea if it is incommunicable in words? Precisely the same as in educating a man at all. Education enables a man to use his own powers with effect; it gives him none. A superficial knowledge may be imparted with no more effort on the part of the recipient than is required* in cramming Norfolk Turkeys.

The reader of Fichte, on his first introduction to this kind of philosophical reading, asks himself "What does this mean?" by which he really says, "By what other name do I know this? How may I connect it with what I have?" Should a careful reading and minute attention not inform him; he dives into the lowest depths of his consciousness, deeper and deeper, into the depths of his being, and rests not till he sees, dimly at first, a trace of the idea. It is as yet wholly inexpressible, and uncertain in outline, but he never lets it slip from his contemplation, till he has made it a part of his conscious knowledge. Now what have the *words* done? Have they conveyed to him the idea? Nay; but they have enabled him to ascertain whether he possesses the idea: they have called it into subjective existence.

Now supposing that the reader of Fichte does not comprehend him at first, which is highly probable, he will either reflect that Fichte professes to be writing after years of thought on the most abstruse of subjects, wholly removed from objects of sense, and occupied entirely in the spiritual

* From the Turkeys of course. The labour of the crammer is considerable; of the crammees very small.

part of man; and will infer that he will inevitably require deep reflection in order to follow him; and resolve to bestow it: or, impatient of the difficulty, he will fling the book aside and pronounce it *nonsense*. For there is nothing that men are so unwilling to admit, as that any train of reflection, written in English, and not technical language, can be at the same time unintelligible to them, and intelligible and clear to others. Did you ever meet a man of sufficient candour to admit that Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was in the main 'not to be understood,' without following it up by the assertion that it was all nonsense?

The preceding pages have illustrated the manner in which the study of works like Fichte's extends our self-knowledge; and have accounted for so much of the necessary difficulty which we encounter on first studying them, as is peculiar to metaphysical writings. They have therefore been devoted solely to the *intellectual developement* that attends the study of such works in general, and nothing has been said of the moral and philosophical worth of these Lectures in particular. This is of course a wholly separate subject; and I shall add a few remarks on it before concluding this paper.

The lectures were announced under the title "*De Moribus Eruditorum*;" words which convey a less accurate notion of the lectures than the English title. They are not intended as a guide to the formation of scholastic habits, or to the choice of any branch of science as a special study, nor are they in any way *immediately practical*. They are intended to influence the student practically by the formation in him of noble aspirations and high principles, rather than by dogmatically laying down a system of training to which he is to submit himself. They are a description of the nature of the scholar, considered as an Ideal, and from his nature is deduced his duty. The 'Mores' of the scholar must not be thought to mean merely his morality, much less the formation of what we call character by rule and precept: and hence it is, that the book is not *immediately practical*. Therefore any one who reads these lectures with the hope of ascertaining how he may, by submitting to the culture of the age, attain to the Divine Idea, will be disappointed. The place of culture has been defined above—it is the pioneer that clears away the obstructions, and enables the reason to act unfettered and free.

This is a statement rather of what the lectures do not, than of what they do contain. No analysis of their contents would be intelligible, for the lectures are condensed to the

utmost. The only analysis I can give, is that they are the statement of Fichte's conception of the ideal scholar and student, from which are deduced or deducible the great principles which should guide his conduct.

The consideration of the Divine Idea has a separate interest attaching to it. As a purely metaphysical conception it is valuable, as a distinct statement of a truth of which men in all ages have had glimmerings, or views more or less distinct. To discuss this, would be to enter on its historical value.

More especially is it interesting, as the point of meeting between the profound speculations of reason that rise from man to God, and the mysteries of revealed truth that descend from God to man. Viewed by the light of revealed truth, the Divine Idea may be clearly seen; first expressed and then obscured in the creation and fall of man, and finally manifested in that 'express image of His Person' which it pleased Him to grant to the world, which 'by wisdom knew not God.' To discuss this would be to enter on its moral and religious as well as philosophical value.

To handle these questions would require ample reading, unbroken leisure, and profound reflection. A sciolist can start questions which a wise man can hardly answer. But what has been said may tempt others to explore for themselves that mine of thought, from which even I, who have descended but a few feet below the surface, have brought up some jewels.

"W."





THE CRETIN;*

I.

HARD by the mountain
Lay the poor Crétin:—
Like a great fountain
Spouting up heav'nward,
Misty and gloomy,
Far in the distance
Rose a vast iceberg.—
Past dash'd a chariot,
In it three travellers,
"Help the poor Crétin!
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying!"—
Past dash'd the strangers.—
"Tis but a Crétin,
Heed not his crying."

II.

Then the poor Crétin
Turn'd to the Pine Tree—
"Pride of the forest,
"Waving your weird arms
"Cover'd with hoar frost,
"Help the poor Crétin!
"Weary and dying,
"See here I'm lying!"
Answer'd the Pine Tree
Nothing but sighing.

III.

Then the poor Crétin
Turn'd to the mountain.—
"Giant so hoary,
"List to my story

* The Crétin is an imbecile person, the child of goitred parents, so common in Switzerland and other mountainous countries.

"Friend of my childhood
 "Weary and dying,
 "See here I'm lying!
 "Man will not hear me—"
 Then in displeasure,
 Far in the distance
 Growl'd the great mountain,
 Avalanche heaving
 Far down the valley!

IV.

Then the poor Crétin
 Turn'd to the flower—
 "Sweet little treasure
 "Thou then art weeping,
 "Bright in thy blue eye,
 "Glistens a tear drop
 "Weary and dying,
 "See here I'm lying,
 "Help the poor Crétin!

V.

Then the sweet flower
 Rais'd its bright blue eyes,
 Pointing to heavenwards
 Forth from the dark clouds
 Broke out the bright sun—
 Then said the Crétin,
 "*There* would I follow!"

VI.

High up the mountain
 The snow-drift descending,
 Clad in his white robe
 Bright as an angel,
 Took the poor Crétin
 Home to his Maker.
 No longer crying,
 "Weary and dying,
 "Here I am lying!"
 Lies the poor Crétin.

"P. R."



NOTE ON THE VERSIFICATION OF SHAKSPEARE.

THE investigation of the laws of the mechanism of verse, although of very minor importance compared with the consideration of the subject matter,—of those grand ideas and deep truths which the poet, as the expositor of external nature and of internal feelings and passions, comes forth to make known, and of which his verse serves only as the garb or ornament, yet deserves a little more attention than is commonly bestowed on it. As not only before the eye of the true poet are there certain ideal forms, but also in his ear there rings a mysterious melody, attuned to the subject in hand, now, it may be, but faintly heard, and anon bursting forth in a full peal of harmony, so if the reader would fully comprehend and enjoy the subject, he must not only strive to conjure up faint outlines at least of that which was more vividly presented to the eye of his author, but must endeavour to catch the echoes of that music to the time of which his thoughts moved on. It is true, that when listening to the melodious and varied strains of a great Poet, and striving to obtain a glimpse of the wondrous images called up by him, we care little to stop and trace out the means by which these mighty effects are produced, yet to the due appreciation of every work of art, after viewing the general effect of the whole, an examination into the details is also requisite. We enjoy the music of an instrument no less from knowing how the sound is produced, or the beauty of a picture from being acquainted with the manner in which the colours are applied.

From a careful study of the compositions of the best masters, we may deduce certain general rules of versification, but we must be prepared to find these occasionally broken through, or apparently so, by the poet who is not fettered by superficial rules, but obeys those laws which lie deep in the nature of his language.

On opening a play of Shakspeare, the first remark would be, that it is written in the Heroic, unrhymed, or blank verse, each line containing for the most part ten syllables, every even syllable receiving the stress or accent. This is the normal form of the verse; but if it were strictly adhered to, it would soon become insufferably monotonous, it is in occasionally deviating from this standard, so as to seem to neglect and lose it, while still keeping it ever present to the ear and feeling, that the metrical art of the Dramatic Poet consists. While we can scarce go so far as to assert with Coleridge that Shakspeare's blank verse was absolutely a new creation, when we consider how recently this form of verse had been introduced, and how little its capabilities had been developed, we cannot but confess, that here also is left the stamp of a mighty mind.

There can be little doubt that the Heroic line is derived through the old French and Italian poets, from the Latin Trimeter Catalectic accent being substituted, according to the genius of modern languages, for quantity. This appears from a comparison of the Italian Hendecasyllable, which when introduced into English was obliged to adapt itself to the monosyllabic character of our language and dismiss in general its final unaccented syllable. As early as the days of Chaucer, it became the staple measure for epic and didactic subjects, but the older poets, not having attained the art of giving variety and elegance by modulation, endeavoured to make up for it by the poor equivalent of rhyme, indeed, this was for a long time considered so indispensable, that almost anything was reckoned a verse, provided it had the requisite jingle at the end.

This kind of verse was early appropriated to dramatic composition for which it seems in its nature admirably adapted. What Horace says of the Iambic measure—

Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,
 Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
 Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.—

seeming even more applicable to the English blank verse, which so happily suits the genius of our language, as on the one hand to be so little removed from the style of ordinary discourse, that some tact is often required on the part of the reader to prevent it from sinking into mere prose, and on the other to be capable of the highest flights and of being made the vehicle of expressing the most sublime poetic ideas.

We will go on to deduce a few of the general laws of this kind of verse, such as will not necessitate the introduction of a multitude of quotations, but may be illustrated from almost any page of the poet. This verse then in its usual form consists of five measures of two syllables each with the accent on the latter of the two, but for the sake of variety an accent on the former may be substituted, provided it be not done in two successive feet. When the accent thus falls on the first syllable of a line it gives a vigorous start, and is the natural expression of excited feeling. After a perfect line of ten syllables an unaccented syllable may be added, thus making up the original Hendecasyllable, sometimes even two such are found appended, several of these heavy lines in succession have a remarkable effect, which is wholly reversed by the introduction of a rhyming termination, giving them a ludicrous turn, the last two syllables forming the rhyme. Supernumerary syllables may be supposed a slight echo or reverberation of the last measure, thus in Henry VI.—

Lay down your weapons, get you to your cottages.

In the place of a single unaccented syllable two such may be introduced, the effect of which may be compared to a shake in music, thus in the line—

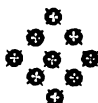
At the lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps—

we have two such instances unless we suppose that an elision takes place. As after a pause in the middle of a verse a syllable may be omitted, the time being made up by the pause, so the liberty permitted at the end of a line of appending an extra unaccented syllable is found sometimes after a pause in the early part, as in "All's well that ends well."

So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness.

The short broken lines interspersed in the ordinary blank verse are not to be considered irregularities, they belong to Shakspeare's system of versification; but lines of eight or nine syllables seldom occur, being at variance with the general rhythm of the poetry. It would be an uninteresting and almost endless task to go on to discuss the minor details, such as the changes of the accentuation of words, the differences of pronunciation and so forth, but there are two or three points more requiring a notice. Although Shakspeare discarded the use of rhyme in general, he uses it as an appro-

priate termination to a scene, the reduplication of similar sounds giving a sort of finish to the whole. In the earlier plays the rhythm is comparatively strict, in the latter much more free, the verse seeming to vary with the subject, at one time moving along with regular measured pace, at another hurrying on with a rapidity to keep pace with the excited feelings of the speaker. Even the irregularities of the versification are expressive and by no means capricious, a pause or a broken line corresponds to a transition in thought or feeling. Often a few lines or even a whole scene differing little from or actually in prose, like the calm before a storm serves to prepare us for some great effort, some passage in which the action and the verse alike stand out in bold contrast with that by which it is introduced: the deepest tragic passion finds its proper expression in the highest poetic inspiration.





A DAY DREAM.

LIFE is like a flowing river,
Flowing onward to the sea,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
On into eternity.

Adverse winds our course endanger,
And by storms of passion tost,
Our frail bark is well-nigh shattered ;
And our hopes in darkness lost.

Then once more in sun-lit splendour,
Peacefully the waters roll,
And some softly-breathing Zephyr
Sheds rich perfumes o'er the soul.

While arise within our bosoms
Purer, holier sensations,
And the soul is softly pillowed
On love's first faint undulations.

Till the Zephyr blowing stronger,
Gathering impulse from above,
Bursts upon the raptured fancy
In a full warm breeze of love.

And some kindred spirit-vessel,
Floating onward to the sea,
Floats along with ours for ever,
On into eternity.

“ENOD.”



NOW AND THEN.

ROAMING through the silent forest, climbing up the mountain
wild,

Days long past rise up before me till I am again a child,

And I track the ever-widening current of my boyish life
On from innocence and gladness, onward into care and strife.

And a wild impetuous longing comes upon my sorrowing heart,
Loathing of a world of sadness, longing, longing to depart,

As upon the lonely traveller wandering through an Eastern
land,

When the fiery vault around him burns above the burning sand.

Dreary seems the hollow world,—a world from which all truth
has fled,

Where the Few roll on in splendour, where the Many want
for bread.

Where our toiling struggling brothers, men for whom a God
has died,

Crush'd by tyrants, void of knowledge, fall uncared-for side
by side.

Where the strong man sells his ebbing life-blood for his daily
food,

For the earth is ruled by Money, nor is Virtue understood.

Where the glittering child of fashion, in her wealth and
beauty blest,

Dances on in careless gladness, little recking for the rest.

While the poor down-trodden work-girl yields before the golden
spell,

And the tempters sin-bought money drags her beauty-curst to
hell.

Truth is but a fond illusion, life is nought but empty show,
And our God sits calm above us smiling at a world of woe.

Then a still and gentle whisper from my inner spirit came,
'God is God: He never changeth: Truth is not an idle name.

"Look above thee, look around thee, look on mountain, lake
and wood,

"How *they* lie in peaceful beauty since He first said 'All is
good.'

"What though now the care-worn peoples' struggle sadly on
the Earth,

"They shall have a great Hereafter, they shall have another
birth.

"Up and tell the toiling nations of the Great, the Good, the
True;

"Tell them of the coming Judgement;—here is work for thee
to do.

"For the phoenix-earth triumphant from its ashes shall arise,

"And the just unite upon it in a love that never dies."

"ENOD."





GOING HOME.

O day of joy, that out of sorrow,
And sorrowing days, art seen afar;
And shinest like a guiding star,
And dost from hope sweet lustre borrow.

How wilt thou bring to me the bliss
Of friendly eyes and voices sweet;
And my own home, that waiting is;
And merry faces me to meet.

And touches soft of hands that give,
Of lips that speak, a welcome true;
That will go ringing, while you live,
For aye, for aye, sweet tunes in you.

O day of joy, O light that gleamest
Across the mist of sorrowing days;
That leadest me thro' gloomiest ways,
And evermore a haven seemest.

“A.”

END OF VOL. I.

THE EAGLE.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE,

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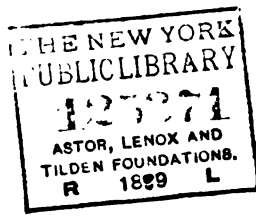
VOL. II.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET,

FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

1861.



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THE EAGLE.

A FORTNIGHT IN IRELAND.

EVER since the days of Troy travellers seem to have believed their adventures to be the most interesting topic under the sun. Whether they be justified in this belief is no matter of mine, but while Homer has deemed the wanderings of Ulysses worthy of his mighty Muse, while the travels of the pious but loquacious Æneas are known to have furnished Virgil with materials for a whole Æneid, and Dido with the means of spending a most delightful evening ; I consider that the selection of my subject "A Fortnight in Ireland" needs no apology.

Our first impressions of Ireland as we neared Kingstown were most pleasing: even the tortures of ten hours sea-sickness could not blind us to the fact that we saw one of the fairest scenes of earth. On our left Wicklow Head lies basking in the morning sun, nearer to us with more sombre shade Bray Head broods, like some sea-monster, over the deep, while it shelters the peaceful and retiring bay of Killiney, called the Sorento of Ireland, as its more ambitious neighbour, "Dublin Bay," has been called "The

Irish Bay of Naples," certainly there never seemed to me a sweeter spot than Killiney, in which

Sortiri tacitum lapidem, et sub cœspite condi.

However, the bright harbour of Kingstown lies before us, so without casting more than a glance northward, where "Ireland's Eye," the scene of the Kirwan Murder, is seen

*Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main.*

We stagger down to the cabin, and soon reappear, carpet-bag in hand, and in ten minutes find ourselves on Irish land. And then begins a contest to represent which would require the Muse of a Homer, or Chancellor's English Medallist, the Imagination of a "Time's Correspondent," or an "Our own Artist" of the Illustrated London News. For no sooner do we touch Irish ground than

Juvenum manus emicat ardens.

Our carpet-bag flieth this way, our hat-box vanisheth into thin air, and when giddy from exertion after a rough passage, we gain the support of a post, we at length see our hat-box, two hundred yards distant from us in the middle of a muddy road with a small urchin seated on it, who no sooner sees us than he is on his legs shouting "dis way yer arnher—lave the jintleman alone Pat—dis way to de Erin—go bragh hotel yer arnher," meanwhile my carpet-bag has received the last strap necessary to fasten it irrevocably to an "Irish Jaunting Car," the driver of which assures me he is the owner of "The most ilighant car in the Cety Dooblin." Of course, as my luggage has been secured, I have nothing to do but to follow it, so off we go, my erratic hat-box having been regained by the display of a sixpence, after all attempts at recapturing it by giving chase had proved useless.

As there is but little to see in Kingstown we only wait long enough to examine its grand harbour, and to have a quiet sail to Dalkey Island, which, with its martello tower and single farm-house is still, I believe, governed by its own king. Here we make our first acquaintance with an Irish hoax in the shape of the celebrated "Rocking Stone," which is simply a large stone balancing between two ledges of rock, and worn into an oval shape by the beating of the waves. However, the boatmen sing us songs all the way home, having previously informed us that no Irishman

can sing with a dry throat, and so altogether we make a pleasant day of it; and then leave for Dublin. Though this metropolis seemed to me to be the finest city, two or three only excepted in Great Britain, I am not going to attempt a description of its churches, cathedrals, cemeteries, (in one of which the tomb of O'Connell crowned daily with fresh flowers is exposed to view); "The Phaynix," "Sackville Street," &c., must not detain my muse, for are not all these things written in the book of Black for the enlightenment of benighted tourists? My advice to my readers is to get on to an Irish Car, tell the driver to drive you to all "the points of interest"—you are safe to be in the Phaynix in ten minutes—to ask questions all day and finally to have a mighty controversy about the fare, and if you have had a dull day you may as well go home again, for it is evident that Ireland is not the country for you, in fact that you do not know what fun is.

Well do I remember the delightful feeling of being on an Irish Car for the first time, and how this pleasure was slightly diminished by my dependent legs coming into rather violent contact with a lamp-post at the first corner—how the driver turned round to point out the superiority of the Irish Car to all "Pathent Safeties;" for, said he, "Was'nt I run away wid in the Phaynix, (everything happens in 'the Phaynix') the baste being frightened by rayson of the arthillery; and when we came to the first sthrate sure did'nt the jintleman jump off and holt to the lamp-post, widout a scratch on his body. Och 'tis an ilighant vayicle intoirely, is the Oirish Car." I well remember how the rogue laughed and told me I'd make an Irishman yet, when I suggested that so active a gentleman must have been a lamp-lighter by trade—and how great a wag I believed myself, and thought I would not mind even giving an extra tip to so discriminating a driver. Still better do I remember how my scarcely quieted fears were roused to perfect horror by the company of a dragoon who was riding a "wicked baste" along side of me. How the said baste kicked out within an inch of my "dear knees." How at length he was backed close up to me by the man of war who bestrode him, that the driver might cut him across with his whip, and how relieved I felt when I saw the baste go off into a canter, the carman assuring me that "the crayture was on had more vice in her than any in Dooblin—which was saying a great deal." All this I remember, but o'er the rest fond

memory draws a veil: suffice it to say, that when I came to pay the fare, I came to these conclusions :

- (i) I am not yet an Irishman.
- (ii) There is no instance known of an Irish car-driver who has not a wife and ten—at least—gossoons to maintain.
- (iii) It is rather aggravating after paying twice the right fare, to be told in an insinuating voice that the driver would like “to dhrink yer arnher’s health in a glass of the rale Oirish Whisky.”

Will the reader be surprised to hear that after being treated in this heartless manner I sighed for the mountains? “There at least,” cried I, “shall I find honesty ;” there, as the Poet has it, the humble peasant

Cheerful at morn awakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes :
With patient angle trolls the finny deep ;
And drives his venturous plough-share to the steep.

At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down, the Monarch of a shed :

And haply too, some pilgrim thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed !

Need I add that I was the happy pilgrim, in my mind’s eye, who was to get such cheap lodgings? but alas! I found to my cost that I might have been able to unfold one thousand and one tales in these romantic regions, and yet had my bill shortened not a whit in consequence.

Those who come to Ireland to enjoy the quiet of mountain scenery should not stay at Killarney, those who are in search of fine scenery and amusing people will find it hard to leave the place. The day after our arrival we started at an early hour to walk through the Gap of Dunloe to “Lord Brandon’s cottage,” where a boat was to meet us and to take us back to our hotel. We took, as guide, a young giant, commonly called “the Baby Guide.” The first point of interest passed is “the Cave of Dunloe,” supposed to have been an Irish Library, and interesting no doubt to the Antiquarian. I had not heard of its existence, and so passed by in blessed ignorance. We then approach the Gap of Dunloe, a narrow defile, several miles in length, running parallel to the Lakes of Killarney.

At the entrance of the Gap is Kate Kearney's Cottage: the present Kate is a tall and formidable woman in appearance: at her door the weary traveller may refresh himself with whiskey and goat's milk, an odious and headache-engendering mixture as I can testify. I merely put my lips to the cup and then put down one shilling in reward, for which I was regarded with so indignant a stare from Kate Kearney that I fled. Whether it was the smallness of my donation or of my potation that gave offence I know not. On leaving this bower of beauty our guide began to cut himself a stout stick, and on enquiry told us it was not safe to walk through the Gap without a stick to drive off the beggars. "A pretty pass we've come to," thought I; and so we had in more senses of the word than one. For the next moment we found a bugler by our side, who assured us we could not hear the echoes to advantage without his bugle. Then half-a-dozen girls with more whiskey and goat's milk; then a blind fiddler, who our guide told us was once "the best man," (*i.e.* the best *fighting* man) in Killarney—till one day he worked so hard in a potatoe field that the perspiration got into his eyes and blinded him.

Whence followed moral reflections on the hardship of having to work; our guide telling us that he got his living as a Guide in the summer months and did nothing all winter. He was interrupted by a fresh attack of some ten or twelve boys and girls, some bringing specimens of the bog-oak, others pieces of spar at the cheap price of sixpence each, which we declined to buy, as they were covering the ground on every side of us. Here our guide's stick became useful. Soon after this, as we turned a corner where the Gap grew even more narrow than before, we were saluted by a roar of artillery, and were accosted by five boys, each of whom had fired off a canon that we might hear the echoes, and each of whom said we had told him so to do, and expected remuneration. After all we managed to reach Lord Brandon's cottage, where we found our boatmen with the boat, and

Some bread and bafe and porther,
And some whiskey in a jar,

from which we made a capital dinner on one of those Islands in the Upper Lake, which look as if they have been just brought into existence by magic, fairer than Venus rising from the froth of the Sea, or even than the froth of Guinness's

XX, which, with thirsty lips, we were imbibing. No one I believe, will ever describe the beauty of this Upper Lake in adequate terms. I think Sir Walter Scott's description of "the Trossachs" recalls the effect then produced on me better than anything else I know—though I am not prepared to say that the description can be applied to Killarney in detail. Our boatmen were pleasant fellows, or, as some Americans who had been before us at "the Victoria," stated in the visitor's book as

Intelligent as eddyed men.

Our party consisted of Mike and Pat, two weather-beaten boatmen, and Dick, our fine young guide, who I found was a "coorting" of old Mike's daughter, and who had taken an oar in order that his future father-in-law might escape a drenching. Their notion of chaff was quite delightful. It was not perhaps expressed in those classic terms the use of which has given to the bargee of the Cam his well-earned reputation. But there was a quiet flow of humour and wit that I am afraid I cannot give my readers any idea of at second-hand. The following dialogues may be taken as specimens:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Myself, (*Tom Pluck*); My Friend, (*Ned Plough*);
Mike, Pat, and Dick.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Pat. Och, Mike, yer was at the whiskey agin last night, else for why do yer puff so?

M. Divil a drap yer arnher have I had for sivin days, barrin no more than the tay-spoonful which I persave yer arnher is going to offer me.

P. Don't ye belave him yer arnher! Sure it's all owin to the whiskey that ye're the oogliest man in Killarney, Mike. Did yer arnher ever see as oogly a man as Mike?

T. P. O yes, I've seen an uglier man: so have you.

Pat. Divil a one have I.

T. P. Did you ever look in a looking-glass?

P. In coorse, when I shaves, or when I gets up in the mornin I have a look to see that I'm all right.

T. P. Then you must have seen an uglier man than Mike.

P. (*testily.*) Divil a one yer arnher.

Guide. (*with discernment.*) Oh! Pat the jintleman's bate yer.

Pat turns sulky and rows very hard.

SCENE 2.—“*The Long Range.*”

N. Plough. What do you call this River?

P. Sure we jist don't call it at all, it comes of itself. (*smiles again visit his countenance.*)

Guide. Does yer arnher persave the foot-prints on either side of the River?

T. P. Yes—what caused them?

Guide. Why, the O'Donoghue was comin home from a party and the Divil met him, and they fought: and the Divil bate the O'Donoghue by rayson of the liquor which he had had at sooper, and the O'Donoghue ran, and the Divil after him: till they came to the Long Range, when the O'Donoghue jumped clane over, as ye may persave by the prints of his five blessed toes. And the Divil could not cross the water.

N. P. O that's all bosh—I don't believe it.

Guide. And why not?

N. P. Why, if you or I were to jump over we should leave no marks of our feet.

Guide. Ah! but may be the rocks was young and tinder then! (*to Mike.*) Take my coat or ye'll get wet.

Pat. It's Kathleen he cares for, not you Mike.

Mike. Well, Kathleen's a good girl, and Dick's a purty fellow, and they'll suit well enough.

* * * * *

This sort of conversation, which it is impossible to do justice to with the pen, enlivened our way home—we reached our hotel early in the evening, where my friend Ned Plough had a speech made to him, which is as good a specimen of Irish wit and audacity as I know.

He was standing outside the hotel between two elderly maiden ladies, friends of his, and not remarkable for beauty, when his alms were solicited by an old beggar-woman; to whom he turned a deaf ear; at last she came close to him and said, in a terribly audible whisper, “God bless you sir—and ar'nt ye loike a rose atween two thistles! (*insinuatingly.*) Now then yer arnher, wo'nt ye give a poor old woman a few pence?”

But I have already tired my readers: and though at the outset I stated that I thought the selection of my subject

needed no apology, I must all the same apologise for the manner in which the subject has been treated. If, however, I should be induced to believe that this Article has given any amusement, on some future occasion, with *The Eagle's* permission, I will relate more of my Irish experiences. At present I can only say with the Poet—

What is writ is writ! would it were worthier!

“T. P.”





A DAY-DREAM.

I.

I DREAM'D I was a merry rivulet ;
Among tall rushes on a green hill-side
My cradle was ; and without care or fret,
Content with what the heavens might provide,
Urged from an inward source that never yet
Had fail'd me, down the slope in joyous pride
Of my young strength, I hasten'd, day and night
Singing in ecstasies of full delight.

II.

My voice I changed in many a wayward mood :
Now in the sunshine I would laugh and play,
Anon I murmur'd to a shady wood ;
And then in whispers soft, as I would stay,
Some hanging blossom for a kiss I woo'd,
Then whirl'd in saucy joyousness away.
Or, muttering at a rock with feign'd annoy,
Suddenly sparkled with a flash of joy.

III.

I gush'd beneath green hedgerows where in spring
The brown-wing'd throstle built her secret nest,
And oft above her sprightly mate would sing
All the bright morn, and oft the glowing west,
As there at even he sat carolling,
Pour'd its full sunshine on his speckled breast ;
And then I left my covert, and bestow'd
A boon of freshness on the toilsome road.

IV.

For not in far-off moorland wilds forlorn
 I rose, sequester'd in remotest glen,
 But all about the slope where I was born,
 (A high-piled slope that basks in sunshine, when
 The day flows farthest from the springs of morn)
 Green farms were scatter'd, and abodes of men;
 From cottage hearths blue smoke rose, morn and even,
 And infant voices laugh'd to the blue heaven.

V.

And where the steep hills with a sloping base
 Ran to the valley, on a verdant plot
 That turn'd to south and west its smiling face,
 Rose one fair dwelling; on a sweeter spot
 Amid those vales, on which with special grace
 He bends his beams, the bright sun shined not,
 So pleasant a retreat it was I ween
 Out-peering from its nest of leafy green.

VI.

And in those bowers two sisters, exquisite
 In feature and in form, were wont to stray:
 The one thro' shade and sunshine used to flit
 As light and glad some as a breeze of May;
 Agile she was, and beautifully knit,
 And free and careless-seeming, yet there lay,
 Still seen beneath the laughter-lighted rose,
 Calm depths of loveliness, and sweet repose.

VII.

But how may mine, nay, any verse, express
 The spiritual beauty that did move
 In her fair sister, from the golden tress
 Down to the ground she trod on, and inwove
 O'er all her calm and queenly stateliness
 A glory of humility and love?
 Therefore, my muse, be silent, nor in vain
 Stretch thy weak pinions for so high a strain.

VIII.

And fast beside those bowers, beneath the gate
Thro' which she used to pass, my stream did slide.
O joy, if ever there she chanced to wait,
To mirror her sweet form! O hour of pride,
O rapture that it was, when eve was late,
And stillness held the valley far and wide,
To think that, thro' that stillness, voice of mine
Might reach the heart of creature so divine!

IX.

And ever with sweet murmurs thro' the night,
Sleepless, when all things slept save only me,
I strove to pour into her dreams delight,
And soothe her slumbers with sweet melody;
But ah! my poor weak voice had little might;
I know not that she heard, or if it be
She cared to hear me, only this I know,
For her I flow'd,—and would for ever flow!

“H.”





PLATO UPON POETRY.

THERE are few things which surprise us more upon a first perusal of the Republic, than the way in which Plato proposes to deal with poets and their art in his model state. We commence our study of the Platonic dialogues with vague notions of ideality and sentimentality, of Platonic love and Platonic beauty; nor are these entirely swept away as we proceed. Everywhere we meet with the most glowing rhetoric and the most gorgeous imagery, clothed in almost Homeric language and adorned with continual quotations from the great epic and lyric poets. But when we arrive at the discussion on the principles of taste, all at once Plato seems to turn round on his old friends; painting is abused as humbug, and poets are to confine themselves to hymn-writing or they will be sent about their business. This conduct was so puzzling to some of the ancient critics that they invented the theory of an original feud between philosophers and poets to account for it. Perhaps it may not be thought out of place to offer a few suggestions, first, as to the causes which led Plato thus to violate the natural constitution of his mind; and second, as to the worth of the objections which would require us to banish from our libraries our Homer and our Aristophanes.

On comparing one passage with another, we shall find this condemnation is grounded principally upon three considerations; 1st. the nature of imitation generally; 2nd. the mental condition in which poetry is produced, and to which it is addressed; 3rd. the actual effect of certain poetical writings. We shall perhaps be better able to understand the point of view from which the whole subject is treated, if

we begin with the last of the three objections. Homer, Æschylus, &c., are not to be admitted into the model state, because they attribute falsehood, adultery, war, murder, and oppression to the Gods: because they terrify men with their stories of Hades, and represent their heroes as yielding to various passions without restraint. This is certainly a little remarkable. The severest of Christian moralists recommend the study of Homer and Sophocles as refining and ennobling, yet the Pagan philosopher is too fastidious to endure the sight of them. To explain the paradox, it will be necessary to refer to the general sentiments of that age. The Greek literature as every other began with poetry, which is at once the most natural organ of the warm and simple emotions of the pre-historic period, and at the same time an important aid to the memory when other means of preserving the author's productions are scanty or unknown. Poetry being thus the only form of intellectual activity, the poet was looked upon as an inspired teacher in every subject. His person was sacred, his words infallible, whether he spoke of the life of Gods above or men below, whether his song was of the past, the present, or the future. This reverence remained almost undiminished even after prose-writing had become general, and the historian and orator had put forth their rival claims to public admiration. Homer was still the Bible and the Classics of Greek boys and men. Thus, even in the dialogues of Plato, a quotation from him at once puts a stop to the discussion, or turns it away from the actual merits of the case to the interpretation of the passage, so as to suit the views of either disputant. "It was Homer," said his eulogists, "who had educated Greece, and by his directions men should regulate the whole tenour of their lives. He was acquainted, not only with all arts, but with all things human that bear on virtue and vice, and also with things divine." So a Rhapsodist is introduced in Xenophon as offering to teach a man his duties, as general, statesman, or head of a family, out of Homer ὁ σοφώτατος, who has written *σχεδὸν περὶ πάντων τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων*. Whatever was contrary, to the general feeling or the moral sense of the time was interpreted allegorically, to which Plato alludes in the second book of the Republic. After mentioning some of the impieties of the common mythology, he says, "It is no excuse for making these a branch of education, that they may have some deeper meaning, for even if it is possible to discover a suitable one in every instance, yet children are sure to carry away the form and miss the significance."

Such being the estimation in which the poets were held, other writers will help us to a determination of the question, whether their influence was beneficial or the contrary. Xenophanes in the sixth century B.C., complains bitterly of the wrong notions they instilled with respect to the Gods—and the comic poets of later times perpetually defend immorality by the example of Gods, as in the *Nubes*, the *ἄδικος λόγος* instances the adulteries of Zeus.

καίτοι σὺ θνητὸς ὦν θεῶν πῶς μᾶλλον ἂν δύναιτο ;

Similar passages might be adduced from Euripides and Terence. The fact is, the spirit of the age had become too enlightened for the traditionary religion: the result was Atheism, or a determined degradation of the moral feelings. Plato seeing the danger on the one hand of losing all reverence, on the other of losing independence of mind, assailed the poets, the prophets of the established religion, for introducing all manner of corruptions into the old pure Theism.

We now proceed to the considerations of the objections brought against imitation, in which dramatic and epic poetry are included. These may be summed up in one word, "it is false." He who imitates a bed, imitates what is itself merely an imitation, an attempt to arrive at the eternal idea of bed, from which he stands therefore at a third remove, being decidedly inferior to the carpenter. This general principle is further illustrated by the case of the painter, "who only aims at giving a thing as it appears, and therefore can paint every thing because his knowledge is only surface-knowledge," and by that of the poet, "who ventures to describe every condition of life, having himself experience of one alone." "It is clear, that he has no real acquaintance with that which he takes for the subject of his panegyric, or surely he would do what is worthy of praise, rather than sound the praises of another."

It is to be noticed in the first place with regard to this reasoning, which is found in the tenth book of the *Republic*, that it assumes the impossibility of rising through the real to the ideal; a doctrine utterly inconsistent with other views propounded in this very dialogue. For instance in the fifth book, Socrates asks "Do you think less of a man who has painted a beau ideal of human beauty (because he cannot prove that such a man might possibly exist?" And again in the sixth book we are told that "painters fix their eyes on perfect truth as a perpetual standard of reference to be contemplated with the minutest care;" and

further on we hear of "painters who copy the divine original." Such too is the doctrine of Aristotle, who in his *Poetics* distinguishes three kinds of imitation, of things as they are, as they ought to be, and as they are believed to be; and approves the saying of Sophocles, "that *he* drew men as they should be, Euripides as they were." Again he tells us that the Tragic poet should imitate skilful portrait painters, who while they express the particular features, still improve upon the original: and so poetry is more philosophical than history, because it is conversant with general truth. And while the theory of art was such, we need only call to mind the names of Phidias and Polygnotus to be assured that the practice was in accordance with it. Of the former Cicero says, "When he made his statue of Jupiter or Minerva, he did not copy any particular form or feature, but that glorious ideal which dwelt in his mind." And the latter is particularly distinguished by Aristotle as painting men better than they were. If these considerations should lead us to suppose, that Plato uses imitation in its narrower sense, and that he is only warning us, as Ruskin and Cousin have done, against the mindless art whose end is merely the surprise produced by perfect deception; still he has incautiously generalized his censure, so that true art is condemned for the sake of the false. The same remark will apply to his illustration of the doctrine. It is true that painters and poets may easily fall into a superficial and conventional method of representing facts, as the Arcadian lays of Queen Anne's time testify: but it does not follow that the poet should confine himself to the sphere of his own personal experience. Without being a soldier or a king, he may judge better than they can themselves, how the soldier or king ought to act. The mind is the poet's province, and he may seize the secrets of this, though the details of external life should be unknown to him. But even supposing the knowledge requisite to the poet were such as would enable him to enact the part he describes; he might still deny Plato's assumption, that the fame of one of Pindar's heroes, a Megas or Iamidas, is more enviable than that of their panegyrist.

The remaining branch of the subject is concerned with the condition of mind in which poetry is produced and appreciated. The Greeks were strong believers in a poetic frenzy or inspiration from the Muses or Dionysus or Apollo, like that of the priestess who delivered the oracles from the Delphic tripod. This was also the doctrine of Plato,

who complains that the poets were entirely unscientific and incapable of giving rules for producing or judging of those effects which proceeded from a kind of happy instinct. Frequently he contrasts the conscious self-governed striving of the mind after a known object, with the violent impulse from without, which destroyed the freedom of the individual will, and reduced the person to the level of a thing: an argument reproduced in later times to overthrow the doctrine of Montanus, that in prophesying "God alone wakes, man sleeps." Still it is possible to imagine a homogeneous inspiration so to speak, which should elevate and intensify instead of crushing the natural character of the poet. Whether this is so in point of fact or not, is too difficult a question to be settled off-hand; we will therefore pass on to the safer ground of the prosaic mind, and ask how this is affected by being brought into contact with poetry. Plato gives the following answer—"Imitative poetry (*i.e.* all poetry but that which is the expression of the actual present feelings of the virtuous man) represents the violent struggle of passion, the revolt of the appetites and affections against the sovereign reason. It does so because exaggeration is easy both for the actor and spectator, and because the calmness of self-control is not a field in which the poet can exhibit the variety of his own powers, or flatter the pruriency of popular taste. In the theatre we listen with approbation to sentiments which we should despise and detest in ourselves or our friends. We accustom ourselves to look upon the dictates of passion as absolute, and stoop to admire the coarse jests of the comedian."

No one will deny the importance of this view of the subject; we are just as apt now as they were then, to look upon every thing as allowable in fiction. The naturalness of the character atones for the ugliness of it. Not that this excellence cannot be dispensed with. Alexander Smith, for instance, has exaggeration in as high a degree as the other faults mentioned by Plato. Nor is our age without instances of indecency made fashionable by an elegant wit or musical rhythm or beauty of form or colour. A writer in "*Meliora*," himself a working man, asserts that the immorality of the lower orders in London is chiefly encouraged by the exclusive acquaintance with such writings as those of Sue and Ainsworth and Reynolds. Plato's denunciation is fairly applicable to imitation of this kind, but again his too sweeping condemnation requires to be limited by the teaching of his pupil. There *is* tragedy which purifies the

affections by pity and terror, raising the veil of ordinary life and bringing to light the internal struggle of good and evil, leading us to sympathize in the varied fortunes and ultimate triumph of the former, but not aspiring to that peaceful contemplation which may find a place in the philosopher's Utopia, but which was as little suited to the fourth century before, as to the nineteenth century after Christ.





DAS KIND DER SORGE.

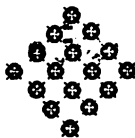
(The Child of Sorrow.)

ONCE, where a brook with gentle murmur flowed,
Whose crystal stream the sleeping pebbles shewed
Care, deeply musing on a bank reclined
Thought after thought revolving in her mind,
At last, the work of many a toilsome day
She fashioned with her hands a form of clay,
Yet still some wish appeared to give her pain,
Pensive she sat, nor wished she long in vain;
"What dost thou seek," said Jove approaching near,
"What are these sighs, these wishes that I hear?"
"Jove" spake the goddess then, "This form behold,
Framed by my hands, and framed of mortal mould;
O let Life's flame through each cold member spring
Whirl the hot blood, the nervous muscles string,
Through the frail fabric breathe the vital air;"
'Let it have life,' spake Jove—and Life was there;
Then said the god, "Mine let this creature be;"
"Nay," answered Care, "Leave it, great Lord, to me,
This hand hath made it, and these fingers formed,"
'But I' said Jove 'with heavenly fire have warmed
Its senseless body, and have given it life'—
While thus with words they lengthen out the strife,
Tellus approaching speaks, 'The thing is mine,
What from the earth she took, let Care to earth resign.'
Their causes thus with partial words they plead,
Each urged his claim, of judgment there was need;
When, lo, his face o'er seamed with many a scar,
Saturn they see, approaching from afar,
O'er his grey head had years unnumbered rolled,
His birth in Chaos hid, immeasurably old,
Unpitied Age had closed his weary wing.
In his left hand he bore the serpent ring;

To him at once the Deities apply,
And thus they hail him as he paces by :
"O, Saturn, arbiter among the Gods,
Supreme Seneschal of their bright abodes,
Thus stands the case, decide between us three,
An equal judge, a just assessor be,"—
They paused, and now while each attention pays,
Thus Saturn speaks, the God of many days,
"All have it, all,—so wills high Fates decree,
It, while life lasts, belongs, O Care, to thee ;
Soon o'er his head Time's wasting blast shall blow,
Wrinkle the brow and tinge the hair with snow ;
Then ye the justice of the Fates shall learn,
Jove gave him life, life shall to Jove return ;
When to Death's stroke he bends his drooping head,
Earth shall contain him, numbered with the dead.
Thus shall each claimant have an equal share,
This is the judgment which the Fates declare.

The Child of Sorrow thus his course began,
Care gave her work its name and called it Man,
She holds his life,—when life his body leaves,
Earth takes his bones, and God his soul receives.

"ούτις."





CHESS AND MATHEMATICS.

"YOU play at chess, of course," remarked a Swiss gentleman, with whom I had been for a short time acquainted, and who had gathered that I was reading for Mathematical honors, "all Mathematicians are Chess-men on the Continent." He was right in his assumption: and this set me thinking to discover what connection there is between the science and the game. Between the science and the game; for with all deference to the great name of Leibnitz, who declared Chess to be a science, and accounting for his dictum by supposing him to be fresh from the contemplation of some brilliant catastrophe six moves deep, I must humbly dissent from the definition, but, at the same time, would express my ready acquiescence in its being the most scientific game.

Undoubtedly a deep connection exists between the two subjects, a connection which rests upon a wider basis than the fact that it requires computation to establish such a truth as that a Knight can cover the sixty-four squares of the board in sixty-four moves. The man, who can make such a computation, is not necessarily more of a Chess-player than the boy who can solve the historical arithmetical question of the nails in the horse-shoe, is a horse-jockey. The principles of thought are, as far as they go side by side, the same; nevertheless they do not coincide, for, although a mathematician ought to make a good Chess-player, the converse of the proposition does not hold—Philidor's brain might have been a segment of Sir Isaac Newton's, but it could not have been similar to it as a whole.

Chess is indeed very analogous to solving a problem in the quick and brilliant way that makes a high man in the Tripos; but, as was ably observed in the Athenæum, in an Article upon the death of Dean Peacock, this problem-solving draws not more upon Mathematical talent than upon ready ingenuity, or "knack."

Solving problems in this manner is attacking the solution; and, as in attacking the King, we have to branch off from the main object to remove Pawns, and resolve other difficulties, keeping fully in mind the plot at issue; so, in getting at our result in the aforesaid question, we have to solve equations, and prepare the way for our grand assault.

In these problems the solution is invariably, so to speak, castled behind some equations, and the attack is only varied by combination, and is never of different elements.

Again, it is well known in Chess how much success depends upon a spirited onward course; upon your being altogether abstracted in that one view of the matter, and not entertaining at the same time dim visions of another way of going to work. A divided mind fails equally to check-mate, or to solve a problem. Perfect abstraction begets in the mind a potent spiritual feeling which avails alike to accomplish any mental work, and is the *παμμήτωρ* of arts, sciences, and games.

Though the analysis of a gambit is an entirely different thing from the analysis of a problem, yet it will be found that mathematical analysis—the working backwards from the result to the data—is in constant operation in Chess, more especially at the close of the game.

A mate, or a position, is conceived, the next step noticed, and so the materials are squared to be in readiness. In the openings of games this seems more difficult (though perhaps it is not impossible to such players as Staunton, Morphy, or Anderssen), and the way in which an ordinary player at least proceeds is in fact the trial and error system. If Philidor could really see a check-mate in the placing a pawn at the fourth move, of course the analytical method was open to him at the beginning.

The fact of their being two sides in the game of Chess, but only one in Mathematics, is of no weight in the case of good players. For, a position being given, your opponent may be altogether ignored; you allowing the best move possible to be made, and winning from the nature of the position: in fact doing as all good players do, playing, in your forward calculations, your right-hand against your left.

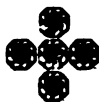
In both the science and the game there is a considerable amount of book-work. The Gambits should be well known, as to investigate all the consequences of moving the second Pawn, during the game, would be like making your own table of logarithms to solve a problem.

I have said that Mathematics involves Chess, and

something more; I except however the poetry and metaphysics of Chess. That Chess has its poetry is seen from Walker's treatise on the subject, where he talks of a Pawn being "enshrined" in a square, and like ultra-Tennysonian expressions; and that Chess has its metaphysics is to be inferred, a priori, from the fact of the numerous German works on the subject, and a posteriori from an inspection of their works, where the investigator will find a heap of rubbish or metaphysics, perhaps no one knows which.

In conclusion, it is to be regretted that Chess is not universally known throughout the College; for, whatever may be thought of the relation in principles between Mathematics and Chess, it is certain, that in the intricate combinations, and perplexed involutions of the game, there is ample material for the composition of some of those tremendous equations that rejoice in the number seven.

"DIONYSIUS."





"THE COMING OF THE EQUINOX."

THREE huge clouds trail through Heaven's black height,
And a little one drifts below,
There's red where the sun was last in sight;
It's going to be a gusty night,
And the caps of the waves are getting white
As the wind comes on to blow.

There was a rainbow this afternoon,
And the Grey Mare's Tails in the sky,
Never man saw them together, but soon
The wind would awaken and pipe his tune,
And to-night will be rising the Harvest Moon
To carry the waters high.

Upward a mighty cloud comes with the storm,
High upward out of the west,
Lo, it is like to a warrior's form,
Hard by the enemy prest;
And he drives like a torrent along the red sky,
As if he from a flaming town did fly,
Yet withal is he drawing his sword from his thigh,
To die in doing his best.

There's Hesperus sits where the sun sat before,
And calmly he doth shine,
Though the oak tree's rocking upon the shore,
And on the hills the pine;
And every wave has now got a crest,
Yet the wind through the mountains calls,
And more clouds are coming up out of the west,
So, my friends, look out for squalls!

"οὐτός."



ADVICE TO A YOUNG CURATE.

THE type of a bad English clergyman of the last century is not difficult to construct. We can easily picture to ourselves the country parson, stout, passionate, and sensual, shooting, hunting and drinking with the squire, inexorable in the exaction of tithes, a very Rhadamanthus to poachers, elsewhere jovial and rubicund, the sole duty and annoyance of whose life was that every seventh day he had to read two services and preach a sermon. But when our times have passed away, when the age of Queen Victoria has become subject for history, and when our manners and thoughts are discussed by an impartial and inquisitive posterity, what then will be the type of an English curate of the nineteenth century? Will he not be represented as a mild and inoffensive creature, mediæval amidst modernism, full of impracticable and inoffensive theories, skilled in church architecture, cunning in curious altar cloths, in stained glass and brasses, a man of strange vestments and many genuflections, whose most striking characteristics are a white neck-cloth and unlimited capability of painful blushing? And yet, such as this creature may be, it was not hatched without some pains: many nurses in the shape of grammar-schools, tutors, private or otherwise, fostered it, brought it to Alma Mater; and she, the kind mother, nurtured it for three years and more in her bosom; why then should our cygnet turn out an ugly-piping-geese? Oh future curate, the question is too hard for me, I cannot answer it, merely would I desire to give you a little useful advice. Do you want to be considered a practical man, to be looked up to in your parish, to obtain the esteem of all the respectable and well-to-do part of your flock, to have influence, full congregations, unresisted church-rates and praise from all men? If so, haste, come on board: Eureka! I have found the breeze which will waft you to the haven of your desires. Who says, "woe unto you when all men speak well of you?" We know better than that now-a-days.

Let us then imagine a youthful curate, as yet unhatched, studying, we will suppose, at one of the universities and anxiously looking forward to the time when his name shall be highly exalted in the annals of the church of which he is a member; what should be his course of proceeding? In the first place our curate will avoid all that false and useless prestige which arises from taking a high place in the classical or mathematical tripos: he will content himself with the more modest but solid honors of the poll, and will devote his spare time to the study of elocution, and the other preparations for the ministry. By so doing, he will avoid two evils; firstly, a high degree will not confer upon him that reputation for unpracticableness which is its invariable accompaniment; and secondly, he will be freed from the danger of injuring his chance of church advancement, which, it is well known, varies directly as the power of a man's voice, and inversely as his learning and ability. After taking his degree, our curate will pass the voluntary examination, and immediately enter upon his field of duty, if possible, in some town where he will have the opportunity of frequent preaching. And here let me pause, while I solemnly warn my reader at this crisis of his life to divest himself of every idea derived from the university and freely to give himself to the surrounding influences of his parish. He has been accustomed perhaps to regard forms and ceremonies as things indifferent in themselves, createable or destructible at the will of men, and therefore matters of comparatively slight importance. This is wrong. Never was there a greater mistake than that of supposing the laity to be indifferent to forms. They attach more weight to forms than did Laud himself, with this difference, that, while the latter insisted upon their employment, the former still more vehemently insist upon their omission, not so much because they imagine them to be useless, as out of a secret dread of a mysterious necromantic power supposed to be inherent in them. A bow at the name of the Saviour has ere now brought a young clergyman's ministrations to an untimely end, and if, in ignorance of his congregation's habits, an unfortunate curate turn toward the East at the creed, his name will form the single subject of conversation for the crowds who stream from the church-doors at the conclusion of the service, and he will probably overhear that 'he has shewn the cloven foot already.' Our pupil therefore must give up without a murmur any old forms to which his parishioners may be averse; he must not, for a few genu-

flections more or less, ruin his chance of influencing his flock for good. Nor is this all; these are merely the requirements of plain common sense; some further sacrifice is necessary, if we would propitiate success. For example, if chance should conduct our successful curate to some rural parish, he should not be tyrannously earnest in overthrowing those ancient little baize-lined houses, called pews, in which, ever since the reformation, the chief family of the village has been allowed to sleep with impunity; he must not shew too outspoken a desire of innovation if he see an eighteenth century parallelogrammic window foisted into old Norman architecture: if the churchwardens like to make the church look like a large green-grocer's shop at Christmas-time, if the choir sing out of tune, and prefer so to sing, or if they rapturously cling to their old virginals in place of a new organ, why in the name of success, so let it be! In all things of this nature he must "let well alone," or rather, if need be, 'let very bad alone'. "*Quieta non movere*" will be the rising curate's best motto.

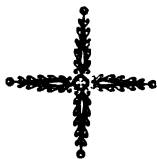
But these are minor points. I pass now to the pulpit, the battle-field, if I may so express it, of our protégé: the scene of all his triumphs, where alone if anywhere he must achieve his future eminence. Now though there undoubtedly are many districts in which a written sermon may be read with impunity, still, on many accounts, I lay down this rule that our curate's sermons be "*ex tempore*." In the first place, the late government appointments cannot but have some influence on our determination in this matter: again, there are parts of England, particularly in some of the south-west counties, in which a written sermon argues want of faith and fervour, and the reader, as soon as the fluttering of the first leaf has made his congregation conscious of his crime, is in a solemn conclave of whispering bonnets declared to be 'not a gospel minister.' Lastly, his own convenience, if nothing else, should dictate this step. A written sermon takes a considerable time: a man cannot commit words to paper without thinking a little, though sometimes a very little, about them, and the mere labour of writing is no trifling one. But an extemporaneous sermon, that is, such a one as is likely to please his audience, will take no time or trouble at all. Nor will our curate be deterred by any foolish nervousness or fear of failing before the face of so many hearers. Paul preached extempore, why should not he? For fear however he be not quite persuaded by this argument, and persist in entertaining a suspicion that perhaps

the circumstances in which he is placed may in some respects differ from those of the Apostle of the Gentiles, and may consequently require some corresponding difference of conduct, it will be well to remove any such lingering objections by a hint on the subject of extemporaneous preaching. A good extemporaneous, or, to speak more correctly, a good spoken sermon, in which deep thought, sound reasoning, and much learning, are set off by beauty of diction and appropriate gesticulation, is one of the highest efforts of human genius, such as I live in the hopes of some day witnessing—but let not our preacher imagine that any such model is to be placed before *him*. His task is of a different nature. His “*ex tempore*” sermon should consist of as many texts of scripture as can possibly be strung together with the smallest possible compound of original matter, the less the better. In this way the least offence will be given, and the least suspicion of heterodoxy will be aroused, a point in which he will do well to be very careful. Whatever cementing matter he may employ should be, as far as he can contrive, composed of Scripture-phrases. In fact, I should recommend every young curate to learn by heart daily a certain number of verses from the Epistles of Paul, solely with a view to this object: thus will he acquire the faculty of delivering at a moment’s notice a sermon of any conceivable length on any conceivable subject, and that too without giving room for any censorious expressions, since he can truly assert that every word of his discourse is taken from the Scriptures. Nothing can be more ill-judged and misplaced than words and phrases which remind his congregation of every-day life. A broad line of demarcation, it cannot be too broad, should be drawn between the Sabbath and the six unsanctified days of work, between the church and the world, and this difference should be expressed by an appropriate difference of language.

Now, as for the subject of his sermon, as long as he remembers the rule I have just laid down, and strictly avoids secular and, above all, political subjects, our curate may be left to his own devices. During the present state of religious feeling in England, a sermon on the Errors of Popery (provided that the influence or numbers of that sect in your parish be not so large as to produce inconvenient consequences) will not be unacceptable about once in three or four months; the heresy of the Unitarians will furnish a telling topic though more rarely, and if our friend be of a tolerant or liberal disposition, he will be careful to control himself, at least so

far as to avoid saying anything which might be construed to signify that he felt any unorthodox hopes of the possibility of the future salvation of any member of either of these sects. Different audiences will no doubt have different tastes ; and the great business of our curate's life will be to develope and improve, if I may so say, a theological cuisine, an art whereby he may be enabled to adapt his discourses to the palates and requirements of his parishioners. General rules would here therefore be out of place : our pupil must in this matter be left to his own ingenuity. One piece of advice, however, may not be altogether useless. Be technical. Only let the preacher confine himself to technicalities and all will be well. You may tell your congregation that they are not in a state of grace, and they will go out of the church thanking you for your gospel-sermon, and thinking you pious yourself in proportion to the fervour of your condemnation of them, but beware, as you love respectability and desire success, beware of telling them that they are leading an unjust and dishonest life. Is your congregation a congregation of tradesmen ? Warn them not against that covetousness which leads to the defrauding of the exchequer, the adulteration of their goods. Have you whole pews full of stout prospering farmers ? Talk not to them of farm-labourers starving on ten shillings a-week, but tell them about their souls and how to save them, and presume not to desecrate that holy place and the sanctity of the Sabbath by allusion to the things of this world. "What has grace to do with earthly things ?" has been very properly asked by a learned judge in his place on the bench, and hundreds of English congregations will answer in deed if not in word—"nothing." A place for everything and everything in its place : the proper place to talk about the Bible and religion and our souls is the church, and the proper day is the Sabbath : and on the other days, and in other places we are to devote ourselves to secular occupations. I insist the more earnestly on this point, not only because in it lies the whole secret of our pupil's success, but also because there has lately arisen a set of misguided young men who utterly ignore the line between religious and secular life, and are continually confusing together sacred and worldly things. These men talk about the Bible as though it concerned us on week-days as much as on the Sabbath, they profess to see in the narrative of the Holy Scriptures events which have occurred once and are occurring now, not merely to be read of, but also to be acted on ; they imagine there are at this day English false gods, English

false prophets, aye, even English Pharisees, as well as English Publicans and Sinners! They talk about men being just and honest and true, instead of "in a state of salvation," and use ugly words, such as covetousness, injustice, and hypocrisy, than which expressions none can be conceived more unscriptural or more utterly destructive of that good feeling which should exist between a pastor and his flock. But now mark the unhappy fate of these infatuated men, and compare it with the career of our rising curate. The latter, admired and even idolized by the respectable part of his congregation, a popular preacher, and a practical man, finds in this life a bishopric and after death an epitaph. But if any man hanker after joining the ranks of these erring schismatics, let him not do so unwarned. Blasted by the withering denunciations of the Record, styled infidel by one party, derided as visionary by another, attacked unsparingly by all, clogged on every side by an indistinct suspicion of unorthodoxy, the more injurious because indistinct, he must expect neither friendship nor sympathy from the great mass of his parishioners: the high places of the church are closed against him: he will die, as he has lived, a curate, with no other consolation than the weak-minded regrets of a few visionary men, and such pitiful satisfaction as he may be able to derive from the imagination that he has done his duty.





THE HAVERN HUNT.

WHAT was the reason that there was such a dearth of Latin and Greek Grammars, and where did all Dr. Colenso's valuable educational productions go to, were questions that presented themselves forcibly to the mind of every new boy, in Havern School, during the last week of one September not so long ago. Various were the answers the "old fellows" gave, according as they estimated the amount of gullibility each querist had, but that the hunting season was coming on, seemed the solution that was most general, though the connection of the two was not so obvious.

Friday solved the new boy's doubts, since they found themselves, together with a good many old boys, "doured" to tear scent in No. 8.

To No. 8 Study let us then adjourn ; very barren indeed we find it, for the inhabitants, not having at any time much furniture, have removed all but the tables, to make room for the numbers who throng in. Soon the huntsman and his attendant satellites the whips appear, laden with old books, papers and such like, begged, borrowed or — appropriated, (not to speak harshly); these they distribute to the multitude, with instructions to tear them to small fragments. While this is proceeding, we may as well explain the constitution of the hunt. The original rank of every member is that of a "hound," when he has attached to him an appropriate name, to which he must answer.

Promotion, which is acquired by one's head, as well as by one's heels, that is by merit, scholastic as well as pedestrian, is to the rank of gentlemen, involving the privileges of sporting pink during a run, carrying a "hound-stick" (a short stick with a hook at one end, by which to

assist a lagging hound, or pull the owner over a fence), and the more doubtful one of contributing to the expences. From the gentlemen are chosen the huntsman and whips.

Let us now return to No. 8, where we find the hounds tearing scent into their square caps, a few gentlemen lounging in to take a turn, and the officials watching narrowly that the scent is of the proper size, and not torn double, that is, so that two pieces stick together. Towards the end of the proceedings, it transpires that the run for to-morrow is the one thro' Annesley Chase, one of the most popular, but one of the hardest.

Great is the excitement next morning; new made gentlemen buy their hound-sticks, the knowing ones grease their boots, or rather make their "douls" do it, get out their oldest bags, to run in; Music despairingly seeks for someone to tell him it is not so hard; Songstress to improve his wind takes two raw eggs, and so is ill, and cannot go; Little Dairymaid persuades that big good natured gentleman with the very ancient hunting costume to promise to help him if he is hard up; the huntsman and the two foxes for the occasion consult the map, and maliciously contrive to include the Annesley Brook; the scent is stored into a bag, and all due preparations are made for the run; and uncommon little for second lesson, after which the event comes off.

Well, second lesson is said, and we stroll down to the old barn in Fumigator's Lane, where we find the two foxes just started, one with the scent-bag hung on his back from which his brother fox ever and anon distributes handfuls of the paper fragments, as guides for the pack to follow.

Meanwhile one whip couples the hounds, the other makes an insane row on his bugle, an ancient party of drunken aspect and Irish origin, produces a basket in which to carry superfluous clothes to run in. Belts are tightened, caps jammed hard on. "The hounds are coupled, Mr. Huntsman," announces the whip to that dignified individual, who thereupon condescends to put himself at their head, and to say "Gently For'ard," which does not mean "Gently For'ard," for the pace is fast, the grass long and wet; down the hill merrily we go, the huntsman first, round him the hounds, a whip on either side, while the gentlemen follow through the gate at the bottom, jump the little ditch, cross a small field or two, through one stiff hedge, and then up a long, long expanse of turnips and mud; little cares Mr. Huntsman, on he goes, not so the gentlemen, who prefer going round a little to escape this, except one or two extra plucky ones;

while the hounds, who must follow, set at nought the whips, endeavours to keep them together, but drop into a long line, from the rear of which one has a vision of heads and shoulders bobbing up and down in most eccentric methods.

Every one is pleased when a jump over the stile brings us into Farmer Hammond's stubble fields, along which we go merrily, to the great disgust of that plethoric and wrathful man, who, attended by two rustics, armed with pickets, fondly hopes to stop us. Ah! fond man, there is never a rustic in hobnails and a smock frock, who can come near us. "Dang ye," he cries, and "dang ye" all the echoing woods resound. On we go, hurling at him "winged words," careless of the deep black plough we now run over, tho' one or two hounds want assistance, and not a few have got purls over the last two or three fences to the great detriment of their appearance.

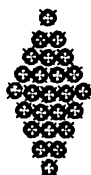
But now the pace is slackened for an instant to gather up the stragglers, or leave them all together, silence is enjoined, for now we have to run through the drives of Annesley Park, long green alleys cut through the plantations, sacred alone to pheasants; and dire would be the wrath of old Annesley, should he see the invasion, for the first of October is nigh, and all Havern boys rank as poachers in his mind, and perhaps he may have some reason for thinking so.

The services of the gentlemen are now required, to pull along those of the hounds who are done up: go along they must, three miles through these drives without a stop: very pleasant is it tho', for there is good turf below, and the trees arch over head, still laden with the rain drops of the morning which shine like pearls in the Sun; whirr—goes some old cock pheasant disturbed by the tramp of many feet.

At length we emerge by the Havern's side, whose waters are swollen, and keep along its banks for a short way, then turn through a plantation into the Annesley Park, past the front of the Hall, over the sunk fence, round the old Chapel to the astonishment and amusement of some young ladies drawing the same, who do not often see sixty fellows in such attire, or hear such noise as the junior whip gets out of his bugle. Tramp, tramp, on we go past Farmer Goughs, who gives us a cheer, for didn't we save his stacks from fire not so long ago. "Gentlemen forward," cries the huntsman; off they go and race in, to where the foxes stand as judges of the race; and then the hounds race in for the last hundred yards; Champion first, Venus second, Rattler third;

and thus the Annesley Run was done ; nine miles in almost no time.

The rest of the day being a holiday is spent in talking it over again, how well Champion ran, how hard the Senior whip tipped the silk to all who lagged, how little Dairymaid was pulled all the way, while the smaller Tiny would not be helped at all ; these, and all these, are they not written in the Chronicles of the R. H. H ?





A WORD ON UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

A STRANGER to our University can hardly look over the Mathematical Honor lists in the Calendar, without feeling some surprise that so few names are distinguished by the α , β or γ which indicate a man who has also taken Classical Honors. To a stranger, I say, this must be a subject of surprise, but to ourselves of regret; regret that so few among us are found capable of distinguishing themselves in more than one branch of study, that so few are willing to give their minds that generality of education which alone can furnish them with sound judgment, or fit them to achieve really great works. To me it seems, that for a man to give up the years he is here, the years in which his mind is most impressible, most capable of being expanded by a generous education, the years, one might almost say, in which his mind *is formed*, to give these up to *one* study alone, whether it be Classics or Mathematics, is a course as preposterous as to give the body meat and refuse it drink, or to give it drink and refuse it meat. But I will not trespass upon these pages to shew that this system is bad, for I am persuaded that there is not a man in this College who does not feel that a Senior Wrangler who knows nothing but Mathematics, is by no means so well educated as a man of very much lower place in that Tripos, who is well informed on most subjects, and whose name also appears moderately high in the Classical Tripos. Indeed, if a man's education has been confined to Mathematics, and let him be acquainted ever so well with this science, what is he fit for? Perhaps he is unwilling or unable to teach, (for it does not follow that a man who is thoroughly acquainted with a subject is able to convey his ideas with perspicuity to others,—one must be *born* a teacher,) and he is scarcely fit to take holy orders and be entrusted with the care of souls; what can he do? If you would see this question answered, pass with me into a certain office in the West of England, where you may see a Senior

Wrangler engaged in the somewhat unintellectual occupation of marking down the weights of loads of coal, and exciting within us no better hopes than that, *as he was a Senior Wrangler, he will be able to add up the rows of figures correctly!*

Assuming then that this one-sided and partial education is bad, let us with a view to its remedy, investigate its origin. I think its origin is Prejudice, a two-fold prejudice. In the first place there is a prejudice very prevalent in the University that our course here is very short, and that we have not time to pursue in it more than one study to any effect. This prejudice makes the expectant of Mathematical honors shrink from reading even the Classical subjects of our College Examinations: it makes the Classic rejoice when his Little-Go is past, that he needs no more mathematics, and with joy dispose of his Arithmetic and Algebra as useless acquirements which he may now cast away for ever. It is this same prejudice which causes men to say that they would be very glad to avail themselves of the advantages which would be derived from writing for our College Magazine, but they have no time. It was this that caused so many to refuse the pleasure and the improvement afforded in the Long Vacation by our Debating Society, saying, that it would doubtless do them a great deal of good, but they really could not take an hour a week from the time they had set apart for Mathematics. I have called this a *prejudice* for I believe it is nothing more. I feel confident that any one who will try the experiment will find that if his chief attention be directed suppose to Mathematics, his progress in that science will not be less, or less satisfactory, at the end of a term, if he has been devoting two or three or four hours a day during that term to Classics. The one study will be relaxation after the other; to turn the mind wearied with any one pursuit to a different pursuit is a better rest for it than to leave it unemployed to wander where it will. Thus by dividing our attention between different studies we are enabled to work longer without fatigue and not only longer but with greater application, for every one who is accustomed to reading must know that after he has been engaged for some time at a subject he finds it difficult to apply himself as thoroughly as at first to that subject although he could easily give up his mind entirely to any other. And here I may be allowed to introduce an observation which scarcely belongs to my argument, but which may be useful to some reader. A very great number of the

Undergraduates at this College purpose taking holy orders. I would suggest to them that they will find it very desirable in interpreting the Old Testament Scriptures to have a knowledge of Hebrew and that here there are unusual advantages offered to them of studying that language; I think that if they at all agree with the remarks I have been making, they will have no fear that their progress in other studies would be interfered with by their attendance at the Hebrew lectures.

But there is a second prejudice which induces the evil of which I speak. Mathematical men, as they are called, tell us that they *cannot* read Classics because they are mathematical and not classical. And similarly, and I believe to a much greater degree, Classical men object that they cannot do mathematics. Perhaps I am rather bold in calling this a prejudice, but I am not without reason for supposing that in many cases, if not in every case, it is so. Among children brought up in the same circumstances, we find one early acquiring an idea of number and loving to count, while another exhibits no such precocity, though in other respects he may appear the cleverer of the two. We observe this difference, and not perceiving anything external to account for it, we say that the difference is *innate*, and that the one child is *naturally* mathematical and the other is not. But I think that where children and older persons exhibit this apparent incapacity for acquiring one subject and aptitude for another, it is often the result of prejudice contracted perhaps in mere infancy. At a very early age children are put to learn reading and arithmetic. One of these subjects is brought before a child we may suppose in a more pleasing form than the other: or disagreeable associations of punishment perhaps accompany one more than the other. And similarly when they begin Latin: they find difficulty in a lesson of Latin Grammar, and are glad to be allowed to do some arithmetic instead, or they are puzzled in their sums and look on the Latin as a relief. Prejudices thus arise and grow, and are afterwards regarded as capabilities and incapacities, natural it is thought to the child, but certainly hindering the man most grievously in his education.

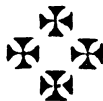
And if we are right in deciding that in most cases what a man calls his inability to read Mathematics is indeed merely prejudice, (though perhaps of very long standing,) surely an effort should be made that this prejudice do not stand in the way of his usefulness and advancement in life. It is not probable that he would ever take to Mathematics with the

delight that he now derives from Classics, but without interfering with his Classical reading, he may doubtless make such progress in the science as will expand his mind and enlarge his ideas, and have no mean effect on his success in life.

But I would not have it supposed from what I have said, that I think all men or most men should attempt to take double honors; I think more should do so than do at present, but my chief object in writing this paper is to urge those who are reading for honors, in either tripos, not to neglect their other studies for the sake of the one they have chosen, but to let their reading be extensive, even though their honors are single. My object is to combat that idea so prevalent in our College and especially among ambitious and impetuous freshmen, viz. that if they are reading Mathematics it is waste of time to read a Latin author, it is waste of time to attend a Classical lecture; history and poetry are snares to take their attention from Euclid and Conics; newspapers and novels are incompatible with Dynamics and Newton. These men should remember that they came up to Cambridge not to be made into calculating machines, but to be educated, and Education is a lady who cannot be won by a *single* attraction. Let them be Senior Wranglers if they can, but by all means let them be educated.

I conclude with the hope that future numbers of *The Eagle* may contain opinions on this subject from abler heads and more fluent pens than mine, for it is a subject of importance to all of us, it is a question admitting of profitable discussion, and one upon which our readers may pronounce the verdict, applicable indeed to most questions, that "much may be said upon both sides."

"NE QUID NIMIS."





ATTICA.

(*A Translation from Sophocles.*)

“ἐνίκου, ξένε τὰςδε χώρας.”—

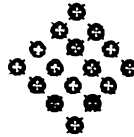
Soph. Œd. Col. 668.

MIIGHTY is the land, O Stranger,
Which thy wandering footsteps tread;
It shall shelter thee from danger,
It shall guard thine aged head;
Here Colonos' woods of sable
Shade her chalk-cliffs as a crest,
Here the steed may find a stable,
And the nightingale a nest,
Deep within her ivy cover
Circled by no fettering bars,
She, lamenting like a lover,
Pours her music to the stars:
O'er this valley's verdant bosom
Venus guides her golden rein;
Here Narcissus spreads his blossom,
Crown of the immortals twain;
Bacchus, round whose brow supernal
Wreathes the grape in purple twine,
Roves amid these groves eternal
With his nurses, nymphs divine;

Here, scarce seen 'mid trees which hide it,
Roams Cephissus' sleepless stream,
And the Muses roam beside it
Through the groves of Academe ;
Aye the cool green slopes he presses
Of the hills which gave him birth,
Shadowy hills, whose fond caresses
Clasp him to the breast of Earth,
Dew divine supplies that river
And he fails not from the land,
But he rolls his wave for ever
'Twixt the sunlight and the sand,
And the crocus round him blazing
Lifts to heaven its golden eye,
He, upon its beauty gazing,
Wonders as he wanders by ;
But a tree this region blesses
Favoured most by Pallas' smile,
Such nor Asia's land possesses,
Nor as yet the Dorian isle ;
By no human hand 'twas planted,
'Twas no mortal sowed the seed,
'Twas the gift a goddess granted
To supply a nation's need :
Young and old revered its beauty
And to smite its trunk forbore,
Still the Olive held its duty
As the guardian of the door ;
Ne'er was tree so blest before it,
Never fruit so famous grew,
Zeus the guardian watches o'er it,
Watch Minerva's eyes of blue ;
Nor alone the Olive's clusters
Raise this region o'er the rest,
Yet another boast she musters
By another gift is blest ;
God-given gifts they ne'er shall perish,
Skilled to rear the steed is she,
Skilled the tender foals to cherish,
Skilled to rule the foaming sea.

Hail! O God, Poseidon hoary!
'Twas thy voice the mandate gave
That her sons should ride to glory
On the War-Horse and the Wave!
Through thy gift the bark swift sliding
Shoots the buoyant wave along,
While the Nereids round it gliding
Cheer its passage with their song.

"οὐρίς."





THE BOATING MANIA.

ST. JOHN'S is a very respectable old-established institution—there can be no doubt of that—and a Johnian, as every one knows, is the very type of sobriety, regularity and grind; yet there are times, regularly recurring in their appointed course,—for St. John's, we speak not of the other Colleges, is regular and systematic, even in its irregularity, there is a method in its madness,—we say there are times when St. John's lays aside the gravity and sedateness which become its years, the regularity and order which befit its character; and, entering into some pursuit, some phantom chase, with all the zest and earnestness, the vigour and the fun of its more youthful, more frolicsome brethren, shows that the sober robe of age but covers the warm, enthusiastic heart of youth, and that, though increased in size, it has not grown unwieldy: in fact it allows itself to be possessed by a mania.

We are not about to enter into a scientific discussion of the diagnosis of a 'mania'; we believe manias to be almost characteristic of Englishmen, and we have our own opinion that the world gets on by manias, and that, from the manias of the schoolboy to the manias of the nation, the step is not so great as elderly gentlemen who believe themselves to constitute the nation, are in the habit of supposing. These however are questions into which we do not propose to enter. We speak but of St. John's, and we think we shall be understood when we say that the three Johnian Manias are the Examination Mania, the Boating Mania, and the Tripas Mania—of these the first is the most frequent, the second is the most contagious, and the third the most important. Each has its peculiar priesthood, its established ritual, its periodical literature, its zealous votaries; and from each some few stand apart, in pitiable isolation and futile opposition, professing to object on principle—and hereof we note a

curious law—that he who avoids the third has generally opposed and often suffered from the first has in fact been operated upon by its doctors, or in their technical phraseology been ‘plucked’; and that he who opposes the second, the first and third seem to have possessed to a frightful and even dangerous extent—we say ‘seem’ for the instances are rare, and, from their confinement, necessitated by the disease, not easily studied—these are they who scoff at the uselessness of pulling bits of painted wood about, as if the true Johnnias, who studies con amore the abstract truths of Mathematics, cared for mere utility.

Gladly, did opportunity allow, would we linger here to touch, however lightly, the whole subject of the Johnnian manias—to recall to the minds of our readers the wannish light of the midnight lamp which marks unerringly the windows of one class of maniacs,—their consumption of pens and paper, their absence from the social gatherings, the monomaniac tendencies of their conversation, all finally culminating in the orgies celebrated in their high hall—the hooded priests attending—hour after hour, day after day; and contrast with them the regular attendance at the college chapel suspiciously synchronizing with the approaching races and causing joy in the heart of a guileless dean—the early hours—the healthy look and voice—the consumption of beef and beer—the sanguinary costumes about the college courts which characterize another mania; we must however pass on. We have a word or two to say of the boating mania alone—or rather of its boat-clubs. Not in the way of defence: those few who, born with no more muscle than suffices to hold open and turn the trembling leaf, or who, blessed with so sound and lasting a stock of health that they can dispense with all exercise except the regular Trumpington grind, cannot understand the use of boating and will not recognize its position as a true Johnnian mania; such, I think, our fellows have recently taught by their very marked and liberal encouragement of other outdoor sports as well as boating, that they at least do not think and do not wish us to think that the Chapel and the Hall, the Dean and the Coach alone sum up our College Education, but that spirit, mind and body must all according to their nature receive careful cultivation and development.

Setting aside then, because we cannot understand, those abnormal beings who either think or act as if boating or the Tripos were the end and aim of College Life, we suppose there are few who will deny that boating shares with cricket

the honour of being the finest physical exercise that a hard-reading undergraduate can regularly take. But a boat-club does somewhat more than afford facility for boating, more than merely circulate the blood and develope the muscles of its members. Every pursuit which draws men together must do good in ways and to an extent that we with our yard-measures and mathematical formulæ can neither understand nor explain—and of boating especially do we believe this to be true. Let any captain of a racing crew, whether near the top or the bottom of the racing list, give his evidence; let him tell frankly, but without exaggeration, of the petty jealousy, the selfishness, obstinacy, conceit, discontent and frivolity which he had continually to witness and control; let any member of a racing-crew tell his story of the dog-headed, senseless tyranny and favouritism displayed by some captains; of the discord, bad management and confusion that prevailed in the boat, until all hope and chance of success seemed alike gone; and then let them both tell how, in some mysterious way and almost imperceptibly, through all these opposing differences, through pains of temper and pains of body the crew did fight its way to something like union and oneness; how day after day, as the stroke became steadier and the swing surer, a feeling of unity and the forgetfulness of self did seem to spring up in the boat, until all felt like one man, that whatever might happen, whether they gained or lost they would one and all do their duty to the boat and pull their best and hardest. Was nothing gained here but good exercise? Was this time wasted? Would the extra hours stolen from the hard grained muses of the cube and square have been more profitably devoted to problems or bookwork? We think not. This is not however the only direction in which we can see that the boat-club works for good.

The dandy pensioner, candidate for an easy, gentlemanly poll, environed by the splendour of a glossy coat, and leaving scent of perfume and odours of tobacco behind him as he goes, looks down with scorn upon the careless figure robed in academicals, which shabby by use, but not tattered by ill-use, covers perhaps a still shabbier coat, as papers in hand he hurries to his coach; but let them get into a boat together and the mathematics will soon find that the back before him is not merely an average specimen of Sartorian architecture, worth only the value of its decorations, but that it owns a pair of brawny arms, and that the captain has found real solid stuff and got good work where tutors could only find

a vacuum, and have recourse to gates; while our would-be swell finds that his friend behind is as earnest though perhaps not so skilful in the boat as at his desk, and that he handles an oar even better than he does his pen, so each respects the other more and himself less.

We all have our fancies about men and manners, and very foolish ones they are sometimes. This man talks too much, another too little, one is untidy, another too particular, and so on through all the various combinations and forms of expressions of individual character. They annoy you, disturb the true and even balance of your temper—foolish fellow. See them in their Margaret or Somerset jersey, get into a boat with them, and you'll find half the peculiarities have vanished; that they give fairish backs and can pull with a will which wins your heart, before you have half reached the Plough. Laugh as you may, and explain it as you can, there is a fellowship about true work which overrides all these petty, superficial differences, and which makes you feel what a mine of good there is in many a man whom previously you had shrunk from and almost loathed.





ON THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING IN THE WRONG.

I HAVE always hated "accurate people!" They are ever the dread of the theorist; they are even a sad clog on the measures of the practical man. Void of imagination themselves as they almost invariably are, they are a wet blanket upon the imagination of others, to the prejudice of all poetry and all that approaches romance.

Why *should* we be accurate? Is nature always strict, invariable, precise? Is it not the charm of the world around us that it greets us with endless surprises? that no billow on the ocean is like its brother wave, and no bud upon the briar the counterpart of that which is bursting beside it?

You can't reckon on nature being accurate, except in a very general way indeed, and I for one am particularly glad that it is so. Think of the dreadful of looking at the Mediterranean through a Showman's tube, and being able to tell exactly how the ridges run along the water. For my own part I had very much rather not know the exact height of *any* wave at all. I object to Dr. Scoresby and his profane attempts at prying into the secrets of the ocean, and I shall hail with joy the day which will demonstrate the fallacy of that great man's conclusions, always provided it do not bring with it the establishment of other irrefragable ones in their room. No! 'Give me an irregular universe', say I! It was with a deep insight that the poets feigned a hell where the damned spirits were doomed to gaze on thick ribbed ice for ever. A crystallized world seems to me a not unmeet picture of what the infernal regions ought to be. Meanwhile, I love an inaccurate Nature—Nature with puzzles and flaws and storms and anomalies—Nature wild, unkempt, ragged, just as often wrong as right!

Yes! Mr. Senior Wrangler! Just as often! My notion of 'right' is when things turn out exactly as I expect and desire them to turn out, and that being my premise, dispute my conclusion if you can!

Nature is inaccurate, you hear. Then why shouldn't I be? "*Sequere naturam!*" I desire to meditate upon the advantages of inaccuracy, upon the positive good to myself, and you and all the world of being downright wrong. Wrong in our practice, wrong in our principles, wrong in our heads! Take the matter on its lowest grounds! Consider for a moment how shocking it would be if we all had correct taste! Taste in dress let us instance. Shall it be brown now? or 'mauve'? You know it was 'mauve' last year! Imagine the dreariness of a brown concert, everybody in brown, and dull brown, because it was 'right' in the vulgar acceptation. Imagine the sombre sadness of a world where ALL were Quakers—or worse still, where all the gentlemen went dressed like the maniac in the diary of a late Physician, with an ostrich feather in their heads, and the rest of the person enveloped in green baize, fitting tight to the skin! Now these things are inevitable, if nobody is wrong-headed in the matter of taste. You would have one dreary monotony of apparel, sodden, solemn, flaring perhaps or painful, but unvaried; instead of which, now we have duchesses in yellow and ladies in crimson; dowagers in velvet and damsels in muslin; bachelors in peg-tops and divines in cassocks; the marshall in his cockt hat, and the flunky in his blazes! And be it remembered, the very diversity in the shapes and colours and materials and arrangement are necessarily inseparably bound up with much that is faulty, ugly, and objectionable in the highest degree!

Do you wish to do away with this wholesome variety; do you wish to correct all the 'mistakes'. I protest, good reader, you are an idiot, and most perversely and deservedly and ridiculously WRONG!

But consider the delight of being MORALLY WRONG. I take it you have never been convicted of Felony! Well! I don't exactly recommend you to try it, because I suppose a Felon has done something wicked, and that sounds very bad! But imagine yourself a Felon, and look at the bright side of the matter. Surely there is a bright side! Surely it must be very gratifying to reflect, how much money you have made change hands. Trace the history of a Felon from the apprehension of the rascal to the period of his ultimate release. We'll give him seven years of it! What a useful career! The constable, the lawyer, the barrister, the jailors, the chaplain, the Judge, the jury, the—the—Heaven knows how many more, and all *paid*, all living a fair average comfortable life for the behoof of felons only. How many hun-

dred operations did we hear the Enfield rifle has to submit to? Bah! your Felon beats it hollow. Who shall say he is not an eminently useful member of society?

But contemplate all the machinery for the morally wrong in other directions,—the reformatories, the Bethlehems, the Magdalens, the refuges, and what not. The positive advantage to the wrong doers is often incalculable, to the community at large scarcely less extensive.

I pass over the advantages of being religiously wrong; but I'm very sure if New Zealand had been a Christian land, it would not have been noticed as it has; and but for the big Patagonian's pulling off Captain Gardiner's boots as he lay shivering with the scurvy, few would have cared to visit that gloomy stygian shore!

Think of the quarter of a million (which nobody grudges, God forbid!) spent by our Missionary Societies. Who would give twopence to teach a Tartar a faith which he knew as well as you?

Then again, you and I brother know what it is to be *physically wrong*. That favorite corn you know! or that particularly inconvenient stomach-ache. Whew! The delight of getting rid of the one or the other! Then the petting you get when you're out of sorts! Adolphus comes home thoroughly emaciated after the hideous toils of the May term. Is there no Cecilia at home to pity him? His nervous system has received a shock indeed, but Clara's sympathy! Ah! what value for a sensitive nature in the sound of that voice, in the touch of that hand, in the look of that eye, that says so softly in most musical glances, "Poor fellow, how sad!" I often think, with a kind of awe, of that rough fusileer at Balaklavah, who swore with a coarse oath he'd be wounded every day of his life to have such a kind "nuss" to hold his head!

And is there no joy in being *commercially wrong* too? Crede experto, you never know your friends till you've become "rather embarrassed." But then you do! Aye! it is a horrible annoyance to find yourself really in debt. And Great Britain (and I've no doubt I may include Ireland too) highly resents a state of insolvency in men, women, or children. Yet, mark you! if you want to see how many friends you have, get royally into debt and see who sticks to you. Take my word for it, you won't find a British trader who will stand that test. No! "Wholesale retail and for exportation" holdeth in abhorrence a paucity of funds. But it is a joy which has few equals in delight, to find one staunch

true man in the hour of trial, who will fight your battles, and give you the hand of fellowship, and never shirk nor waver, who will nail his colours to the mast, and take as his motto at such a time, 'No surrender'! and—better than all—put his hand in his pocket and not draw it out empty!

I think you will not expect me to dilate upon the advantages of being *intellectually wrong*—they are *too* obvious! Why! Humboldt wrote his *Cosmos* for those who stood in need of correction, not for the miserable creatures who had nothing to learn! I always did think Milton's picture of the devils' imperfect knowledge, their wranglings and disputes and glorious arguments one with the other, was a far higher, and nobler picture than that other of a learned seraph who talked so very correctly beside Adam in paradise. All literature that deserves the name goes upon the assumption, that the reading public are astray on some subject or other. All progress in knowledge is built upon our past mistakes, all worthy instruction is based upon the rectifying of our errors. The man who never says a foolish thing, is pretty certain never to do a wise one!

I am not wholly unversed in the instruction of youth, and I never knew yet a precocious boy who made no blunders do anything brilliant. A good, stirring, rattling, false quantity, for instance, is such a wholesome stimulant. To be sure *that* is rather vulgar! But the making Alexander a rival of Caractacus in the affections of Zenobia, or the multiplying certain powerful *x*'s by multiplying their indices, these are instructive misdemeanours, from which a man learns more than by a year's dogged persistence in a course of humdrum accrapacy.

Take comfort then my fellow blunderers, we are on the right side of the hedge after all. We are alive, "the other party" are mere machines—wind'em up and they'll go! We can't! We sometimes go wrong! All the better! I would not wear a chronometer in my fob habitually, no! not for the world! I regard a man who gives fifty guineas for a time-piece that never loses a second, in the light of a monomaniac! I greatly enjoy that pulling out of watches, all differing (only *one* unhappy one right you'll observe!) and all affording a pleasant topic for conversation. I honour the man who despises Greenwich time and sticks to the longitude. For me, I never had a good watch, and never intend to have until some infatuated people give me a Testimonial, and then I shall take it to pieces to insure it's going not over well for the future. It is so *very* dull to know

precisely the time of day, and to have no margin allowed you!

* * * * *

Of course you expect a conclusion. Is it quite the correct thing?—Pish!

“A.”

SONG.

SHE cometh in dreams of Summer days,
 With the chirping of Summer birds—
 With a faint sweet scent of new-mown hay
 And the lowing of distant herds.
 And tearful eyes look down on me
 And a sad face haunts my mind—
 But I only hear the plash of the wave,
 And the breath of the Summer wind!

She cometh to me in the gray, gray dawn,
 With a sadness on her brow,
 With a tremulous glimmer of golden hair,
 And a voice that speaks not now.—
 She bringeth a mem'ry of pale, pale cheeks,
 And the grass of a quiet grave,—
 But I only hear the breath of the wind,
 And the plash of the Summer wave!

“F. V.”



AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOOSEQUILL.

TEMPORA quam mutantur! eram pars anseris olim:
Nunc sum penna brevis, mox resecanda minor.
De patre rostrato sine glorie ante, recidar
Quam brevior. Princeps ille cohortis erat.
Nunc longa cervice minax et sibilus ore
Currebat per humum: nunc dubitante gradu
Et capite obstipito steterat similisque putanti
Quo sol deficeret tempore quaque tenuis.
Sæpe anatum mediocre genus brevioraque risit
Colla suis, risit rostra canora minus.
Et quoties risit, concordēs nos quoque pennas
Risimus, atque alæ concrepuere pares.
"Stranguler atque coquar," stridebat gutture ovanti,
"Ni crepat horridius, quam strepit anser, anas.
"Dem jecur in lancea, in pulvinaria plumas,
"Ansere si melius cantat anhelus olor."
Hæc et plura quidem croceo dabat ore cachinnana.
Galle, cachinnanti territa terga dabas.
Flave pedes, flave ora parens, alia omnia candens,
Multicolor pavo te bicolore minus
(Hoc quoque jactabas) nivei splendoris habebat.
Nec rostro exciderat vox ea vana tuo.
Ah quem portabas ventrem et quam varicus ibas,
Altiliumque timor deliciæque coqui!
Ah quoties tecum lætabar, sive biremis
Liventem per aquam candida vela dares;
Sive volaturum graviter te passa levaret
Ala, ministerio proficiente meo!
Ah stagni decus! Ah ranarum gurgēs et horror!
Ah desiderium vulpis, opime pater;
Sol medium (memini) conscenderat æthera, dumque
Derides anatum colla minora tuis,
Efflaras: Taratalla coquus tibi guttura longa
Frugerat elidens, excideratque jecur.
Hæc, pater albe, tui memor heu non alba litura
Flens cadit in chartam. Nunc mea fata sequar.

Vellor, et aligenæ velluntur rite sorores;
 Mox patior morsus, culter acerbe, tuos.
 Rasa cavor dorsum; tum fissa cacuminor ima:
 Est mihi lingua; loquar: sunt mihi labra; bibam.
 Atramenta bibo: novus adfluit halitus: arsi
 Currere sub digitis et sine voce loqui!
 O ubi terrarum loquar? O ubi nuncia mentis
 Audiar in Græcis stridere literulis?
 Musarum domus est: piger adluit amnis; agerque
 Collibus, ut flumen mobilitate, caret.
 Camum Castaliâ Polyhymnia, Pallas Athenis
 Mutavit Grantam: quo coiere pares.
 Me quoque fors devexit eo: diagrammata duco;
 Scribere versiculos conor: utrumque decet.
 Terra, tuos sequor errores, dum volveris inter
 Quæ fugiunt solem flumina* quæque petunt.
 Tum lapidis jacti curvum signare tenorem
 Instruar an doceam, quis scit? Utrumque puto.
 Pons sacer est, asinorum infamia: sæpe per illum
 Ivit inoffensus, me duce, discipulus.
 Tandem, prætrepidans orbem quadrare, cucurri
 Noctes atque dies irrequieta duos.
 Futilis ille labor quanto stetit atramento!
 Vana quot inscriptis signa voluminibus!
 Me tunc, dum toties in gyrum volvor, adorta est
 Vertigo capitis: dissilvere genæ:
 Succubui, excideramque manu, ni prensa tenerer:
 Tam grave quadrando vulnus ab orbe tuli.
 Non sum qualis eram: fio maculosa: fatisco:
 Varica, rostrati more parentis, eo.
 Arent labra siti: cessat facundia linguæ:
 Dirigui: careo mobilitate meâ.
 Lector, in hoc (maculis veniam da) carmine, nostræ
 Quidquid erat reliquum garrulitatis, habes.
 Hæc memor in nostro sit scalpta querela sepulcro,
 "Penna, levi chartis sit tibi terra levis."

* *Magnesia flumina saxi.*—LUCRET.

"T. S. E."

RUGBY, March, 1858.



A WORD MORE ON UNIVERSITY STUDIES.

THE article on this subject in the last number of the *Eagle* was, with one exception, to me by far the most interesting. Not that it is new or profound, witty or logical, but that it says precisely what I should have said three years ago. I have the strongest sympathy with the unknown writer of it, and cannot better express it than by disputing most of his inferences. An hour's conversation would, I have no doubt, leave us thoroughly agreed at bottom ; let me briefly indicate the line I should adopt.

You speak, Sir, of the worthlessness of this one-sided and partial Education that a man obtains, if he reads nothing at College but mathematics, even though he attain the highest honours in that branch of study.

I do ; supposing him, as I said, to be ignorant of other things.

Just so ; but here you virtually ignore all early training (assuredly no unimportant part of education), all his boyhood at home, and all his years at school. From ten years old to nineteen what was he doing ? The greater part of that time was spent in Latin and Greek. He has already devoted in some way or other nine years to language, and what he did at all he is likely to have done in earnest ; on your own theory he ought now to turn to science.

Yes ; but those seven or eight years, for I will not grant you more, are years in which comparatively little progress is made ; his mind was not captivated by his work ; it was done perfunctorily ; and with what effect let the Little-Go examiners tell.

I think their evidence could not help us much just now. But you have no right to say that the work was done perfunctorily ; and less still to estimate the value of a training by the quantum of producible knowledge it has given. Even if he can barely translate Virgil and Homer, and such cases are rare, the amount of labour, (and that is an item never to be lost sight of in estimating the value of a branch of educa-

tion) that must have been bestowed in the acquisition of that ability is very apt to be under-estimated. I consider it as of great importance.

Well, it's worth something ; we can't quite define how much.

Therefore, Sir, you have greatly overstated your case in speaking of a Senior Wrangler who knows nothing but mathematics. You should have said, who knows nothing *better than the generality of educated* (I mean University) *men*, except mathematics.

I grant you this ; if you think it is worth having.

I do ; it is the first concession I wanted, and fatal to your remarks on Educated men *v.* Calculating machines. I shall now go on to the next point. You complain that he should give three whole years to mathematics, and get so full of them, while he is comparatively ignorant of other things. But he knows very little of mathematics. He is much further behind Adams and Stokes (not to go out of Cambridge) than a senior classic is behind Shilleto and Donaldson. Is there any man in Cambridge who could give an opinion on the subjects on which Adams is understood (or not understood) to be engaged ? I have heard not. In fact your hero knows about as much mathematics as a clever fourth-form boy knows of classics, of whom you can say that he may perhaps turn out a pretty scholar if he works well. In discussing a University Matriculation Examination, some Classical and Mathematical men agreed that the students should be expected to shew a competent knowledge of the rudiments of both branches of education. But how would our schools have opened their thousand eyes had they heard a worthy Cambridge Professor fix as a minimum (so runs the tale) that a man should be able to *differentiate freely* ! Therefore it appears that there is no such great disproportion in his attainments, even if his classics are those of the third form ; and we observe a disproportion rather in the Classical Senior Optime who is still in his *hic, haec, hoc* of mathematics.

There is some plausibility about this ; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating ; tell me what mainly occupies the mind of the mathematical student ! Is it well balanced ?

You take strong ground. I trust that while he is at work at Mathematics he thinks of them, and of them only. The strong mind will throw them aside entirely, and say, 'Lie there, Todhunter' when he puts off his shabby old coat for Thurlbourn and Holden's new one, and turns out at 2 P.M. The weaker mind, the reserved or unsociable man,

cannot get rid of the phantom page, except in longer rests, or by artificial divertisement; he sees triangles in the landscape, and finds Gog and Magog invaluable as vertices. But we are not talking of such men.

No: but your strong man thinks of x and y for three years—

Only for seven hours a-day, remember—

And then—

—Goes down and blissfully forgets them all in a year's time; or begins to study them in right earnest; or takes pupils. He can please himself. In a year's time he is well balanced enough, even if he were as top-heavy at the time of the Tripes as most men are: if it is his profession to teach Mathematics, he has his pupils and pen before him for not so many hours as a shoemaker has his leather and awl, and his poking and punching and proging entitle him to no more compassion. They are sometimes very happy pleasant fellows, whom you would never suspect of differentiation; and that though their Latin Prose would be intolerable. What I wish to call your attention to is that, as Mrs. Poyser might say, "Folks as grind axes may expect to have their teeth set on edge," but when you stop the stone, and hack away, your teeth are all right again. In fact, as I said before, my teeth *have been* on edge, I *have* squeaked, I have passed clean through your stage and come out on the other side; and I say the single-minded (I mean the single reading) man is in the right of it. Let him do one thing well, at least as well as ever he can. It is not the first four, or the first six hours of reading that are *morally* worth much to the man, but the *last*; when his attention wanders, and all the power of his will is strained in fixing it; when his head aches and his hand trembles, and he won't give in yet: when his heart is sick, and he bates not one jot. The moral value of a high degree is far greater than its intellectual value; here is no dilettante, but a man of firm will, which has conquered the feebleness of his body. You would lose all that, and just when his work is absolutely priceless in value to him—bah! you would let him off and take up his Horace!

You ruin the elasticity of his body and mind for the sake of this unheard of morality.

I don't. *Experto crede*. Of course he is tired at the time, it may be unutterably wearied. It is right that it should be so; the weariness is transient. What events of your life are worth remembering except occasions of danger or fatigue, of trouble, of self-denial: when did you grow sensibly except

then, when every nerve was strained. Man is made to look back with pleasure, not forsooth on a change of work (which is no better than play) but on intense and perhaps continuous efforts. How we recal with pleasure that tug up the soft yielding snow slope 13000 feet high in Switzerland; that forty mile walk, with three passes, we took in the lakes; was there no pleasure in the aching numbed arms before a Trinity boat up the Long Reach?

Would you have him read mathematics alone?

I should reply as Demosthenes did. First, second and third—Mathematics.

But what should the poor fellow do in his intervals of lucidity?

In his intervals of lucidity as you are pleased to call them, let him read anything in the wide world except classics and novels.

You barbarian to yoke them thus!

I stick to it. Classics pay in examinations, and unless he is a shocking bad hand, may beguile him into being plucked for the Classical Tripos; novels will ruin him. *Experto crede.*

That's the way. *Experto crede*, that's the way old fogies come down on young moralists. Novels ruin him!

I don't mean to argue that now, and I believe you take up novels because I would put them down. At this stage of an argument one grows contradictory.

Possibly: at least I thought so a minute ago. But what a shame to spend thus *the three best years of his life*. He ought to develop himself more generally.

I smell a little cant here (cant with a *c*, not cant with a *k*) that developement is an ugly word, we don't either of us quite know what we mean by it. But I will maintain that my plan develops him naturally.

How? how *naturally*?

By his taking the studies in their *natural* order: and their natural order is clearly indicated to us by history. Mathematics have followed Language in the historical developement of the human mind. The splendid and rapid growth of the Greek mind made them models in eloquence, in history, in poetry; even in philosophy they were at once brilliant and profound: but not in mathematics; and they failed still more signally in natural science, and that was not for want of trying. They require the maturer mind, as of the world, so of the individual. They are altogether of later growth.

I grant it. But one-sidedness, want of sympathy with

other pursuits, are not these great evils and also characteristic of wranglers?

They are great evils; they are not characteristic of wranglers. A very few men, whom we are both thinking of are—I won't call them names—but as a class far from it. You remember the one-sidedness was shewn to be temporary.

I remember—temporary insanity. But about the other reading; I am specially interested in that. Don't you think it rather (just a little) likely to slip out of the fourth place?

Not the least: the harder the regular work, the stiffer must be the cement to bind it all together. In those terribly long mornings of the Long Vacation (I wonder whether other men long for interrupting visitors as I did) I have known men catch the Carlylian and Coleridgian fevers, and have them severely too without their other work suffering. I have known a man Mill'ed mildly in his third Long; and bitten all over with German philosophy in his last term of all times. Terrible stiff cement that. I am sure it is the same with you.

I am sure you talk a great deal faster than I do.

Of course I do. Ain't I writing the dialogue?

Good Day. I hope we shall finish our talk some day.

[The writer begs to apologise to his fellow disputant for the freedom of the tone adopted in conversation with a stranger.]





A VISION.

As hard at work I trimmed the midnight lamp,
Yfilling of mine head with classic lore,
Mine hands firm clasped upon my temples damp,
Methought I heard a tapping at the door ;
'Come in', I cried, with most unearthly roar,
Fearing a horrid Dun or Don to see,
Or Tomkins that unmitigated bore,
Whom I love not, but who alas ! loves me,
And cometh oft unbid and drinketh of my tea.

'Come in', I roared ; when suddenly there rose
A magick form before my dazzled eyes :
'Or do I wake', I asked myself 'or doze' ?
Or hath an angel come in mortal guise' ?
So wondered I : but nothing mote surmise ;
Only I gazed upon that lovely face,
In reverence yblent with mute surprise :
Sure never yet was seen such wondrous grace,
Since Adam first began to run his earthlie race.

Her hands were folded on her bosom meek ;
Her sweet blue eyes were lifted t'ward the skie.
Her lips were parted, yet she did not speak ;
Only at times she sighed, or seem'd to sigh :
In all her 'haviour was there nought of shy ;
Yet well I wis no Son of Earth would dare,
To look with love upon that lofty eye ;
For in her beauty there was somewhat rare,
A something that repell'd an ordinary stare.

Then did she straight a snowy cloth disclose
Of Samite, which she placed upon a chair :
Then smiling like a freshly-budding rose,
She gazed on me with a witching air ;
As mote a Cynic anchorite ensnare.

Eftsoons, as though her thoughts she could not smother,
She hasted thus her mission to declare :—
'Please, these is your clean things I've brought instead
of brother,
'And if you'll pay the bill you'll much oblige my mother.'

“ Ψ.”



SCRAPS FROM THE NOTEBOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

READER, do you keep a diary? if you don't, and never have, I should certainly advise you not to begin. The amount of hours I have wasted over mine, (first in writing it, then in reading and admiring it when written,) would, if better employed, have qualified me to be Senior Wrangler at least, not to say a first class in Classics into the bargain. Despite these unavailing regrets I gaze with justifiable pride on the series of manuscript volumes filled with interesting records of my past existence. There is one for each year; all are beautifully bound; the paper exquisite cream-laid; each provided with a lock to screen their contents from eyes profane; and the locks so very superior that whenever I lose the key (which happens on an average about once a month) I am obliged to take or send the volume of the current year to town in order to have it opened. But the contents! they are indeed beyond all praise. Every day of the week has no less than ten pages devoted to itself. First and foremost comes a list of the reading I intend to do in the sixteen hours of waking life: (this list is always peculiarly large); immediately below stands a list of the reading I actually accomplish: (this list is always peculiarly small.) A minute account of my personal proceedings follows, beginning with my first waking action (which is generally to abuse the person who has disturbed my slumbers) and ending with my last drowsy reflection (which is generally on the pleasures of an eight o'clock lecture next morning). Such details *may* occupy space, but their value is of course more than an equivalent compensation. The remaining pages are devoted to an abstract of the news of the day, a philosophic essay, and some slight offering to the muse. Can you imagine anything more delightful in conception, more perfect in execution, more interesting in perusal?

Possibly from reading the above you may infer that I am a conceited person; my friends have done so ever so long;

they say to my face that I have too good an opinion of myself, and behind my back that I am a fool and a puppy. Charming is the judgement of friends; it resembles an astronomical telescope devoid of correcting eye-piece, and sees your very merits the wrong side uppermost. *Virtutes ipsas invertitis.* That I have a high opinion of myself I do not deny, that it is too high I beg leave respectfully to doubt.

However, for the present, enough of egotism—let me commend to your notice a small passage from one of my most recent diaries, put into historical form, which I entitle—

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

It matters very little what took me down, a summer or two since, to the fashionable watering place of Weremouth. Suppose Seraphina Maria *was* staying with her maiden aunt at No. 1, St. Aubyn Terrace; what is that to the purpose? [Seraphina is now Mrs. John Tugg, and mother of a diminutive Tugg female. Have you, reader, never happened to love a dear gazelle, &c. &c. ?] Perhaps I went there to read; what spot is so favourable to study as a lively sea-side town? Perhaps for the good of my health; isn't being plucked twice for Little-Go, a trial to the strongest constitutions?

The rail (in its usual obliging way) set me down about a mile from my destination, whereupon I became the lawful spoil and pillage to the bus-driver of the Royal hotel; my modest amount of luggage pitilessly hurled on the roof, and myself, despite all resistance, stowed in the stifling interior, a pull of twenty minutes up a perpendicular hill landed me at the door of the Royal. The view was rather superior, I suppose, by moonlight, for two pages of the volume are devoted to describing the same, but as one sea-side place is just like another, you may all imagine the scenery for yourselves. A moment's reverie rudely broken by a stern demand from my plunderer for "one and a tizzy," and I turned into the hotel. A figure standing at the bar instantly caught my attention, and simultaneously I settled that it must be a fellow Cantab: it was young Cambridge all over; the marvellous head-cover, (for I cannot bring myself to call it either hat or cap) the turn-down collars, the elaborate scarf and pin, the shortest of coats, the most peg-top of trowsers, the patentest leathered of boots, and, as if anything was wanting to clinch the matter, that tankard of beer, and that everlasting pipe of meerschaum. On hearing my step he

turned, and 'this murmur broke the stillness of the air', "Oakley, my pippin, what the deuce brings you down to this infernal hole?" Sure enough it was Henry Saville of Unity College in the year below myself, and with whom I had spent days pleasant at least, if not profitable, at Alcester School. Being at different colleges we had not seen much of one another at the University, but the old *esprit d'école* had knit us together once and for good. It was a case of "Waiter—supper for two directly—chops of defunct sheep, if you please, for the murdered cow at dinner was not satisfactory; likewise a quart of bitter, and *don't* draw it mild, for it's flat enough without." [Such was Saville's wit, and in his own College they *actually* thought him an amusing fellow!]

A good long chat we had over the supper and the pipes that followed; discourse of the season in town, with its theatres and exhibitions, fêtes and concerts, casinos and saloons; of Henley Regatta whereon, as both were boating men, our talk threatened to become interminable, specially when we diverged from the waters of Thamesis to father Camus, and discussed the merits of every boat in the least degree meritorious, including the second crews whereof we had severally been members. However a happy turn in the conversation led to the proceedings of our common friends—old Whitechapel was off for the continent with (startling announcement) a pony in his pocket, and had vowed to spend the Long in Russia with an eye to ices. Fluker the senior classic in embryo had joined a reading-party in a four down the Main, whereas Potter, the sucking Senior Wrangler was up at Cambridge reading subjects so extremely high, that they would only keep till January following in the best ventilated of minds. And so on, and so on, nor am I going to specify our number of glasses of "cold with", or what the clock struck when we considered it fairly "the hour of retiring."

If my head ached at breakfast next morning, I pretty soon forgot all about that. From where I sat I could see St. Aubyn Terrace plain enough, could see the door of No. 1 open, and a bewitching figure in a straw hat and white brown holland dress trimmed with blue, trip down to the bathing machines. By the time she reappeared on the esplanade, with her magnificent hair all hanging loose for the sun to dry, I was strolling (quite by accident) in the same direction, and need scarcely say that I saw no more of Saville, save once *en passant* till six that evening, the hour we had fixed for dinner.

About a quarter past that hour (I like to be minute in particulars) I found Saville staring out of the large bow-window that had a view down on the Marina. "Look here," he exclaimed, as I entered, and truly there was something worth looking at.

A marvellously handsome girl, tall and dark, with the most brilliant complexion, and most astonishing eyes and hair; eyes of no "misty depths" or "luminous darkness," but sparkling and pleasantly audacious to behold, hair done up in such a rich coronal, that the net seemed scarcely equal to keeping it in order; the nose Grecian, and the mouth "with an underlip you may call it, a little too ripe, too full"; the head small and beautifully set on the neck (in a curve, whose equation ought to appear in Analytical Geometry, if mathematicians' hearts were only human); her very perfect figure was dressed in what was then the height of the fashion, a light summer muslin of delicate and indescribable colour, with a scarf of the same hanging loose from her shoulders; a Spanish hat and feather, without any invidious fall of lace, completed her costume. *Parfaitement chaussée* and *parfaitement gantée*, she walked

A form of life and light

That seen, became a part of sight.

A veteran officer (her father apparently from the age) with tanned complexion and grizzled moustache, was her only companion, a striking looking man enough, in spite of an unmistakeable air of "has-been-fast-once" which there was about him: it was no wonder that they attracted the eyes of all spectators then idling on the promenade. We had front seats however for the spectacle, for from the position of the window they faced us as they walked; and of course, just as they were close to the hotel, the *donzella allettévole*—(you know how it always happens—magnetic influence and so forth) raised her eyes for the space of a flash of lightning to where that moon-struck Saville was standing.—Short as the look was, I read in it both a decided degree of recognition and a slight touch of approbation. They passed out of sight: the mooning one drew a long breath; and I was just going to ask him for an explanation, when in comes the waiter with dinner, and Saville, himself again, begins volubly to abuse Weremouth in general for a dull provincial end of the earth, and the hotel in particular, for a vile uncleanly abyss. I don't report his conversation at full, for it was peculiar to his class of Undergraduates; few of the words he used would be found in Webster's Dictionary, and he gar-

F

nished his sentences with too many "deuceds," "infernals," and (I regret to say) stronger expletives still, to make it pleasant to read.—Such as his talk was, there was plenty of it; in a vein of happy audacity he enquired after the health of the ladies he had seen me walking with, profanely called one of them "a serene tip," offered congratulations, and expressed a hope I should send him cards. Then explained his reasons for having left town in such a hurry, to wit, because if he had not he should have "been in quod" at the present moment; two individuals of Caucasian extraction, instigated by a much-enduring but exasperated shoe-maker, had waylaid him at his lodgings in St. James' Street, and he had only escaped by the timely warning of one of his intimates, a Hansom cabby by profession; the latter had driven him with all speed to the Great Western station, whence he had taken a ticket to the first place he could think of, and so arrived only the night before myself—"that was all" he said, and quite enough too, in all conscience.

I asked him what he meant to do, and whether his guardian wouldn't help him down from the "tree" as he called it. He said he was expecting remittances shortly, but didn't know whether they were due that month, or next, or perhaps the month after that, meanwhile he had enough to carry on the war, but not sufficient to satisfy Mr. Solomon Heelam's "little account"—so what was the odds as long as he was happy, to which new and original sentiment he drank a glass of hock.

But as we were prowling along by the sea, in the cool of the evening, and adding a touch of Havannah to the general fragrance of nature, more disclosures appeared. He had met with an adventure—(he was one of those men who have always been meeting with an adventure; there is a lady generally in the case of high rank, and great personal attractions, who has declared her affection for the narrator unmistakably, only unfortunately he has never been able to speak to her, or even see her, except on the other side the street): however the present case was a degree more tangible—he had seen the Veteran and his daughter at Paddington, had heard them take their ticket for Weremouth, and intended to travel in the same carriage by way of improving (!) his acquaintance; had however found their carriage full and not set eyes on them again till that morning, when he had not only discovered their lodgings, but had been able to take rooms for himself in the same house, where was another bedroom for me if I liked to join him. What did I care where my earthly tenement resided while my soul was

always with Seraphina in ideal conversation—I censured his cheek, expressed my opinion there would be a row at no remote period, and consented to partaking the rooms, the more especially as they were in St. Aubyn Terrace. So we lounged up and down, but the beatific vision appeared no more, and S. M. had gone with her Aunt “quite in a friendly way” to spend the evening at the Tuggs (horrid cotton spinning people devoted to Mammon) where she would have a lively tea-fight, singing duets with that oppressively plain Eliza T. and playing chess with dear John, no doubt.—Under the circumstances Saville and I relieved our feelings by a quiet game at billiards on a shockingly bad table, and turned in early.

Before the next day we were installed in our rooms at No. 6, and the evening after that Saville was positively sitting in the first floor drawing-room listening to some of old Colonel St. Croix’s campaigns, and exchanging intelligent looks with Miss Eugenie St. C. At the same hour Mr. Solomon Heelam was giving further instructions *in re* Ernest Saville, Esq. to the two Caucasians. At the same hour Fluker was raving against the authorities at Würzburg because the whole of his Long Vacation library had somehow got lost between that and Ratisbon, except an index to Sophocles which he luckily had in his pocket. At the same hour Potter was wrestling for life with Lunatic Theory, and Regular Stolidity, while a demon in the rooms underneath him was playing the Satanella Valses, and a legion of fiends opposite were trying the “Shriek” chorus in “Moloch.” At the same hour I, Percival Oakley, was at Miss Veribluë’s lodgings playing piquet with her adorable niece, and suggesting how pleasant the air must be on the balcony, and other people were there, and Mrs. Tugg was regretting the absence of “her John who had gone to Blackwall to look for a ship”: whence she proceeded to denounce the folly of early marriage (scowling malignantly at our secluded corner) and the heinousness of limited means, instancing as melancholy examples, a young clergyman and his wife then passing their honeymoon at Weremouth, “who have positively nothing, my dear, except what he makes by teaching at Oxford College, and who look so happy and thoughtless it is quite lamentable to see them.” To which Miss V. responded that “she for her part was no advocate for matrimony.” Well, matrimony at any rate had been no advocate for her.

“P. O.”

Watchers.

He will not say terrific Zeus does this ;
But only Fate. How horrible he is !

Typh.

If I could shake this horrid mountain off ;
If I could but a little time grow calm,
And gather my cowed strength ; or grasp the flames
Shrivelling in these hands, and put them out ;
If I could get a little my lost strength ;
Or turn upon my side, and roll away
The grinding rocks—

Watchers.

See how he writhes in pain !
If he can but do what he thinks, and turn
His weary side ; if he roll off the mass
Of lava-livid mountain in the deep ;
Zeus in his citadel may shake for fear.
If he can open those shut eyes, and see
The blessed stars, and stand upon his feet,
And breathe himself, he will heap up again
Pelion upon Ossa.

Spirits.

Thou art bound
With subtle links of pain : the flame has thee.
It will not loose thee any more, Typhæus.

Watchers.

He will not shake it off ; the rock holds firm :
Rolling on him again, to keep him down ;
Tho' all the earth shudders to feel him move.
He grows a little calm, and speaks low words ;
As if he prayed to mother Earth for help.

Typh.

It will come back again : it fails me now.
It grew upon me in my youth, this strength,
A mighty joy. Even a little child,
I tore the pines out of the rocks with ease.
It does forsake me now. It will come back.

Spirits.

It will come back, Typhæus.

Typh.

It was a sight
To make the Fates relent :—Enceladus,
By terror-flashing bolt of Zeus struck dead,
A massy blacken'd corpse, lie many a rood,
Along the wreck of lands where battle swept,
And all the rest of them. I hear the deep
Rocking about the bases of the isle ;
And in its hollow caverns under me
Moaning for ruth, and hissing with the flame.
May be an age shall pass before this strength
Grow what it was.

*Spirits of the
Flames.*

We will subdue thy strength.
It is but weak already. We will scorch
Thy sinews into wires, and crack the bones
Thou trustest in to help thee. We shall dry
The blood up in thy heart ere long, Typhæus.

Spirits of Pain. We will subdue thee soon.

Watchers.

How great he is!
Making himself a greater than himself
With his proud calm. The gods get little praise.
He makes himself mightier than the gods.

Typh.

If it be in the wisdom of the Fates
To make him stronger for a little time,
Let him not think I fear his puny pains.
Lashes of flames, and molten chains of rocks,
And liquid livid flowing of these ores,
That melt about my limbs, and lick the flesh
To sores and boils, and run in little streams,
Thro' cavern glooms, into the sea beneath,—
It is not these Typhæus fears to meet.
For I will lie beneath the weight, and shut
My lids for calm, and curse him in my heart;
Knowing the ancient strength will come sometime.
It may be days, or years, or ages hence:
But time is little to eternal life;
And strength will come.—I, lying here till then,
Will rest at ease as on a meadow couch;
Turning upon my side sometimes for change.

Watchers.

How terrible he is! The spirits cease
Their taunts, to wonder at him.

Typh.

It is not
The writhing pain and flame that trouble me;
And not so much my strength awhile subdued,
Or base defeat; but in my clouded thought
A little doubt.

Watchers.

What can his doubt be, then?

Typh.

If it be writ in Fates that Zeus be King,
Is any heart so bold, or hand so strong,
That it may cut it from the scroll of Fates?
If it be so, who is Typhæus then?
If it be written, as I think it is,
What is it in the Future can bring help,
Tho' year by year the ages roll away?

Spirits.

What is it in the Future can bring help?
Tell us, Typhæus. It is little need
To wait for ages: why not burst free now?

Watchers.

How his eyes stare into the hollow gloom!
As if the dark were thick with beckoning hands!
As if he saw the battle raging fierce
Again, and sudden terror of the gods!

Typh.

Then if Enceladus, a blasted trunk
Of Titan ruin and wreck, were no more so;
And rose up strong, not rotting on the meads:
And if the ancient strength grew up again
In all of us, and with it dire revenge;
Cottus and Gyes and Briareus,
And I Typhæus and Porphyryon;
And if we gather'd in a brotherhood
About Olympus proud, and held close siege
To Zeus and all his brood of weakling girls;
And all his nymphs, and goddesses of youth,
And petty queens of beauty died of fear;
If we pluck'd up Olympus by the roots,
And if we hurl'd his sun from his high seat,
And shrinking moon, and pull'd his stars on him;
And plotted for his hundred realms such dread,
And such confusion in his fastnesses,
With our mere force; would it avail us much?
If he be writ in Fates supreme, and be
For ever shielded of the Destinies?
It would be little better in the end.
For somehow we should fail, and it would all
End in our ruin, as before it did.

Watchers.

Now he would seem to work it out in thought.
He shuts the sear'd lids over his fierce eyes.
The mocking spirits echo him:—

Spirits.

Would all
End in your ruin.

Watchers.

See, he has it now!

Typh.

This it is, then;—what is 'twere best to bear.
It is not I would ever yield to Fate.
Because Fate strove to crush and make me yield:
It is not I would give Zeus place, because
This hand could not displace him:—I would strive
Ever and ever thro' eternal time,

And thwart his aims and plague and trouble him;
Till his god-life were mostly wretched made.
With such continual terror of his foes.
But this it is,—what is 'twere best to bear.

Watchers.

How leisurely he thinks, thought after thought,
His knotty problem out! Look at his eyes!
The visage of the dead were not more calm.
As if this were a meadow-couch indeed!
As if the flame lick'd not his bare limbs now!

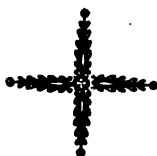
Typh.

To bear it, not of terror, but of will.
If I for fear obey the Destinies;
Then I no better were than unsoul'd clay,
Or sorry beast, or leopard of the hills.
If I for fear echo to his behest;
And lay aside, but at the will of Zeus,
My unused strength; I little better were
Than unskill'd slave, that supplees at the whip,
And gets a slow reprieve by cringing prayers.
That were to make myself a less than he.
But if I bear that which there is to bear,
Not of constraint, but of my own proud will;
If I put on an energy to keep
My heart content, and suffer willingly;
Then I say not I suffer any more,
But call it triumph: it is victory:
Victory, not of Zeus, but I myself
Subdue myself: so then I am a god:
So then I am a greater than myself.
There is no greatness any greater left,
Than willingly to bear what must be borne.
And ever more the agony shall be
The sealing of my greatness: all the pain
Be changed from pain, and evermore be joy.
The running of the melted ores shall hiss,
As melody of triumph after fight:
The flaming flame as flag of victory,
Over my head waved after tug of strife:
And ever under-murmur of the sea
Be murmur'd sound of one that is content.
Ever I am a greater than Typhæus.
He was a giant in those days of storm;
And mighty in a meaner strength, that is
Put off from him:—he has subdued himself.
And Zeus supreme over Typhæus is:
I greater am,—o'er Zeus and him supreme.

Watchers.

This is a soul that is a king of soul.
This is a godhead o'er immortal thought.
This is a better kingdom than to sit
Throned on Olympus: this is greater far
Than any sceptre over things and men.

"T. ASHE."





BEVERTON HALL,

A Tale.

THE Pagets were a great family at Beverton some hundred years ago, and used to own all the land for miles round, and the chancel of the church into the bargain. But their family has long since gone to decay, and the old chancel has fallen in, where they used to sit in their laced coats and high collars, and listen to the preaching of some Rector also long gone and forgotten.

Yes, the good old Paget family have long ceased to exist, and there is but little known of them.

Some old women tell stories which they heard, when they were children, about the last of the family.

They say he was a stern fierce man, with a fair sorrowful wife, much younger than himself, who always seemed afraid of him. They tell many a tale of her goodness and of his wickedness, but I forget them now, and probably there is no more truth in them, than in the story of his wife's ghost, who is said to wander about the church-yard.

But there was such a man as Sir Hugh Paget, we all know, for his tomb is in the chancel, with large iron rails round it, and some years since any one who understood Latin, could read the inscription, and learn his many *virtues*; but the ivy has grown over the tablet now, and formed a sort of triumphal crown round the old rusted helmet, which is still fixed to the walls.

If we were to open the old vaults under the chancel, we should know more about the Pagets. I dare say their names are all written on the gilded coffins. One after another they were all laid in that dark cold vault.

The flag stone which covers them may still be seen, though upon it the wild violet grows, looking pretty, and blue as the sea, which shines through the ruined windows.

If you walk a quarter-of-a-mile from the church along the cliffs, and then turn sharp to the left and through

that little plantation, where there are so many primroses and wood anemones and violets in spring, as soon as you reach the top of the mound where there is that curious oak tree (which you must have observed if you have been in those parts), you will see some old chimneys. You can't help observing them, and thinking the next wind would send them over, they look so tall and thin and old. They looked just as they do now sixty years ago. Some how or other those old chimneys never have come down, though part of the house has fallen in, as you will see when you get into the court-yard, where the old Peacock, the crest of the Paget family, still keeps guard on the top of the gate.

A very dim dusty old Peacock it is to be sure, and no wonder, for it has been watching up there through all weather, ever since old Sir Ralph Paget placed it there more than one hundred and fifty years ago. Most of the house still stands, though one entire gable fell in some years since, during the awful storm of 1840. It was the newest part of the house which tumbled down and was built at the same time as the gateway with the old Peacock. The old part is still standing, and I dare say would stand for another century if they do not pull it down as they talk of doing.

It is a rambling curious old place. The hall is by far the most ancient part, (said to be built in the time of Edward the Second) the other parts being added at different times.

There are some curious old pieces of armour hanging even now in the hall, they are very rusty, and look much the same colour as the old stags' heads that grin all round the walls, with their large round senseless eyes.

Ask the old woman who takes charge of the house to shew you over, she'll tell you all sorts of strange stories, it was she who first told me of the Ghost in the church-yard.

The old women say Dame Groats was very beautiful once, though it is hard to believe it. They say they have heard many strange stories about that shrivelled old woman. One old woman in the Almshouse says, that she can remember her as bonny a lass as ever she saw, driving about with the old Sir Hugh (whose lady is under the stone in the chancel) after the death of his wife, from a broken heart, caused by her husband's cruelty and unfaithfulness, but it was a very confused tale the old woman told me.

All that I could make out was, that Bessy was very lovely once, and that Sir Hugh thought so too, and though he never made her his wife he intended leaving her almost every thing, and would have done so had he not been accidentally killed one night, by one of his wild friends, who used to live with him, and make the old dining-hall echo with their drunken orgies. A wild lot they must have been in those days though Bessy won't often speak of them or of Sir Hugh.

Once I remember taking a friend of mine to see the old hall, who was much delighted with the quaint old house, its odd corners, rambling passages, and many stair-cases. There is only one picture in the house, and that is let into the wall over the fire-place in the great dining-room, it is a pretty picture of a fair, handsome, open-looking boy of eighteen. "That is a portrait of Sir Hugh, the last of the family who ever lived in the hall," said old Bessy, looking up at it, with something like a tear in her eye.

"Bless my soul," said my friend, "you don't mean to say that wicked old Sir Hugh was ever such a nice, honest looking fellow as that?"

"Yes he was," said the old woman, "and I don't know who you are young gentleman, to call Sir Hugh wicked, I wish there were many more like him in the world. No, young gentleman, it is not for you to speak of those who are gone like that, nor for me to listen to you, so if ye wish to see over the house Mr. Hartley must take you, for I speak to ye no more!" so saying, the old woman hobbled out of the room.

"What an extraordinary old hag!" said my companion. "She is a curious old woman," I said, "and at times even dangerous. I believe she has known better days, I don't know much about her, but I fancy she has had the charge of this house for fifty or sixty years, and has effectually managed to keep it all to herself, but come and see the other rooms, I know my way about the place almost as well as Bessy."

So we went all over the dismal old place, and saw the great bedstead, where Queen Elizabeth (I think it was) once slept, and has not been slept in but once since, and no wonder, for one seldom sees such a great funereal thing, with its dusky plumes and old embroidered curtains. I should have been sorry to have passed a night in it as did Captain Dickens to his cost.

The drawing-room was up the old carved staircase,

and was a long gloomy room hung with tapestry, worked by the deceased Lady Pagets. There was one piece close to the door, worked by poor Lady Flora, Sir Hugh's wife. I dare say that old dry piece of canvass had been wet with many a hot tear. The bottom of the horse's leg, as you will at once notice, is not finished, the poor lady died before she had finished the knee. As there was no one else to finish it, it was hung up just as it was, and after all, it looks as well as the other pieces. There is a little dark spot on it which looks as if it might be any thing, they say it is a drop of Sir Hugh's blood, he fell close at the foot of that piece of work, when the sword of his friend pierced his body.

But it is gloomy work, looking over a dusty old place, and so my friend thought, so we went out into the garden; my friend having first endeavoured to appease Bessy with half-a-crown, which the old woman refused with the greatest scorn.

"No," said she, "I'll take nothing from such as you—you're more charitable with your money than with your words, and I'll not take a penny from ye—no, not if I were starving—starving;—and did ye look on that spot on the canvass?" said the old woman with a hideous laugh. "D'ye know what it is? ye'll see some more of it on the floor if ye turn up the rug—it'll not come out, though years ago I scrubbed at it for hours every day."

"It's a nice room, is it not?" said she, suddenly changing her tone, "very nice, the room is so pretty; I'm sorry Sir Hugh's not at home, though I'm expecting him every minute, we shall be married soon, and then I hope you'll come and see us—good morning!" and the old hag bent her shrivelled body and bowed us out of the room.

The garden was much pleasanter than the house, which smelt like a charnel-house. A very pretty old garden it was, with its terraces, broad gravel walks, and fish-ponds. In the spring many flowers used to come up, such as are seldom seen now, they must have been planted years ago, and still come up fresh and beautiful, though the hand which planted them has long turned to clay.

"By the bye," said my friend, "tell me the tale of the ghost Captain Dickens saw. I have heard part of it, but could never make out the true story."

"Well," said I, as we sat down in the arbour at the end of the quaint yew walk, "I have heard it so often I can tell it as well as the Captain himself, who did not

recover the fright he got for more than a year. I don't believe in ghosts myself, though certainly if you could hear him tell the tale, it is almost enough to make you a confirmed ghost believer for the rest of your life.

About four years ago, the Captain was riding home late one evening, and as he was passing the church had a fall from his horse, and strained his ankle considerably. He tried to ride on, but found it gave him so much pain, that he determined to try and get a night's rest at the Hall, which was the only house within two miles. The house was quite dark all but one window, where Bessy's rushlight was burning dimly, and throwing out a faint light into the dark night.

"By George," said the Captain, who had never been in the neighbourhood before, "it seems a gloomy old place, and not kept up much, I can see an old woman through the window, I hope she's not the only one in the house."

"May I come in?" said he, as the old woman opened the door, "I've hurt my leg, and want to know if your Master will give me a bed."

"My Master!" said the old woman, "he doesn't live here, he's been lying in the chancel for more than sixty years, and you'd better spend the night with him, for it's no bed you'll get here to night," and she began to close the old oak door.

"Well," said the Captain, "you're very kind, but to tell you the truth I'd prefer sleeping here, and I'll pay you handsomely if you'll give me a bed—come, I'm sure you won't refuse a poor fellow with a hurt leg, I couldn't ride another half-mile to save my life."

"If you must come then, you must come, so put up your horse and come in, though you'll not find much accommodation here."

After some time the Captain managed to tie up his horse in the ruinous old stables. When he reached the room where he saw the candle burning, which was at the end of a dreary long corridor, where his footsteps echoed as he walked, he found the old lady seated in what was formerly the saloon, opposite to a tiny bit of fire, which was feebly burning in the huge grate, which in the good days of yore used to blaze up so merrily.

The room was large and long, and very scantily furnished with faded torn velvet with gilt borders, remnants of former grandeur.

In the few minutes the Captain had been tying up his

horse, the old woman had changed her dress, and now appeared in an ancient brocade dress, and a curious old head-dress like a cheese, which used to be worn by ladies some sixty or seventy years ago.

As the Captain entered she pointed to a chair, and then resumed her work, knitting stockings—not heeding the Captain’s remarks on his late accident.—

“Quaint old woman,” said the Captain to himself—who at last gave up all hope of getting the old lady to open her mouth,—“curious house very, wonder where I shall have to sleep, the sooner I turn in the better, for it’s not cheerful sitting opposite that old hag, with that old picture staring at one out of the dusty frame with Sir Hugh written under, as if he were offended at my coming, without his having asked me. I wonder who Sir Hugh was? I say Mistress, excuse me,” said the Captain, pulling out his pipe, “you don’t mind a little smoke I dare say, perhaps you’ll take a pipe yourself, t’aint bad ’bacca, I can tell ye.”

“Sir Hugh never used to smoke in the saloon,” said the old lady raising her eyes for a minute from her knitting, “and would be angered if he caught us, but he’s gone out, so I will not refuse you offer young man.”

“Here’s a pipe Mistress,” said the Captain producing one of the many he always carried about with him, “and now tell us all about Sir Hugh.”

And so the old woman did, and a fearful story she made of it, all about his death and the ghosts which haunted the house,—smoking the pipe all the time, and a wondrous figure she looked with her brocade, head-dress and pipe.

“Enough of that,” said the Captain, “if you tell me any more of these stories, I sha’n’t be able to get to sleep all night, will you shew me my room madam?”

“I’ll ring the bell for the servants,” said the old lady, pulling the bell rope, and making the whole house echo with the peal. “Dear me,” said she after some time, “they must be all in bed, I’ll shew you your room, though Sir Hugh wouldn’t like it if he knew.”

“I wonder what the old beldame will do with me?” said the Captain to himself; as he took the bit of dipt candle, and followed her up the oak staircase broad enough to drive two hearses abreast—“What an old tumbledown place it is to be sure—how one’s steps echo along.”

“You must see the drawing-room before you go to bed, if I had known you were coming I’d have had the fire and lamps lit. Look here,” said the old woman, pointing to the

stain of blood, "that's part of him—it came from his heart! Lady Flora worked that, but they shut her up in her coffin before she had time to finish it. Oh such a grand coffin it was too, white and gold, I saw her put in it, she slept in the room which opens through yours; she was a pretty putty and rose faced girl, but not so pretty as I was, and Sir Hugh and I didn't cry much when she died; here's some blood here, but I keep it covered up."

"Hang the blood!" said the Captain, "I'm awfully tired, for heaven's sake shew me my room old woman!"

"Do you know who you are talking to?" said Bessy, giving him an indignant glance, and leading down another long passage, till she came to the great state bed-room where Queen Elizabeth slept.

"Good heavens! what an awful room,—can't you give me a smaller one?—I shall never be able to sleep here," cried the Captain.

"Lady Flora slept through that door, and Sir Hugh and his father before him both lay in state on this bed for two nights and days,—with long candles and watchers. You'll find the bed comfortable. The great Queen Elizabeth slept here once,"—and the old woman closed the door and left the Captain to his thoughts, which were anything but pleasant.

"What an awful place this is," said he as he took off his boots, "I'd sooner ride forty miles than sleep in that bed, but what can't be cured must be endured, and the sooner I get to sleep the better." So saying the Captain threw himself *on* the bed, moths and damp forbad his getting *is*, leaving the candle burning on the carved oak chimney-piece, as he did not relish the idea of being quite in the dark.

"It's all very well trying to get to sleep, but hang me if I can, I've been more than an hour turning about on this fusty old bed. I'd get up if that infernal bit of rushlight was not nearly burnt out. How gloomy and ghostlike the old place is. I wonder what the time is?" and the Captain struck his repeater—"twelve o'clock, I declare, hang the watch, yes it was plain enough!"

The watch had scarcely ceased striking, when an invisible clock began slowly and solemnly to strike the hour of midnight.

In less than a minute, a long, long arm was stretched out,—it seemed to come from under the bed, though the Captain said he could never quite make it out—anyhow, it caught hold of the rushlight, which now flared up into

a blue livid flame, and applied it to the fire, which soon flamed up into a high crackling blaze, which lit up every crevice of the room.

"Mercy on me," said the Captain, who sat up trembling on the bed. "I wonder what will come next! I suppose that it's no use making a bolt for it. Goodness! how the bells ring!"

Ring! I should just about say they did ring! peal after peal; one old fashioned bell in the corner seemed possessed it kicked itself up in such a crazy manner.

After some time the bells ceased, and the long thin arm came from under the bed and placed two chairs by the fire. They were curious high backed oaken chairs, (such as we don't see now a days) and threw their long shadows behind them.

In another moment the bells began to ring wilder than ever; and the wind that had got up during the last four hours banged against the shutters, as if anxious to know what all the disturbance could be about.

The bells did not ring more than a few seconds though it seemed a long time to the Captain.

After they had ceased, there was a sound of treading and distant music, as if some fifty people were dancing in another part of the house.

Nearer and nearer the footsteps seemed to come, and the Captain heard sounds like the rustling of a silk gown, in lady Flora's room, which was just on his right.

At last the door flew open, and a tall white figure, in a silk gown, walked very slowly into the room and sat down on the chair farthest from the bed. It was a handsome face, but deadly pale. The eyes shone as brightly as the great diamond that glistened on her forehead. She did not speak but bent down, and held up her long damp hands before the fire.

She had not sat there long, when there was a furious knocking at the chief entrance door, and a figure entered, dressed in the costume of the last century. There was blood all over his face, and a deep wound in his side; so deep that as the fire light shone on it you could almost see through him.

After having walked round the room without noticing the Captain, who in his fright had crawled under the clothes to the foot of the bed, where he was peeping out at the extraordinary scene, the apparition seated himself opposite the white figure, and a violent altercation seemed to com-

mence, judging from their gesticulations, though nothing could be heard.

This continued for some time, till the male figure rose and rang the bell, which set all the other bells in the house ringing more violently than ever.

After a time there was silence, and the invisible clock chimed the half-hour. As the clock ceased both faces seemed fearfully agitated, and the lady arose and folded her shawl around her as she was wont to do in former days while waiting for her carriage.

The faces of both grew thinner and thinner, till after a time they were nothing but grinning skulls, though the hair still remained. The white silk of the lady had meanwhile been undergoing an extraordinary change, but so gradually that it could scarcely be perceived,—the silk had changed to a long winding-sheet, and the bright diamond on her forehead to a piece of charcoal.

The fire had burned up to a still brighter flame which threw a lurid colour round the room, and lighted up the ghastly skeleton of the man, who was still garbed in his former gay clothes, though the knee breeches hung loosely over the bones of the legs as they rattled horribly whenever he moved.

His hands had grown to an enormous length as he knelt down and held the trembling finger bones to the fire. There was a sound outside which seemed to make them both shudder. The long arm then threw open the door, and louder and louder grew the noise on the oaken staircase.

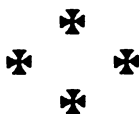
It was not long in coming up,—and a huge dark velvet coffin on four fiery wheels, slowly entered the room drawn by invisible agents. Nothing could be seen, though the stamp of horses' feet, and the crack of a coachman's whip was clearly perceptible.

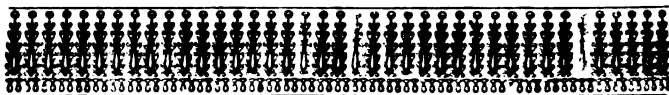
The arm threw open the lid, and the figures throwing their arms over their heads, as if in mortal anguish, sprang into the coffin. Then there was a click, click, as the lid closed, and the melancholy carriage left the room, as a sepulchral voice cried out "Drive to the Chancel!"

The bells clashed, as the doors banged, and the rattling was again heard upon the staircase. It was not long however before the noise ceased indoors, the wind outside burst through the shutters and extinguished the candle and flames, and as the clock struck one, there was a sound of hurrying footsteps all over the house, and the Captain was left in silence and darkness!

Any one may believe this story or not as he likes. I have told the tale as it was told to me. Whether he really saw this or not, it is impossible to say. All that I know is, that he was found next morning in a violent fever which he attributes partly to his injured leg, but far more to the fright he had undergone.

“P. R.”





MARCH 5TH,

MDOCCLX.

THERE'S a clash of martial music through the ancient college comes,
There's a flourish loud of trumpets and a muttered roll of drums,
St. Mary's bells are pealing on, and flags are waving free,
And there's crowding on the King's Parade, a sight of sights to see ;
For thick along yon narrow street a serried line appears,
'Tis Alma Mater's trusty sons, the RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

There's many a stout athletic frame amid that gallant corps,
There's many a slashing cricketer, and many a stalwart oar,
There's many a swell who loves to lounge and smoke the idle weed,
And many a man who flees a wine and sports his oak to read,
And beardless freshmen march in rank with dons of high degree,
One spirit in six hundred hearts, one true fraternity.

Why let the prosing pedant chide, the lazy idler sneer,
The sinews of our English land, its youth and prime are here :
Service, forsooth, they'll never see! Your pointless taunt unsay!
What higher service can be theirs, than they have paid to-day?
The noblest works for man assigned since first the earth he trod,
Allegiance to his country's Queen, and worship to his God.

And should the cloud, that threatens yet, e'er burst upon our shore,
And fierce invaders on the strand their eager myriads pour,
When round the Island, beacon-lit, fast flies the warning word,
To draw "for Altar and for Hearth," the bayonet and the sword,
To lay the foeman in the dust, to break invasion's brunt,
God speed our gallant Riflemen, and CAMBRIDGE TO THE FRONT!

" P. O."



A COINCIDENCE.

I.

THERE is an old and particularly wise saying to be found somewhere (probably in Tupper), that "no fox can be caught twice in the same trap." Now, some of my readers may possibly remember the disagreeable issue of my sojourn at the delightful village of Purbridge: how, with an imperfect pen, but with strict historical fidelity, it was related in a former number of *The Eagle*. Well, without laying claim to any superhuman sagacity, by a simple mental process I came to the conclusion that my misfortune there was owing to two circumstances, one social, and the other geographical;—in the first place that I had gone there alone, and secondly that I had gone there at all. So when the sun in the course of his usual duties had supplied the requisite number of days and nights to bring round another vacation, I duly made arrangements with my two friends Smith and Robinson to spend our Easter three-weeks together. The minor matters of locality and lodgings were left to my discretion; my colleagues however, like the tribunes of old, reserved the right of pronouncing a veto on any measure of mine they might deem unadvisable. I accordingly took down a large map of England, and stood over it in helpless bewilderment for some time; for, since we were not ubiquitous by nature, it was necessary to fix on some one place for some one given time. We read of lofty-minded astronomers being lost in the immensity of the telescopic universe, of thoughtful sages being perplexed to the uttermost in the windings of some philosophic speculation, of hardy travellers benighted and bewildered in the centre of a mighty prairie; but neither astronomer, nor philosopher, nor traveller will ever appreciate perplexity in its fulness, view its length, breadth, and thickness, till they gaze on an ordnance map of England to select one spot out of so many myriads in which to pitch their tent.

I had looked earnestly at the ceiling, paced up and down the room, bitten my lips, poked the fire with vehemence, and taken all the other usual steps to emerge from a difficulty,—but to no purpose. The postman, when he brought me my letters, found me still in this state, and looked as though he would have pitied me had he not been pressed for time. The letters were a relief at any rate. One was a circular from a tobacconist, the second a tract on profane swearing sent by an anonymous friend. These I laid quietly aside, seeing I neither smoke nor swear, and took up the third which was excessively damp; so much so that I thought it only common prudence to dry it carefully before reading it. The penmanship was an indifferent attempt at Gothic epistolary architecture; it was in the early pointed style, smacking more or less of the perpendicular. The letter itself came hoping to find me in good health, as it left the thankful writer at the time of its composition. It further stated, that the writer had had a melancholy time of it during the absence of her husband on “government business,” but that such events must occur in this vale of tears; that after Mr. Biggs left she had moved to the fashionable town of Stockleton, where she kept furnished apartments for single gentlemen; and lastly, that she hoped she might have the pleasure of seeing my “honour” an occupant of these said apartments, after our “breaking-up” at College. Some further remarks were obliterated by two large round drops of colourless fluid, out of which emerged, like the sun from a cloud, the well known name of my lacrymose landlady, “Niobe Trout.” I conferred with my two friends, and, after ventilating the matter, we resolved to close a bargain with Mrs. Trout, and that I should forthwith repair to Stockleton; the rest promising to follow in a few days.

While portmanteaus are being packed and exeats procured, I may perhaps just say a word or so on my two friends, as I had known them before the vacation began. Smith was a good-looking fellow, with black curly hair and fine grey eyes. He was possessed of a great amount of information on various subjects, though he had a decided failing in favour of romance literature. He was a strong admirer of Byron, and fierce in vindication of the age of chivalry; withal he was an agreeable companion, and possessed the fee simple of a genuine good heart. Robinson on the other hand was fair in the matter of hair and eyes, somewhat negligent in person, brilliant and witty in conversation, impulsive, but still a steady going industrious

fellow, one in whom you could place implicit trust for sincerity and kindness. Smith and Robinson, though both friends of mine, were not acquainted with each other at the time I write of; they agreed to my scheme however, each well satisfied with my description of the other, and were anxious to institute a mutual friendship.

Such was the state of things, when one morning I offered up my person and luggage to the Eastern Counties Railway, and, after the preliminary rites had been performed, was duly sacrificed in a second-class carriage of that rapid and luxurious line. After travelling with praiseworthy caution through numberless corn-fields, in the middle of some of which we stopped for passengers, I alighted at a junction to change into a Stockleton train. I was walking along the platform looking for an eligible seat, when my eyes were suddenly arrested by a pair of tarred trousers which stood conspicuous in an open carriage door. I followed up the trousers till my eyes reached a familiar pea-coat, then a tie, and finally the storm-beaten face of Mr. Trout of cigar-importing memory.

"How's yer honor?" said he, as I jumped into his carriage, "you see, sir, they have taken up the hatches and here I am on deck again." I congratulated him on his release; and after enquiring, with the great apparent interest of a fat man in the corner of the carriage, if any "notes or papers" had been sent to Stockleton for me, proceeded to gain some information about our destination. Stockleton, it appeared, was about ten miles from Purbridge, a town just beginning to bud into a fashionable resort for quiet notabilities. I moreover heard how Mrs. Trout had nothing short of a splendid mansion awaiting our arrival; how very sorry the worthy couple were for the unfortunate conclusion of my last stay with them; and how such a thing could not happen again, since the unsuccessful smuggler had turned shipwright. Meanwhile our fellow-passenger had been eyeing me in a most suspicious manner, so much so that I asked Trout *sotto voce* if he knew who he was. "He's a hinformer agoing down to Stockleton, after a couple of runaway forgers," whispered he; adding, that it was expected that the Government would come down handsome for convicting evidence. The fact was,—as I afterwards learned,—that this man was an importation from Yankeedom, who had succeeded in obtaining a situation in the London Police Force. Being of a tolerably acute nature, he was in time promoted to the exalted rank of

an occasional Detective, and had undertaken this mission to Stockleton with the avowed intention of "showing the Britishers a thing or two." From a glance at *The Hue and Cry* he had in his hand, which I obtained before I left the carriage, I found the two forgers described as both tall, one of them fair, "dandified and fantastic in dress," with light curly hair parted in the middle; the other conspicuous for large collars turned down, for negligence of dress, and meditative air. The description went on to say that they usually travelled separately, and,—though for the most part living together,—were seldom to be seen walking out in each other's company. I scarcely noted these things at the time, but subsequent events called them up afterwards strongly to my recollection.

The object of our kind interest, seeing we observed him, turned away and composed himself to sleep. And a particularly successful composition it was, for in a very few minutes he commenced to edify us with a musical entertainment of a mixed character, partly vocal and partly nasal. His bass notes were rendered with such accuracy of time and volume of sound, that they after a while disturbed, and finally woke him. He started, looked sheepishly round, and remarked to me that he "guessed he was very nearly asleep."

I had only time to observe that I believed he was not far from it, when a relapse took place, and his incomplete Sonata was continued. Trout appeared much amused, and assuming a philosophic air addressed me:—

"I don't know whether yer honour ever observed the fact, but there are three werry innocent birds as everybody is ashamed of having caught in his rigging."

I told him I could not exactly see the force of his remark.

"Well, yer honour," continued he, "the birds be, taking a snooze, awriting of potry, and afeelin' spoony on a pretty gal. And still, sir, when a chap's sleepy there's no harm in a nap; and when a man's a genius and has no honest smuggling to do, he might as well make potry as anything else; and as to being sweet on a peticklar nice gal, why, yer honour, a man can't help it unless he got a cowcumber by mistake for a heart."

I mention this remark as it has some bearing on what follows.

At last we arrived. Mrs. Trout received me with much emotion. She at first carefully extracted a tear with a

corner of her apron from one eye, then one to match from the other. This done, she expressed a hope that I should find everything comfortable, and I, of course, had no doubt whatever I should. Then, I was very good to think so well of her; and the right eye wept a few skirmishing tears. These were followed up by a few sobs from below, while the left eye went on duty and turned out whole regiments of tears, which were duly received into a piece of linen vestment held in readiness for that purpose. Trout stood by hitching up his trousers; at last, suggesting to his spouse that she had "swabbed her decks" enough for all practical purposes, he shouldered my portmanteau and led the way to our snuggery.

Next morning, down came Smith. But what a change did I behold in my friend! He had turned down his collar *à la* Byron, and assumed great negligence of dress and abstraction of air. His eyes had forsaken the plane of the horizon, and were directed sometimes to zenith, sometimes to nadir. Robinson too, when he arrived in the evening, was quite metamorphosed. Instead of his wonted carelessness, he was dressed in a most scrupulous and fanciful manner. He had his hair parted in the middle, and his long curls hanging over his shoulders. His vivacious countenance had assumed a cast of sentimental melancholy, and tropes and metaphors flowed from his lips with unwonted facility. Here then were my two friends whom I had so warmly admired, and from whose sociability and hearty good-feeling I had anticipated so much pleasure;—here they were, changed most unaccountably in two short days into human anomalies. Affectation had superseded honesty, and their good sense had abdicated in favour of ridiculous sentimentality. For one moment a vision of *The Hue and Cry* flashed across my mind, but for one moment only.

I never was so puzzled in my life. I introduced the two men to each other, and then I speculated on this strange state of things till I went to bed, silent, thoughtful, and disappointed.

II.

Yes, I was disappointed; for I consider it no mawkishness to confess that I do enjoy the society of those I regard, that I do value the happy hours I innocently spend with friends after my own heart, that I do consider it one of the sweetest thoughts to think how, perhaps, in after life intimacies begun and increased here at Alma Mater may ripen into lifelong

ties. It is an old tale to tell of warm hearts and generous impulses, how man is drawn towards man, and soul communes with soul, but I dare say once again that there is a reality and truth in friendship, and that that man cannot be too deeply pitied who has not this visitor at the fireside of his heart. But I am moralising.

Time did not mend my trouble. Instead of merry rambles together, and rural expeditions of discovery,—after a breakfast seasoned by deep remarks from Smith on the general misery of mankind, and the hollow groaning of the ocean by night; or by light sketchy rhymes on the moonlight from Robinson,—the one would draw a slouched sort of cap over his brow, the other, clothe his fingers with delicate kids, and then both sally forth in opposite directions, leaving me to melancholy and Trout. It was a rare thing for me to get a stroll with them; nor, to my grief, did that ready intimacy spring up between my two comrades which I wished and had imagined might be. They were distant and polite to each other; they never sought one another's company save at meals, for though they went out every day, still it was a separate affair for each; and, to the best of my belief, Smith had his fixed round in one direction, and Robinson his in the other. Meanwhile my mind went through various stages. Perhaps the first was disgust, next succeeded hope, then despair; out of despair, phoenix-like, hope began to spring again, and over and through all there floated a strong feeling of curiosity as to the cause of this metamorphosis.

Such was my state when Trout in great trouble confided to me the fact that "the hinformer" had taken lodgings just the opposite side of the street, and appeared to be keeping a kind and attentive watch over him and his family.

"Now, yer honour knows," said he appealingly, "that I am an honest shipwright, and though it certainly ain't as haristocratic a callin' as smuggling, still it's all above deck, as legal and straightforward as a handspike. What then can that aire hinformer want a keepin' sich a look-out on our port-holes?"

I assured Mr. Trout his vocation was a highly respectable one, and that though it was natural for him to feel great mortification of spirit at leaving the chivalrous paths of cigar-importing for the humble life he now led, still his honesty would be its own recompense; and I begged him not to disturb himself at the worthy gentleman opposite, since his present location was doubtless accidental. Trout

shook his head at this, not half satisfied, and I sallied out for a walk, leaving him in this state of doubt and distrust.

I bent my steps towards a ruined castle, some two or three miles from the town. It was a noble specimen of the grandeur of days gone by; its antique arches and ivy-clad windows, its vast proportions, and commanding situation impressed me with a strong and perhaps somewhat romantic feeling of admiration. I climbed the grassy slope, and entered the principal gateway. The sun was setting, and its parting rays were gilding the hills in the distance. The scene was pretty, and, to command a better view, I scaled a crumbled portion of the castle wall, and seated myself among the ivy branches in one of the old windows. From this point of observation I looked away to east and west, and took in the whole landscape with all the pleasure orthodox on such occasions. On bringing my gaze round to closer objects, I perceived for the first time that another individual in the next window, perched just as I was, appeared to be enjoying the scene equally with myself. Our eyes met, and I recognised my companion as the fat gentleman in search of the forgers. I would willingly have got out of the way unobserved, but it was too late, for the Detective turned the full light of his well fed countenance upon me, and, by way of being agreeable, remarked,

"I reckon I'm a pretty considerable judge of scenery, I am, yes sir;" and he nodded at me as well as his precarious position in the ivy would allow him. I felt bound to return the nod, but I made it so minute as to be scarcely observable with the naked eye.

"Yes sir," continued my friend, "and I guess that is a perquisitely enchanting sun-set, viewing it you see as a brother hartist, yes sir."

"Really, sir," I said with some trepidation, "I have not that pleasure."

"Not a brother hartist, hey? yes sir, that won't do neither sir. Not fond of copying the old masters, hey?"

"Never did such a thing in my life, I assure you," I replied with vehemence.

"Come now," said the fat man persuasively, pointing to the grassy slope beneath, "I know as how you and that party there do something in the miniature line. Britannia on water-marked paper is a neat little design for rising hartists, yes sir."

In less time than any system of notation yet invented will enable me to express, I followed his look till I saw

Smith pacing pensively the grass below, and then I scrambled down to *terra firma*. I was just able to seize the Detective's legs, so, with a movement composed of equal parts of cork-screw and pump handle, I rolled and pulled his portly person till he lay well be-walled and be-ivied at my feet.

"You impertinent scoundrel," I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Well, well, now," he gasped forth, "I reckon you are no hand at a joke. But if you queer fellows are all so very innocent, that party outside, I suppose, would not object to my knowing his name?"

"Certainly not," I said, "you or anybody else. That gentleman's name is Smith."

"Yes sir," said the other pulling out his pocket book, "and the other?"

"Robinson," I replied. He paused, leered incredulously at me, placed one finger on the side of his nose, made an allusion to a man Walker, and referred me to a fabulous battalion of her Majesty's troops. In a few minutes I was beside Smith, and had told him how his movements were watched. He received my account with profound silence: at last, under the most solemn promise of secrecy, I was let into the cause of his abstraction. He was writing a prize poem;—at least a poem which would get the prize if the adjudicators were men of sufficient poetic feeling to agree with my friend on the merits of the composition.

As we walked home he recited what he had written, and discussed with me each simile and idea. Before we parted I had to reiterate my promise not to divulge his pursuit, particularly to Robinson, under any circumstances whatever short of an earthquake or a monsoon.

Robinson was at home when we returned, and he wished a few words with me in private. He was very much ashamed to confess, but confess he supposed he must, that he was actually writing a prize poem. He would not have it known, no not for the entire world with Uranus, Neptune, and five or six asteroids thrown in with it, but he didn't much mind telling me, seeing I was not on any account to mention it to anybody, especially not to Smith. He had meant to tell me from the first, and now a little difficulty induced him to ask my aid. Of course I was ready to do anything I could.

"Well," continued Robinson, "I have usually meditated on my poem in the further end of that park behind the Town, which I always understood was open to the public.

I used to walk up and down thinking, and when I came upon anything fine I noted it in my pocket-book. Now, this morning, just as I was dotting down a most brilliant thought, a gamekeeper seized me, and before I could collect my senses to give a satisfactory explanation, I was conveyed to the Squire's house, and charged in good round terms by that irascible gentleman with being a 'sentimental humbug', and haunting his premises with matrimonial designs on his daughter (a damsel I never knew existed till that moment), who it seems is an heiress in her own right. I was, of course, ashamed to tell him my occupation, but I protested over and over again that I knew nothing whatever of the young lady; and that, though I did not wish to say any thing ungallant, still I certainly should not feel any deep amount of anguish, if she were located at that very moment in the distant climes of China or Peru. After a very stormy interview, which ended by his kindly threatening to horsewhip me, 'if ever I came poking about his park again,' I left; and now I want you to visit this irate Papa, and to appease his wrath by explaining things as far as you think necessary."

I promised to go in the morning on this errand. Then he read me his poem as far as he had gone, and we chatted over it, and discussed its points. He thanked me for my observations and hints, which he took down to embody in his poem; and it was not till afterwards, in thinking over the matter, that I discovered I had by piecemeal recited Smith's lines in a most unintentional manner. Nor was this all the mischief done, for by some means or other I let out Robinson's to Smith, and then again Smith's to Robinson, and so on; so that the materials, nay words, of one were in time in the possession of the other. All this was almost entirely accidental; I may just possibly have indulged in the minutest amount of mischief, but beyond a doubt, the greater quantity of lines was wormed out of me by one or the other, who then appropriated them, little thinking where they really came from.

III.

Thus the poems progressed by this new species of literary partnership. I was almost as unconscious of what was going on as my two friends were. I felt indeed that my whole spirit was fast becoming imbued with strange and fantastic notions on Slavery (for this was the theme on which they sang); I felt that these notions had a local habitation and a name within the limits of my mental kingdom, still I never

stopped to consider whether they were native aborigines, or nomad tribes of ideas, which, having left the Smithian or Robinsonian territories, had settled for a time in the agreeable pastures of my own mind. I fear the latter was the case ; but if want of reflection was my fault, want of generosity was not likewise my failing. What I had so freely received in the way of Slavery notions, I must say, in all justice to myself, I as freely dispensed. If it so happened that I dispensed them in a manner which entailed awkward results, this was misfortune, not malice. On one day Smith would consult me on the domestic arrangements of the interior of Africa ; on another Robinson, on the slave population of America. At one time we discussed the length and weight of the chain required to curtail the movements of a muscular though respectable negro. At another time the character of a slave-dealer underwent the blackening process at our righteously indignant hands. No wonder, 'mid such a variety of thoughts, that confusion got the better of memory ; no wonder I imparted the right idea to the wrong man, and handed over Smith's most exquisite lines to Robinson, and Robinson's to Smith. This was just the sort of case, which must have first called into being, in some deep philosophic mind, the well-known social doctrine, that natural contingencies of a disagreeable character may occur within the circumference of the best regulated domestic circle.

Prize poems are finite ;—that is to say, in actual material length, they are finite. A few days passed and the two compositions were concluded simultaneously, and I was asked by each author to copy his for the Vice-Chancellor. I would willingly have declined the honour ; but reflecting that a copy in their own handwriting would not be received, and that the choice of an amanuensis lay between me and Trout, I assented, and set to work. To secure privacy I copied them in my bedroom. I first got through Smith's, and then, somewhat fatigued, commenced my attack on Robinson's. What was my horror and surprise to find his almost line for line the same as Smith's ! I looked again ; could I possibly have taken up by mistake the one I had just copied ? No ; here lay the poem with Robinson's name attached, and there lay Smith's. I was completely perplexed, and in a highly puzzled state I adjourned to the sitting-room with the papers in my hand.

The two poets were talking amicably together when I entered, and both simultaneously started to see their productions thus publicly exposed in my hand.

"My good fellow," said Smith turning round to Robinson, "is it possible that you too —?"

"Yes, yes," replied Robinson, "but I had no idea that you—."

"How very odd!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

"Well," said Smith, "I propose now that our scribe reads both. I shall be delighted to hear yours." Robinson expressed himself as highly honoured, and quite agreeable to the arrangement. I was looking on meanwhile, with rather a blank face. "Very well," I said at last, "if you wish it, I shall be very happy to do so." So clearing my throat with stoical determination, I commenced. I read one line, when Smith cried out, "Stop, not mine; I vote for Robinson's first." Robinson's brow darkened, "That is mine," he said angrily. "Yours!" ejaculated Smith, as I went on, "you must be dreaming." "And you must be mad, Smith. I say again, those are the two opening lines of my poem," said the other. I could stand it no longer. I laid down the papers on the table, and remarked, "It does not much matter, gentlemen; they are both well nigh line for line the same." To describe the astonishment of my two friends at this announcement would be simply impossible. Let the reader take equal quantities of amazement and despair; add to these a little of disgust, a sprinkling of amusement, and a pinch or two of sheepishness. Mix these well together, and apply the compound to the countenances of your ideals of Messrs. Smith and Robinson, and you will have a faint, a very faint representation of how they looked at each other, at things in general, and at me.

Just at this critical moment a little scuffle was heard outside, and, directly after, a knock at the door. Trout appeared grasping the Detective in not exactly an affectionate manner by the coat collar.

"Is this here party a peticklar friend of yours, gem'l'm?" asked my landlord.

"Quite the contrary, I assure you," I replied.

"Because," continued Trout, "he is peticklar fond of your conversation, which he thinks it is none the worse for coming through a key-hole in a deal door."

"I guess," interposed the offending individual, "that I was only admiring the painting on the door panel as a work of hart."

"Vell then," replied the other, "as you looks at pictures with your ears, perhaps you'll kindly see the way down stairs with your nose. I suppose gem'l'm I may show this party down?"

Without waiting for a reply, Trout commenced to assist the Yankee down stairs, in a manner more impulsive than is generally allowed by the rules of society.

This was the last we saw of our friend the Detective. Report however says, that the real forgers escaped while his attention was so keenly fixed on us, and that he himself, overpowered by the ridicule of his comrades, left the Force in disgust, and ended his days in the quiet retirement of a Turnpike Toll-house.

In a few minutes Trout returned with his wife, and pulling a lock of his hair in front, said respectfully, "I hopes, gem'l'm, you'll hexcuse me, but I hope everything's above board and proper here. I has been in with Government once, and having sich an unkimmon affectionate old woman," (he winked and pointed with his thumb to Mrs. Trout, who was weeping intensely) "I think I'd rather not go in again."

"It's all right, Trout," I said, "that fellow may dog us about if he likes, but we are quite correct in our conduct I assure you."

"No whiskey?" inquired Trout, looking under the sofa. I shook my head. "Nor cigars?" he continued, I shook my head again. He still seemed dissatisfied, and looked suspiciously at the papers on the table. I followed his glance, and taking up the poems remarked that my friends, I doubted not, would have no objection to my showing him these. Hereupon a fierce discussion arose. Smith disclaimed having any thing to do with them; there was no poem of his there, he said. Similarly Robinson disowned his offspring; and each declared in the strongest possible manner that *the* poem should not go in with his name attached. At last I quieted them, and read the production, to Trout's great satisfaction. Mrs. Trout was fearfully affected by the pathetic parts. The description of a slave being flogged, judiciously brought in towards the end, brought on a climax. She wept like an April cloud, till there was not a dry thing about her; at last she seized my great coat behind the door, and mopped up her tears with wild enthusiasm.

"Am I to understand, yer honour," said her husband solemnly, when I concluded, "that at Cambridge they serve out rations of meddles for that sort of sarvice?"

I told him there was one such medal given every year by our Chancellor, for the best poem.

"Vell, Sir, these here gem'l'm don't seem over willin' to stand by their guns, so if 'twill be any advantage to your honours in the way of meddles, I shall have no hobjection to

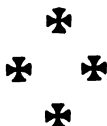
put my epitaph to the potry and send it in to the commodore, duly promising to hand over the prize-money, perwided you come down with hextra grog to the wolunteers, that is, me and my old woman here."

This speech was received with a shout of laughter. Smith and Robinson forgot their chagrin, and joined in it heartily; and before the smoke cleared off to the tune of Rule Britannia, Trout and his wife (yes, Mrs. Trout laughed!) joined too. Meanwhile, Smith turned up his shirt collar, and Robinson disarranged his hair and tore two buttons off his waistcoat.

And how can I tell my readers how pleasant a week we had after this? my friends became their dear old selves once more, and lonely walks and dismal meditations were exchanged for laughing, happy, sociable rambles, with the merry round of jest or tale. The days flew by as only days of innocent healthy enjoyment can. The grand old sea-waves scattered spray which sparkled as it never did before; the merry children on the sands laughed with a music we had till then overlooked; the bright open sky beamed upon us with a smile so genial and so warm, that we wondered what we had been about for the last fortnight, to have thus missed the glories of Nature around us, and neglected the sunny influence of friendship's sweet communion.

Does my reader ask, "And what of *the* poem?" Let him take down from his shelf the well-worn volume, in which our venerable Alma Mater loves to record the great deeds of her sons; let him refer to that part which contains the list of Prize Poems, and the following will strike his gaze;—"1857. None adjudged."

"λαβυρίνθειός τις."





SPRING AND AUTUMN.

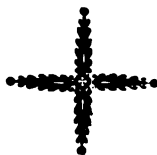
SPRING.

SWEET is the April morn : the birds call loud in the woods,
The larks overflow with song in the cope of a dappled sky ;
The larch in the little copse grows green with its swelling buds,
And the rill o'er its rocky path goes joyfully purling by.

AUTUMN.

O Time ! that beautiful Spring is dead, and the larks are dumb,
And the willow-leaves clog the brook that gurgles, swollen with
rain ;
And a sad thought lies at my heart, and will not be overcome,
That a Spring as happy as *that* may never come to me again !

Why not ? it was but a thought by the sorrowful season bred,
Which now that the time is past, I am half-ashamed to tell—
Shall I fling the fresh rose away, because it may sometime be dead ?
I will live in hope, and be happy, and trust that all will be well !





DEBATING SOCIETIES.

READER! do you belong to a Debating Society? You don't! you never heard of such a thing! Listen a few minutes then, while I endeavour to enlighten you. Imagine yourself in a tolerably large room with about fifty other men of every standing, from the bachelor whose strings have not yet drawn him away from old memories, to the freshman nervously meditating his maiden speech in yonder corner. The President, who sits at the upper end of the room supported on either side by the Vice-President and Secretary, commences the evening's proceedings, by calling on the latter to read the minutes of the previous meeting. The other private business of the Society is then transacted, such as the balloting for new members (supposing that odious and unnecessary system to exist) or alterations in the rules. The discussions on these points are often most amusing. I remember one which ensued on a motion proposing the repair of a dilapidated box, which was used to contain the voting balls. I believe nearly every member in the room got up to say something—an amendment was introduced in the form of a new box; the treasurer came forward and presented a lamentable statement of the Society's finances, and finally the original motion was thrown out by a majority of 1. When the private business is over, the subject of the evening's Debate is introduced by a member previously named. It may be a political question, or an historical question, or perhaps a question deep in the chaos of metaphysics. Another member rises to respond, and the rest take part or not according as they please, speaking alternately for and against the motion. At the conclusion, the first two speakers having the right of reply, the question is put to the vote, after a discussion which usually lasts about a couple of hours.

“And a couple of hours very unprofitably spent—literally wasted,” says the Reader; “what! men meet to talk about

mending a ballot-box, to talk merely for the sake of talking ! Why it's almost as bad as writing for *The Eagle*." And consequently almost the same argument will suffice to defend these institutions. That men who pass their days and nights in gorging themselves with knowledge, should be accused of cultivating the *cacoethes loquendi*, or of unprofitably spending their time when they meet to talk for a couple of hours every week, seems an astounding paradox ; inasmuch as the whole tenor of our University course aims at the expansion of the mind or the inculcation of new ideas, while the expression of those ideas is entirely left to ourselves. I will not pretend to say that the educational system, as pursued here, is in any way insufficient ; but I have sometimes wondered whether it has ever occurred to the University Commissioners to appoint in their new Statutes, a Professor of Rhetoric and Elocution to preside for the term of his natural life at the Union, Port Latin, and other Debating Societies in the University. Amid their sweeping reforms we hardly know what to expect, but perhaps the institution of such a Professorship would not be the worst thing they might do. For if there is any line of study which is neglected here, it is the art of putting our ideas into words. Coming as many amongst us do from public schools, where Latin Themes indeed are rife, but where the name of English Essay is scarce heard once a-year, we often find a difficulty, when our education is supposed to be completed, in clothing our thoughts with suitable language. A man may acquire logical accuracy by the aid of Mathematics, or that refinement of mind which is derived from the study of the Classics, but it will be of little avail to the world that he has laboured under Parkinson, or is thoroughly saturated with Shilleto, if at the same time he is unable to impart his knowledge to others. Yet it seems to me that this is forgotten, and that with our Examination mania and the Tripos mania, we, of this respectable and old-established institution of St. John's College, are peculiarly liable to neglect everything else to secure a first-class in the May. Such ought not to be the case. The nineteenth century is an eminently practical age ; when a man must be able to shew his learning, if he would have it appreciated.

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter

was never truer than at the present day. And for a place of education like this, whose members will be called for the most part to the church or the bar, and some of whom may

one day be guarding the interests of England in her Parliament—for such a school to neglect the study of elocution, surely is a great mistake. True it is that a certain M.P. of editorial celebrity was returned at the last election through employing substitutes to address his constituents. Still when our turn comes, we may not be so happy in the choice of a substitute. I say when our turn comes, for although we may not covet his enviable title, who is there among us that can say that he will never have to undergo the ordeal of public speaking? It was only the other day that a late fellow of this College said to me, in speaking of the scene of his parochial labours, “Nothing can be done here without a meeting and a speech: and such a place for lectures!” And it has always appeared to me a lamentable disgrace to the learning of our clergy, when one of its members is seen—perhaps not heard—muttering a few incoherent sentences on Church Missions—as we discover from the placards,—and at length compelled to sit down in confusion.

To remedy this evil Debating Societies have been instituted, where by being pitted against one another in honest debate, we may learn to say what we mean, and practise those powers of elocution, which are requisite in almost every profession. And I would humbly recommend my brother students not to neglect this means of education, but while they are reading to become full men, and writing to become accurate, to complete the Baconian precept by speaking at these debates to make themselves ready men. They may find difficulties at first, but let them only persevere, though it be at the expense of their auditory, and I will guarantee that they will become, I do not say orators, but at least respectable speakers. Oratorical qualities there are, which must be to a certain extent innate; *ἔστι φύσεως τὸ ὑποκριτικὸν εἶναι καὶ ἀτεχνότερον* suggests a friend who is just going in for the Voluntary Classical. But at the same time any one possessing these qualities in a moderate degree, may by perseverance become a good debater. Who does not remember the admirable parallel to this point, which Macaulay has drawn between Pitt and Fox? “Poeta nascitur, orator fit,” is certainly no less true than the usual reading, under certain restrictions of the meaning of orator—and it may be laid down as a rule that, while the true poet is naturally endowed with the gift of poesy, it is by long practice and application that a man becomes a great debater. How laborious must have been the pebble-process of that

chief—that *facile princeps* of orators! How tedious the tracing of those complex characters on the polished roll! I can imagine Demosthenes sitting up all night to write out the *Midias* or the *De Corona*; or perhaps addressing invisible gentlemen of the jury whom he has to face to-morrow morning, and rehearsing the orthodox action of his hands as he watches the trickling of the water-clock. And when I recollect that Sheridan and others of England's greatest orators have established their claim to eminence, owing to their custom of preparing their speeches, I am convinced that it is chiefly by practice, and perhaps after repeated failures, that a man becomes eminent in debate. And no one can, without great injustice to himself, despair of learning to speak fluently.

Studied speeches, if known to be such, are generally regarded with aversion; as whatever is the offspring of genius appears more striking and brilliant than the result of patient industry. There are times, however, when a set speech is more applicable, and does more credit to the speaker than any display of oratorical talent. And for practice in this style, as well as to learn to speak on the spur of the moment, it is equally advantageous to join a debating society. For there a speech must depend to a certain extent on the remarks of the previous speaker, and a clever repartee is often called forth by what has only been uttered the minute before. Thus, though the generality of speeches are delivered *ex tempore*, the opening speech and that of the chief opposer are (or if not, shame on the speakers!) studied harangues. An opening speech in a debate should contain all the arguments and statistics which can be brought forward to support the motion, while the opposer should adduce all the evidence on the opposite side.

And herein lies the advantage of having a stated leader of the opposition, as in our Long Vacation Debating Society; for besides the pain of hearing the president, after a vain inquiry for an opposer, driven to ask if any honorable member will speak on either side of the question, I have observed that when this is not the case, the opposer often is content to ward off the attack of his adversary without bringing forward any positive proofs himself; and thus it happens that a whole debate is carried on without a single direct argument being adduced in favour of the opposition. For half the men who speak, speak I may venture to say on no further knowledge of the subject than they may glean from the two opening speeches, and if these speeches are deficient

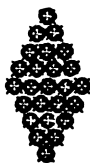
in matter, the succeeding speakers will be content to carp at the language of their predecessors, and twist their words often into what they never meant, and perhaps never could mean. On these grounds then the Committees of Debating Societies, if they wish to have really good debates, will always provide an opposer of the motion; and let the opposer thus selected not care so much to repel the enemy's attack, as to adduce all the evidence he can in his own case, and he will have the satisfaction of making a far more interesting debate.

But a serious charge has been brought against these Societies by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Dublin. It is his opinion that they tend to foster a spirit of pride and dogmatism. It may be a bold act to question the Archbishop's sayings, nor should I wish to do so, were he alone in his opinion. But as I have heard among ourselves remarks to the same effect, my few hints would be altogether incomplete, if I did not attempt to answer the difficulty.

Undeterred then by great names, I venture to assert that so far from promoting a spirit of dogmatism, the debates, as carried on in these Societies, have the natural effect of shewing that there are two sides to every question, and generally much to be said on both. If a Society were constituted to uphold the tenets of a particular party, designated by its watchword, and admitting no one who was not professedly attached to that party, I can well understand that the debates would not only lose much of their naïveté, but would foster the spirit Dr. Whately complains of. But considering the constitution of these Societies generally, I cannot conceive that they have such a lamentable effect. For putting out of the question those men, who are deeply imbued with prejudice before they enter the room, and whom therefore the debate will not affect, the rest will probably gain much additional knowledge about the matter in question, and if they do give a hasty verdict on the spot, they nevertheless have a spirit of enquiry aroused within them, which will not rest till they have further investigated the subject to their entire satisfaction. And even supposing they did not pursue such an investigation, but felt satisfied with their previous knowledge, I am not quite sure that a fixed opinion, even when incorrect, is not more desirable than utter ignorance or perpetual vacillation. But I am inclined to believe, somewhat perhaps paradoxically, that while debates compel men to reflect, the verdict passed at the conclusion does not represent the result of that reflection. Nay, so far from this being the case, I have known instances where the introducer of the

motion has confessed, that the very evidence by which he hoped to maintain his cause, has satisfactorily convinced him that his own is not the right side of the case, and although by the laws of the Society he is compelled to support that side, the ultimate result is his conversion to the other.

These Societies then not only are peculiarly adapted for the exercise of innate oratorical talent, but they present the means whereby a man may secure fluency of speech, and make his tongue in very truth the interpreter of his mind. You classical men! are you ever at a loss in your translations for the particular word which will exactly suit the case? Here is your remedy. And you mathematical men, who do not get up your book-work by heart! do not you sometimes find a difficulty in expressing your meaning in good English? Here then is your remedy. By speaking at the debates you will gain power over your native tongue, and learn to express in plain good sense, what before cost you so much labour and was so unintelligible after all. And there is another advantage they present, which should also be taken into consideration. I mean the incentive to the investigation of truth. It often requires considerable reading and research to make a good speech, and if the debater is thereby induced to extend his knowledge of our literature, he may reap no slight benefit. Let him only bind himself never to make an assertion against his better judgment. Let him beware of inconsistency, and of speaking without sufficient knowledge of the subject. Let him not be discouraged at a few failures, but let him endeavour to speak at every debate, remembering what Fox used to say: "During five whole sessions, I spoke every night but one, and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too."





OUR EMIGRANT.

IT is a windy, rainy day—cold withal; a little boat is putting off from the pier at Gravesend, and making for a ship that is lying moored in the middle of the river; therein are some half-dozen passengers and a lot of heterogeneous looking luggage—among the passengers and owner of some of the most heterogeneous of the heterogeneous luggage is myself. The ship is an emigrant ship, and I am an emigrant.

On having clambered over the ship's side and found myself on deck, I was somewhat taken aback with the apparently inextricable confusion of everything on board—the slush upon the decks, the crying, the kissing, the mustering of the passengers, the stowing away of baggage still left upon the decks, the rain and the gloomy sky created a kind of half amusing, half distressing bewilderment, which I could plainly see to be participated in by most of the other landsmen on board—honest country agriculturists and their wives looking as though they wondered what it would end in—some sitting on their boxes and making a show of reading tracts which were being presented to them by a methodistical looking gentleman in a white tie; but all day long they only had perused the first page, at least I saw none turn over the second.

And so the afternoon wore on, wet, cold, and comfortless—no dinner served on account of the general confusion—fortunately I was able to seize upon some biscuits. The emigration commissioner was taking a final survey of the ship and shaking hands with this, that, and the other of the passengers—fresh arrivals kept continually creating a little additional excitement—these were of saloon passengers who were alone permitted to join the ship at Gravesend. By and by a couple of policemen made their appearance and arrested one of the passengers, a London cabman, for

debt. He had a large family and a subscription was soon started to pay the sum he owed. Subsequently a much larger subscription would have been made in order to have him taken away by any body or anything—I, who at the time was not a subscriber, not knowing that a subscription was on foot, have often congratulated myself since, that New Zealand has not got to blame me in any way for the emigration of Mr. G—.

Little by little the confusion subsided. The emigration commissioner left; at six we were at last allowed some victuals—unpacking my books and arranging them in my cabin filled up the remainder of the evening, save the time devoted to a couple of meditative pipes—the emigrants went to bed—and when at about ten o'clock I went up for a little time upon the poop, I heard no sound save the clanging of the clocks from the various churches of Gravesend, the pattering of rain upon the decks, and the rushing sound of the river as it gurgled against the ship's side.

Early next morning the cocks began to crow vociferously. We had about sixty couple of the oldest inhabitants of the hen-roost on board, which were destined for the consumption of the saloon passengers—a destiny which they have since fulfilled: young fowls die on shipboard, only old ones standing the weather about the line—besides this the pigs began grunting and the sheep gave vent to an occasional feeble bleat, the only expression of surprise or discontent which I heard them utter during the remainder of their existence, for now alas! they are no more. I remember dreaming I was in a farm-yard and woke as soon as it was light. Rising immediately I went on deck and found the morning calm and sulky—no rain, but everything very wet and very grey. There was Tilbury fort so different from Stanfield's dashing picture. There was Gravesend which but a year before I had passed on my way to Antwerp with so little notion that I should ever leave it thus.—Musing in this way and taking a last look at the green fields of old England, soaking with rain and comfortless though they then looked, I soon became aware that we had weighed anchor, and that a small steam-tug which had been getting her steam up for some little time had already begun to subtract a mite of the distance between ourselves and New Zealand. And so, early in the morning of Saturday, October 1st, 1859, we started on our voyage.

Here I must make a digression and once for all fairly apologize to the reader. Let me put him in my own position.

The thermometer shall be 45° Fahrenheit in his cabin, although it is the beginning of January, and he is in Lat. 47° South; that is to say, though he is in Paris at the beginning of July. He shall be clad in full winter plumage, moreover he shall have a great coat on, and a comforter round his neck. Yet the continuance of the cold many days, or rather weeks, with insufficient means of exercise, shall have covered his fingers with chilblains and almost chilled his toes off. He shall be so wedged between his washing-stand, his bunk and a box, that he can just manage to write without being capsize'd every other minute, outside he shall have a furious S.W. gale blowing. His ship shall be under nothing but a closed reefed main-top-sail, close reefed fore-top-sail, reefed fore-sail and top-mast-stay-sail, shall have been as near on her beam ends twice already within the last hour as she could well be—he shall every now and then feel a tremendous thump and see the water pouring over the little glass pane let into the roof of his cabin, thus becoming cognizant of the fact that a heavy sea has broken right over the poop—and then he shall be required to be coherent, grammatical, and to write that pure and elegant style of English for which *The Eagle* is so justly celebrated. It cannot be done. Yet if I don't write now I shall not write at all, for we are nearing New Zealand, and I foresee that as soon as I get ashore I shall have but little time for writing.

To resume then—we were at last fairly off. The river widened out hour by hour. Soon our little steam-tug left us. A fair wind sprung up and at two o'clock or thereabouts we found ourselves off Ramsgate. Here we anchored and waited till the next tide, early next morning. This took us to Deal, off which we again remained a whole day at anchor. On Monday morning we weighed anchor and since then we have had it on the fore-castle, and trust we may have no further occasion for it until we arrive at New Zealand.

I will not waste time and space by describing the horrible sea sickness of most of the passengers, a misery which I did not myself experience, nor yet will I prolong the narrative of our voyage down the channel; it was short and eventless. The Captain says there is more danger between Gravesend and the Start Point (where we lost sight of land,) than all the way between there and New Zealand. Fogs are so frequent and collisions occur so often. Our own passage was free from adventure. In the Bay of Biscay the water assumed a deep blue hue, of almost incredible depth; there

moreover we had our first touch of a gale—not that it deserved to be called a gale in comparison with what we have since had—still we learnt what double reefs meant. After this the wind fell very light and continued so for a few days. On referring to my diary I perceive that on the 10th of October, we had only got as far South as the forty-first parallel of Latitude. And late on that night a heavy squall coming up from the S.W. brought a foul wind with it. It soon freshened and by two o'clock in the morning the noise of the flapping sails as the men were reefing them and of the wind roaring through the rigging was deafening. All next day we lay hove to under a close reefed main-top-sail—which being interpreted means that the only sail set was the main-top-sail and that that was close reefed, moreover that the ship was laid at right angles to the wind and the yards braced sharp up. Thus a ship drifts very slowly, and remains steadier than she would otherwise, she ships few or no seas, and though she rolls a good deal is much more easy and safe than when running at all near the wind. Next day we drifted due north, and on the third day the fury of the gale having somewhat moderated we resumed—not our course but a course only four points off it. The next several days we were baffled by foul winds, jammed down on the coast of Portugal; and then we had another gale from the south, not such a one as the last, but still enough to drive us many miles out of our course, and then it fell calm which was almost worse, for when the wind fell the sea rose and we were tossed about in such a manner as would have forbidden even Morpheus himself to sleep: and so we crawled on till on the morning of the 24th of October, by which time if we had had anything like luck we should have been close on the line, we found ourselves about thirty miles from the Peak of Teneriffe becalmed. This was a long way out of our course which lay three or four degrees to the westward at the very least, but the sight of the Peak was a great treat, almost compensating for past misfortunes. The island of Teneriffe lies in Latitude 28°, Longitude 16°. It is about sixty miles long, towards the southern extremity of the island the Peak towers upwards to a height of 12,300 feet, far above the other land of the island, though that too is very elevated and rugged. Our telescopes revealed serrated gullies upon the mountain sides, and showed us the fastnesses of the island in a manner that made us long to explore them:

we deceived ourselves with the hope that some speculative fisherman might come out to us with oranges and grapes for sale. He would have realised a handsome sum if he had, but unfortunately none was aware of the advantages offered and so we looked and longed in vain. The other islands were Palma, Gomera, and Ferro, all of them lofty, especially Palma; all of them beautiful; on the sea board of Palma we could detect houses innumerable, it seemed to be very thickly inhabited and carefully cultivated. The calm continuing three days, we took stock of the islands pretty minutely, clear as they were, and rarely obscured even by a passing cloud; the weather was blazing hot but beneath the awning it was very delicious; a calm however is a monotonous thing even when an island like Teneriffe is in view, and we soon tired both of it and of the gambols of the Blackfish (a species of whale), and the operations on board an American vessel hard by.

On the evening of the third day a light air sprung up and we watched the islands gradually retire into the distance. Next morning they were faint and shrunken, and by mid-day they were gone. The wind was the commencement of the north-east trades. On the next day (Thursday, October 27th, Lat. $27^{\circ} 40'$) the cook was boiling some fat in a large saucepan, when the bottom burnt through and the fat fell out over the fire, got lighted, and then ran about the whole galley blazing and flaming as though it would set the place on fire, whereat an alarm of fire was raised, the effect of which was electrical: there was no real danger about the affair, for a fire is easily extinguishable on a ship when only above aboard—it is when it breaks out in the hold—is unperceived—gains strength—and finally bursts its prison, that it becomes a serious matter to extinguish it: this was quenched in five minutes, but the faces of the female steerage passengers were awful. I noticed about one and all a peculiar contraction and elevation of one eyebrow, which I had never seen before on the living human face though often in pictures: I don't mean to say that all the faces of all the saloon passengers were void of any emotion whatever.

The trades carried us down to Lat. 9° . They were but light while they lasted and left us soon. There is no wind more agreeable than the N.E. trades. The sun keeps the air deliciously warm, the breeze deliciously fresh—the vessel sits bolt upright, steering a S.S.W. course, with the wind nearly aft: she glides along with scarcely any

perceptible motion, sometimes in the cabin one would fancy one must be on dry land, the sky is of a greyish blue, and the sea silver grey, with a very slight haze round the horizon. The sea is very smooth, even with a wind which would elsewhere raise a considerable sea. In Lat. 19° Long. 25° I find we first fell in with flying fish. One generally sees most of these in a morning—they are usually in flocks—they fly a great way and very well, not with the kind of jump which a fish generally takes when springing out of the water, but with a *bonâ fide* flight, sometimes close to the water, sometimes some feet above it during the same flight. One flew on board, and measured roughly eighteen inches between the tips of its wings. On Saturday, November 5th, the trades left us suddenly after a thunder storm which gave us an opportunity of seeing chain lightning, a sight that I only remember to have seen once in England. As soon as the storm was over, we perceived that the wind was gone and knew that we had entered that unhappy region of calms, which extends over a belt of some five degrees rather to the north of the line.

We knew that the weather about the line was often calm, but had pictured to ourselves a gorgeous sun, golden sunsets, cloudless sky, and sea of the deepest blue. On the contrary such weather is never known there, or only by mistake. It is a gloomy region. Sombre sky and sombre sea,—large cauliflower headed masses of dazzling cumulus towering in front of a background of lavender coloured satin,—every shape and size of cloud—the sails idly flapping as the sea rises and falls with a heavy regular but windless swell, creaking yards and groaning rudder lamenting that they cannot get on—the horizon hard and black save when blent softly into the sky upon one quarter or another by a rapidly approaching squall,—a puff of wind—"square the yards"—the ship steers again—another—she moves slowly onward—she slips through it—it blows—she runs—it blows hard—very hard,—she flies—a drop of rain—the wind lulls, three or four more of the size of half-a-crown—it falls very light—it rains hard, and then the wind is dead—whereon the rain comes down in a torrent which those must see who would believe. The air is so highly charged with moisture that any damp thing remains damp and any dry thing dampens: the decks are always wet. Mould springs up anywhere, even on the very boots which one is wearing, the atmosphere is like that

of a vapour bath, and the dense clouds seem to ward off the light, but not the heat of the sun. The dreary monotony of such weather affects the spirits of all and even the health of some, one poor girl who had long been consumptive but who till then had picked up much during the voyage, seemed to give way suddenly as soon as we had been a day in this belt of calms, and four days after we lowered her over the ship's sides into the deep.

One day we had a little excitement in capturing a shark, whose triangular black fin had been veering about above water for some time at a little distance from the ship. I will not detail a process that has so often been described, but will content myself with saying that he did not die unavenged, inasmuch as he administered a series of cuffs and blows to any one that was near him which would have done credit to a prize-fighter, and several of the men got severe handling or, I should rather say, "tailing" from him. He was accompanied by two beautifully striped pilot fish,—the never failing attendant of the shark.

One day during this calm we fell in with a current—the aspect of the sea was completely changed. It resembled a furiously rushing river—and had the sound belonging to a strong stream only much intensified. The empty flour casks drifted ahead of us and to one side; it was impossible to look at the sea without noticing its very singular appearance—soon a wind springing up raised the waves and obliterated the more manifest features of the current, but for two or three days afterwards we could perceive it more or less. There is always at this time of year a strong westerly set here. The wind was the commencement of the S.E. trades and was welcomed by all with the greatest pleasure—in two days more we reached the Line.

We crossed the line in Long. $31^{\circ} 6'$, far too much to the west, after a very long passage of nearly seven weeks—such a passage as the Captain says he never remembers to have made; fine winds however now began to favour us, and in another week we got out of the tropics having had the sun vertically over heads, so as to have no shadow, on the preceding day. Strange to say the weather was never at all oppressively hot after Lat. 2° north or thereabouts. A fine wind or even a light wind at sea removes all unpleasant heat even of the hottest and most per-

pendicular sun. The only time that we suffered any inconvenience at all from heat was during the belt of calms; when the sun was vertically over our heads it felt no hotter than an ordinary summer day. Immediately however upon leaving the tropics the cold increases sensibly, and in Lat. $27^{\circ} 8'$ I find that I was not warm once all day. Since then we have none of us ever been warm save when taking exercise and in bed—when the thermometer is up at 50° . I think it very high, and call it warm. The reason of the much greater cold of the Southern than the Northern hemisphere is that there is so much less land in the Southern. I have not seen the thermometer below 42° in my cabin, but am sure that outside it is often very much lower. We have almost all got chilblains, and wonder much what the January of this hemisphere must be like if this is its July: I believe however that as soon as we get off the coast of Australia, which I hope we may do in a couple of days, we shall feel a very sensible rise in the thermometer at once. Had we known what was coming we should have prepared better against it, but we were most of us under the impression that it would be warm summer weather all the way. No doubt we feel it more than we should otherwise, on account of our having so lately crossed the line.

The great feature of the Southern seas is the multitude of birds which inhabit it. Huge Albatrosses, Molimorks (a smaller albatross) Cape Hens, Cape Pigeons, Parsons, Boobies, Whale Birds, Mutton Birds, and many more wheel continually about the ship's stern, sometimes there must be many dozens, or many scores, always a good many. If a person takes two pieces of pork and ties them together, leaving perhaps a yard of string between the two pieces, and then throws them into the sea, one Albatross will catch hold of one end, and another of the other—each bolts his own end and then tugs and fights with the other Albatross till one or other has to disgorge his prize: we have not however succeeded in catching any, neither have we tried the above experiment ourselves. Albatrosses are not white; they are grey, or brown with a white streak down the back, and spreading a little into the wings. The under part of the bird is a bluish white. They remain without moving the wing a longer time than any bird that I have ever seen, but some suppose that each individual feather is vibrated rapidly though in very small space without any motion being imparted to the main pinions of the wing. I am informed that there is a strong muscle attached to each of the large

plumes in their wings. It certainly is strange how so large a bird should be able to travel so far and so fast without any motion of the wing. Albatrosses are often entirely brown, but further south, and when old, I am told they become sometimes quite white. The stars of the Southern hemisphere are lauded by some: I cannot see that they surpass or equal those of the Northern. Some of course are the same. The Southern Cross is a very great delusion. It isn't a cross. It is a kite, a kite upside down, an irregular kite upside down, with only three respectable stars and one very poor and very much out of place. Near it however is a truly mysterious and interesting object called the Coal Sack: it is a black patch in the sky distinctly darker than all the rest of the Heavens. No star shines through it. The proper name for it is the black Magellan cloud.

We reached the Cape passing about six degrees south of it, in twenty-five days after crossing the line, a very fair passage—and since the Cape we have done well until a week ago when after a series of very fine rains, and during as fair a breeze as one would wish to see, we were some of us astonished to see the Captain giving orders to reef top-sails. The royals were stowed, so were the top gallant sails, topsails close reefed, mainsail reefed,— and just at 10. 45. p. m. as I was going to bed I heard the Captain give the order take a reef in the foresail and furl the mainsail—but before I was in bed a quarter of an hour afterwards a blast of wind came up like a wall, and all night it blew a regular hurricane. The glass, which had dropped very fast all day, and fallen lower than the Captain had ever seen it in the southern hemisphere, had given him warning what was coming, and he had prepared for it. That night we ran away before it to the North, next day we lay hove to till evening—and two days afterwards when I was commencing this letter we had just such another only much worse. The Captain says he never saw an uglier sea in his life, but he was all ready for it, and a ship if she is a good sea boat may laugh at any winds or any waves provided she be prepared. The danger is when a ship has got all sail set and one of these bursts of wind are shot out at her. Then her masts go over board in no time. Sailors generally estimate a gale of wind by the amount of damage it does—if they don't lose a mast or get their bulwarks washed away or at any rate carry away a few sails they don't call it a gale, but a stiff breeze: if however they are caught even by a very comparatively inferior squall and lose something

they call it a gale. The Captain assured us that the sea never assumes a much grander or more imposing aspect than that which it wore on the evening of the day on which I commenced this letter. He called me to look at it between two and three in the morning when it was at its worst; it was certainly very grand, and made a tremendous noise, and the wind would scarcely let one stand, and made such a noise in the rigging as I never heard: but there was not that terrific appearance that I had expected. It did'nt suggest any ideas to one's mind about the possibility of anything happening to one. It was excessively unpleasant to be rolled hither and thither, and I never felt the force of gravity such a nuisance before; one's soup at dinner would face one at angle of 45° with the horizon, it would look as though immoveable on a steep inclined plane, and it required the nicest handling to keep the plane truly horizontal. So with one's tea which would alternately rush forward to be drank and fly as though one were a Tantalus, so with all one's goods which would be seized with the most erratic propensities,—still we were unable to imagine ourselves in any danger, save one flaxen headed youth of two-and-twenty, who kept waking up his companion for the purpose of saying to him at intervals during the night, "I say N— is'nt it awful", till finally N—silenced him with a boot. While on the subject of storms I may add that a Captain, if at all a scientific man, can tell whether he is in a cyclone, (as we were) or not, and if he is in a cyclone, he can tell in what part of it he is, and how he must steer so as to get out of it; a cyclone is a storm that moves in a circle round a calm of greater or less diameter, the calm moves forward in the centre of the body of the cyclone at the rate of from one or two to thirty miles an hour. A large one 500 miles in diameter, rushing furiously round its centre at a very great pace, will still advance in a right line only very slowly indeed. A small one 50 or 60 miles across will progress more rapidly. One vessel sailed for five days going at 12, 13, and 14 knots an hour round one of these cyclones before the wind all the time, still in the five days she had made only one hundred and eighty-seven miles in a straight line. I tell this tale as it was told to me, but have not studied the subject myself. Whatever saloon passengers may think about a gale of wind, I am sure that the poor sailors who have to go aloft in it and reef topsails cannot like it much.

I think I have now mentioned the principal physical

phenomena that I have noticed so far: I will now add a few words about the preparations, which I should recommend any one to make who felt inclined to take a long sea voyage like myself; and give him some idea of the kind of life he will have on ship-board.

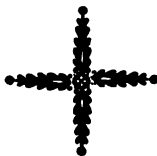
First and foremost—he *must* have a cabin to himself unless he is provided with a companion whom he knows and can trust. I have shuddered to think what I should have done had I been an inmate of the same cabin with certain of my fellow passengers, men with whom one can be on very good terms when not compelled to be too much with them, but whom the propinquity of the same cabin would render, when sober, a nuisance—when drunk, madly drunk, as often happens, simply intolerable. Neither again would it have been agreeable to have been awoke up during a hardly captured wink of sleep to be asked whether it was not awful—that however would be a minor inconvenience. Believe me no one will repent paying a few pounds more for a cabin to himself, who has seen the inconvenience that others have been put to by having a drunken or disagreeable companion in so confined a space. It is not even like a large room. Comfort is a great thing. And when a man can fairly have it, he is surely reprehensible if he doesn't. On a sea voyage comfort makes more difference than it does on land. A man who is uncomfortable is almost sure to begin longing for the end of the voyage: he becomes impatient, and an impatient man is no good at all. If he is unoccupied, he is worse: if occupied, whatever he is doing, the idea that it is still so much, or that it is only so long to the end of the voyage is perpetually presenting itself to him. He can't fix his attention, and so three months of valuable time are protracted into a dreary year, often because provision has been neglected for a few little comforts which a man might easily have. Most men are slaves to something. By slaves I mean they don't like going without it whatever it may be—though they will forego every thing else and rush through fire and water without a murmur, provided it be left; Galton tells us that the Cape servant is a slave to a biscuit and cup of coffee—that on this you may do anything with him and lead him up to death's door—that if you stop it for three days he is ripe for mutiny. Assuredly however bad it may be to be a slave to any such thing, ship-board is not the place to commence leaving it off. Have it, if you can honestly. Have plenty of books of all sorts: solid and light. Have a folding arm-chair—this is a very great comfort and very

cheap, what I should have done in the hot weather without it I don't know, and in the bush it will still come in handy. Have a little table and common chair—these I have found the greatest luxury possible: those who have tried to write or seen others try to write from a low arm-chair at a washing-stand won't differ from me; besides no man can read a hard book in an arm-chair, and give it the attention it merits. Have a disinfecting charcoal filter, a small one will do. Ship's water is often bad, and the ship's filter may be old and defective. My filter has secured me and others during the voyage a supply of pure and sweet tasting water when we could not drink the water supplied us by the ship. Take a bottle or two of raspberry vinegar with you, about the line this will be a very great luxury. By the aid of these means and appliances I have succeeded in making myself exceedingly comfortable; I should like to have had a small chest of drawers instead of keeping my clothes in a couple of boxes, and should recommend another to get one; a small swinging tray would be very nice. The other cabin fittings are matters of course—bed, bedding, washing-stand, looking-glass, bookshelves, lamp, and piece of carpet. A ten-pound note will do the whole well, including the chest of drawers. The bunk should not be too wide—one rolls so in rough weather; of course the bunk should not be athwartships if avoidable. No one in his right mind will go second class, if he can by any hook or crook whatsoever raise money enough to go first.

On the whole I should consider that the discomforts of a sea voyage have been very much overrated. I have enjoyed the passage exceedingly so far and feel that I have added a larger stock of ideas to my previous ones than I ever did before in so short a time—one's geography improves apace, numberless incidents occur pregnant with interest to a landsman; moreover there are so many on board who have travelled far and wide that one gains a very great deal of information about all sorts of races and places—one finds things becoming familiar to one as household words, which one had hitherto regarded afar off as having no possible connection with oneself—which books had to do with—but which would never be impressed upon one's own mind, by the evidence of one's own senses. A very great many prejudices are done away with, and little by little one feels the boundaries of the mind enlarging. My chief study has been Gibbon's History of the Decline and fall of the Roman Empire—a book which I cannot sufficiently

recommend to those who like myself have been intimidated from commencing before owing to its large extent. The second and third volumes have I think pleased me most. I should say these two volumes would be especially useful to those who are thinking of taking orders. That portion I mean commencing with the progress of the Christian religion and ending with the accession of Marcian. One effect of a sea voyage is perhaps pernicious, but it will very likely soon wear off on land. It awakens an adventurous spirit and kindles a very strong desire to visit almost every spot upon the face of the globe. The Captain yarns about California, and the China Seas. The doctor about Valparaiso and the Andes,—another raves about Owyhee and the islands of the Pacific, while a fourth will compare nothing with Japan. The world begins to feel very small when one finds that one can get half round it in three months, and one mentally determines that one will visit all these places before one comes back again, not to mention a good many more.

As I have already extended this letter to a considerable length, I will close it here, and send the remainder of our adventures with my first impressions of New Zealand as soon as ever I can find time to put them on paper after my arrival. We are all rather downhearted at present, for ever since the last gale, now a week ago, it has been either dead calm, or the next thing to it, and there are now less signs of wind than ever. I suppose however that like all other things the voyage will come to an end sometime—somehow.





PAST AND FUTURE.

OH present moment, priceless point of time !
Shall ever mortal learn to know thy worth ?
In gazing on the pageantry sublime
Of future scenes that Fancy shadows forth,
Or brooding on the past, how seldom seen
The chain of golden moments hung between !

Pondering thus, I had a dream
On the Old Year's dying day,
Methought I arose with the morning beam
And wandered by a lonely stream
On the moorlands far away.

I gazed around, and a dismal sight
Before my eyes was spread,
The sun shone out with a lurid light,
But the earth below was dark as night
As though the world were dead.

Through blackened rocks and weedy slime
I sped my fated way,
And methought I heard a voice sublime—
"This is the land where the tyrant Time
Can never use his sway."

Away and away like a restless wave,
Till the wind began to blow,
And I came at last to a gloomy cave
As the sun sank suddenly into the grave
Of the chaos spread below.

The night was rough, my feet were sore,
I entered the cavern vast,
Careless I sank on the slimy floor,
Near to a massy dungeon door
That echoed the howling blast.

But soon I was roused, for a stranger sound
Saluted my weary ear,
Of iron hoofs on a stony ground
And clanking chains, I looked around,
For the sound came loud and near.

I gazed through the seething and driving storm
Of sleet in its frantic speed,
And boding thoughts began to swarm
As I saw advance the dusky form
Of a man on a duskier steed.

Of an aged man with armour black,
And a beard as white as snow,
The weight of time had bent his back,
In hollow voice he cried—"alack
And alas for my year of woe."

And on he came with the iron clank
Of his steed of dusky hue,
Till he came to the dungeon dark and dank,
Where poisonous weeds and creepers rank
In wild profusion grew.

Then slowly opened the dungeon door,
And a dismal groan it gave,
As the savage blast through the cavern tore
The horse and his rider were borne before
And closed in their gloomy grave.

I fell asleep,—and many a dream
Of the year that had passed away
Flowed through my mind like the lonely stream,
Till morning came, and the sun's glad beam
Illumined the New Year's day.

I hastened forth, for the earth was bright
And sadness was changed to glee,
Woodlands were teeming with life and light,
The rocks were white, and the glorious sight
Had wrapped me in ecstasy.

And gaily on the morning air
The sound of music flew,
The bugle strains of the coming year,
And now a vision bright and fair
Arose to my dazzled view.

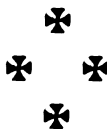
A Spirit on a shining steed
Rose up from the cavern's rocks,
With a swell of his trumpet, o'er mount and mead
Away he soared with the lightning's speed,
And scattered his golden locks.

Then a voice from the cavern I heard exclaim—
"Oh mortal why wait you here?
Fly, fly to the country from whence you came,
Joy, wealth and prosperity, wisdom and fame,
Must be asked from the *Future Year*."

"Go, follow him now while his powers are rife,
Ere ever this year be sped
His brow will be darkened with sorrow and strife,
And armour be donned for the battle of life,
And Time will have silvered his head."

"For he is the Present and I am the Past—
The ghost of the Year that is dead,
Then seize on the Present and follow him fast,
And all his bright glories may bless you at last
When others have vanished and fled."

"S. Y."





THE SUNBEAM.

THIRTY years ago Wilfred Hall was standing. Time, if left to himself, will soon crumble an old hall into common dust with that beneath it; yet, scarcely in thirty years. So that if Wilfred Hall had not been burnt, the curious reader might have gone to look at it—if I had given him much clue to its locality; in which case I should have been very careful to keep the secret, for reasons known to myself. As it is, it is little matter. For twenty years ago Wilfred Hall was burnt; causing no regret, as far as I could hear, save only to one solitary artist, who had half finished a sketch of it. Had the sketch been finished, it might have stood at the head of this tale of a sunbeam; but now I shall have to describe the old hall.

A mile away was a little town. Through a long line of cottages ran the main road, climbing a wooded hill; on the hill stood the church. Then the road descended the hill again, at the other side, winding through the woods; and led away to a distant city. Here and there, as it went on, quiet picturesque lanes branched off along the hill sides, or down the valleys. At the entrance of one of these lanes might have been sometime a hall gate. For there stood two mouldering neglected gate pillars, with armorial bearings; a stag at gaze, looking stiffly from a shield, disfigured by time and vagrant hands; and on the top of each pillar a hooded hawk; but no gate to swing now even on rusty hinges. Wandering down the lane, where no vehicle seemed to have travelled for a century,—for the grass grew rich as pasture fields, and the hedgerows were wild and neglected—you came, after ten minutes stroll, in sight of a lonely hall, set low in the hollow of a hill with woods climbing up behind it, and level lands in front:—the very hall I tell you of.

Weeds grew in the gravel walks and had grown there many a year. Weeds grew on the door steps, in cracks and

crevices: in every window niche flourished rare green moss: and the hundred-eyed lichen spread its yellow plates on the hollow broken roofs. The steps were black and sunk; and the porch, to say the least, was dangerous. The windows seemed dirtied by design, to keep out as much light as possible. Even the large oriel, of coloured glass, which had once lighted the main hall, was stuffed here and there with rubbish in broken panes, to keep out the wandering wind.

Who should live here but the old bookworm, Sir Wilfred Wilfred! Here he lived, and continued to live, or rather perhaps to die; with a solitary servant, and one other inmate; hid in dusty tomes, sapping continually. Few guests had he. Many who came were not so welcome. Warily the servant's face reconnoitred if you knocked: and little chance of admittance had you, if you looked like a creditor. For the wealth Sir Wilfred possessed was not coin of the realm. But if you came with an old book, or a musty parchment, then the good gentleman was at home; and you a welcome guest, to stay as long as you liked.

From four or five in the morning to the same hour in the evening Sir Wilfred slept. Little joy had he in the sunshine and singing birds. He never went to lie on a summer day, plucking bits of grass. He never went to watch the lady-bird on a sprig of may, and tease it to split its scaly coat, and spread the wings of gauze. For his heart was dried up.

From four or five in the evening to the same time next day he pored over strange books. He sat in slippers and a morning gown, which was never worn in a morning; and the gown was tightened about his lean shapeless waist with something like a rope; as if his study were a monk's cell, and this his fasting costume. He wore large oval spectacles over his little bat eyes; and he smoked a foreign weed, horrid man! not to the annoyance of many ladies though, for he saw but one; who got used to it in time.

His study, though containing nothing but what was old, including his worthy self, was yet a novelty. From the mouse-eaten wainscot to the somewhat lofty roof books were piled in shelves. In one corner stood a crazy ladder, up which Sir Wilfred climbed, at the risk of breaking his neck. Long cases of books lay about the carpetless oak floor; made so as to be removed with the greatest possible convenience; though the fire found them in that same place, when it laughed and leaped to burn them. Heaps of books tumbled about on each side the comfortless hearth. His very chair

was a layer of folios : and his only table was a huge packing-case, in which many curious manuscripts were stowed away. There he sat, with a greasy lamp, hour after hour, an unwashed, benighted mortal ; rooting up treasured things, like old coins, out of heaps of Dryasdust ; and burying them as a miser would, in the dull earth of his human brain. Not till streaks of dawn quickened the blackbird's heart did he seek the needful sleep. Then, when the windows glimmered, and his lamp grew dim with the better-shining light, he would leave his study ; to thread his way up the crazy stairs, through layers of dust-covered folios, from the great hall to the second landing. Sir Wilfred Wilfred, with his meaningless, withered face. Once he had been a boy. How his life had slipped away ! he had become a phantom of humanity ; going and doing to day as yesterday ; the grey twilight of the house. But there was a sunbeam.

How I seem to slip back through the mazes of thirty years. Take a look at the hall. Branching antlers, and rust-eaten arms : coats of steel, and spears. But chiefly books. Shelves of labelled volumes stretched from side to side ; with jutting unethereal wings here and there, to gain more room : till the place was quite a labyrinth, where the thoughtless bride of old might have concealed herself as effectually as in a certain oak chest. And there, at a little table, on which the morning sun through the painted window played with crimsoned light ; dreaming over some romance ; whiling away, as best she could, the companionless weary hours ; the sunbeam might have been seen :—his daughter, of course.

Her blue dreaming eyes looked as if they knew little of what was going on in the world. Her hair fell in half neglected ringlets, bright and thick ; and was as golden as I dare make it now, when it is no longer fashion to go *flavis capillis*. Had these been the days of Horace, I should have spoken the whole truth without concealment ; and told you that her hair was as golden-bright as a sunset bar of gold ; yellow as the fabled sands which Tagus river used to flow over, but has long since washed away. Her face was sweet and sad ; like such a face as Sir Calidore the Courteous would have delighted to rescue ; pained in his gracious heart to see it, looking beseeching to him across some imprisoning moat. Her blushed cheek would lean on her white blue-veined hand, many a weary morning ; as she sat in a silken gown, white, with threads of gold, that wound into sapless flowers, about the golden belt ; a treasure Sir Wilfred had purchased for its quaintness and antiquity.

As when a little mist forms about a brook, in a valley with closing hills ; and by and by widens and widens, and thickens and gathers strength, and fills the valley at last with a grey dreamy haze ; so in the valley of time, about her little brook of life, had gathered the love-longing. Now it throbbed with its intensity, and the valley of time was widened by it into a mysterious void. In vain she had tried to satisfy it by loving the old repugnant man. The yearning had grown and grown. She read of knights and dreamed of knights. She had nothing to call her back to realities ; and wandering desolate and cold about the desolate rooms, like a sunbeam that gilds a heath, she grew to live on dreams.

Then it was a stranger came. He was a student. He designed to spend the main energy of his life in producing an edition of Shakspeare worthy of the immortal subject : and as Sir Wilfred possessed several rare editions of old plays, and was always willing to entertain a stranger on such an errand, he came to collate or copy them. Day after day he copied and stayed, and the bookworm saw little of him, in truth almost forgot him. Week after week he copied. But copying cannot last for ever. How precious the books must have been that it lasted so long !

His face was a long white intelligent face. Lines of thought were drawn along it, and made the mouth fine and delicate. The eyes were clear, flashing and dark ; keen with a resolute resolve not to let life slip away unused : and over a broad high forehead fell black thick lustrous hair. The face was a striking face, and the sunbeam loved to linger on it.

For he copied in the hall. He used a small table, partly facing hers, screened a little by an angle of bookshelf. All the morning his busy pen went on—somehow not the slightest sound or stir he made escaped her—and when it was still awhile, she durst not look, though indeed sometimes she did ; and when she did the mist grew restless. It was no wonder her fancy should dwell on him. It was no wonder that every day he puzzled her more and more. Living caged up there, like a rich-feathered foreign bird, thinking how her life was meaningless ; somehow fancying, out of books, that a woman's life had meaning ; having read in some dangerous modern dream-book that a fire-side, and household duties, fitted a woman in these days ; thinking that her knight was long in coming ; sometimes, in less dreamy moods, remembering that there were no

knights now, but only men; liking the thoughtful mouth, and the speaking eyes; not feeling that looking at them wearied her; finding that the books and shelves and the painted window vanished if she met his glance; what wonder that the mist grew bright and restless, as if the sun had broken in upon it over time's hills.

At first they scarcely spoke, but by and by grew friendly. Many a close page was copied before her shyness left her. I cannot pretend to relate every little incident. One morning he leaned over her shoulder, and her hair brushed his face. "What might my fellow-student be poring over so earnestly?" said he, with elegant sweetness:—(his voice was the sweetest sound she had ever heard.) She leaned to let him see, and looked up laughing. "Mort D'Arthure, surely. And what is this morning's lesson about? maidenless Sir Galahad?"

"Not that saintly wanderer, student, but one almost as luckless," she answered, with an arch laugh. "For the poor Sir Palomide was just leaning against a tree, with his arms sorrowfully crossed, and tears in his knightly eyes, weeping for the lost Iseult."

"Happy man Sir Palomide had been, could fair Iseult have been his," said he; and went his way to the old Plays. What could he mean by that?

Every word of his was turned over and over; and many things he said perplexed her. Half unconsciously, half consciously, she got to mix him up with the longing. That morning, when he left his books, she stole to his little table. Her eyes wandered to his open manuscript. What is that graceful sketch, trailing down the side of the page? a figure leaning on its hand, in a long gown with a belt. Herself! it must be. Here he comes! quick! quick! But he caught her slipping away. And whether something in her look justified his conduct, I will not presume to guess; but after that he called her "Iseult."

Day after day passed: the copying went on still. So did the friendly talk. Things grew on apace. "This copying is tiresome work: hear how the thrushes sing. See how the sun smiles at us through the oriels. Will Iseult stroll out awhile?" why should Iseult refuse to stroll out, feeling no unwillingness?

That morning the brook we spoke of ran as merrily as a brook can. How fresh the sunshine was! and the grass was a richer carpet than any in the desolate house. The flowers about the fields had in them more delight than those

which crept in formal gold round the pages of "Sir Tristrem." How the doves cooed in the old woods! And they found a nest of new-fledged birds—quite curious in its way. And what wonderful things he talked about! He talked of life and the busy world. He told her of the women that lived in it. He told her of a home he had, with a fireside warm and snug, but no one to sit by it. And a great many things besides. And he said "if you were Iseult, would you let Sir Palomide stand weeping, with his arms so sorrowfully crossed?" and she said "no!" and blushed.

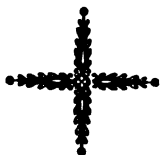
How her soul widened to take in the fulness of a woman's soul, as he talked of noble women; how the knights seemed to go away after questing beasts, and make room for women and men, in that dreaming fancy of hers; how things grew; how fancies took form; this were all too long to tell: here is the upshot at once.

The copying ended suddenly one fine summer morning. It ended all at once, when Sir Wilfred Wilfred might have been asleep some two hours or more. At any rate he was fast asleep when the copying ended. Why should the student take his packet of manuscripts in his morning stroll with her? Perhaps a mere whim. Away they went on the usual walk, through the usual woods. But they did not linger as usual to examine the leaves and trees. And after a while they turned off. As they crossed over the fields Wilfred Hall was lost sight off: so that, of course, any one in Wilfred Hall would lose sight of them. Now they enter the grass-grown lane. They pass rather quickly, perhaps, along the great road that goes to the little town. They laugh merrily as they climb the hill. Why, that must be the church. And the door is open too. Did you ever find an open village church door without going in? not you: nor did they. But what can the priest mean, standing there, inside the altar-rails, in his robes of office white? as the bride is not forthcoming, and a pity it would be the priest should lose his fees,—no! no! no deceit! it is all arranged before. Listen, as they kneel, what the priest's words are:—"If any one see any just cause or impediment, &c. &c." But no one does. At least, no one comes to "declare it," if he does. So the priest goes on:—"let him hereafter for ever hold his peace."

And so, frowning readers, you hold yours. It is all right enough. Sweet birds should not be kept in cages at the pleasure of selfish men. Let them fly away to their proper homes, and find their mates. Only many a smoky

volume went up in a certain study, before the old bookworm returned to his feast of books with zest: and many and many a weary day crumbled Wilfred Hall, before Sir Wilfred Wilfred found the same delight in the buried coins he dug up.

“O. B.”





A WORD FOR WANDERERS.

"The man that hath no music in himself
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted."

ALLOW me to inform you, ladies and gentlemen, that a champion has at last arisen for the persecuted organ-grinders—one who fearlessly enters the lists against nervous old gentlemen, cross old ladies, invalids, policemen, studious men and lovers of peace generally. What though Mr. Nervus Phidgetts be at this moment helplessly wrapping his bald head in the bed-clothes and muttering smothered imprecations, ("Pop goes the weasel," every now and then cheerfully sounding below him, cruelly merry and lively torturous, while a wandering dewdrop of cold perspiration trickles down the side of his imbedded nose):—what though Mr. Weakly Everill has just awoke from a short sleep snatched from departing night, with a bad head-ache, to the joys and sorrows of a suburb morning, and catches, faintly borne upon the breeze, the well-known strains of "Bobbing around," half a street away, but coming on surely and slowly, like the spider on the ceiling walking leisurely down the web to his prey as if meditating some slow torture for the victim-blue-bottle, and what though the papoosed watch at the back of the invalid's pillow already anticipates the coming melody, by ticking with devilish glee to the tune that is slowly approaching:—what though the studious Mr. Reading Jones, fists on ears and elbows on table, shuts his senses to the music and his heart to the upturned eye of the expectant grinder, and desperately reads pages and pages of his book, to find in the end that he remembers not one word of what he has been reading. For

"His heart was elsewhere,
While the organ shook the air,"

as the City Poet hath it:—and what though Mr. Punch himself, driven to despair, represents in his next number a persistent musician defying the policeman's command to move on, and so endeavours to urge the imbecile authorities to more effective steps:—what though all this be true, still I repeat, ladies and gentlemen, that a champion has at last arisen for the persecuted organ-grinders—I, a quondam grinder, am that champion.

But before I begin to defend my musical brethren, it becomes me to return the thanks and blessings of them and myself to our unprejudiced patrons, those of the public who have enjoyed and supported, or at least endured patiently our serenades; especially to him who, taking an interest in me, and I hope I may say without conceit, considering that I had a soul above organs, has lifted me from my low estate and given me education and honourable employment,—in fact has made me what I am.

Now, in the first place, I mean to say that our street music is generally in itself agreeable.—Be not prejudiced, ye lodgers who look down from above and lodging-house-keepers who look up, from kitchens below, at that olive-faced, brown-eyed, laughing Italian boy who gives you music at so small a charge.—Be not prejudiced, but open your hearts and ears to the melody, and ten to one you will enjoy it, a hundred to one you will not dislike it so much, as if you treat the boy harshly and fidget and annoy yourselves. Ulysses scarcely deafen'd his ears to the siren-songs more obstinately than you do to street music, or, more correctly, his companions' ears, for he seemed not to dislike the music himself, and listened attentively to the performance on the beach, though for safety he spliced himself to a mast, for fear the melody should be too much for his feelings and entice him overboard, as it had former voyagers, who,

“By these prevailing voices now
Lured, evermore drew nearer to the land,
Nor saw the wrecks of many a goodly prow,
That strewed that fatal strand;

“Or seeing, feared not—warning taking none
From the plain doom of all who went before,
Whose bones lay bleaching in the wind and sun,
And whitened all the shore.”

No, take yon smiling baby in his nurse's arms for your example—see how the little fellow stretches forth his tiny

arms and croaks with delight; while you, determined to make yourselves miserable, draw in your sensitive horns like insulted snails.

I, on the other hand, in my suburban abode, in the extreme confines of the suburbs where the town meets the country, twilight as it were, am charmed, as I sit in my shady little lawn this beautiful June afternoon, by an organ fragment floating from afar, louder and lower as the changeful breeze rises and falls—what with the bright blue sky, the sunlight shadow-chequered on the grass, flowers, a wandering butterfly or two, a light wind playing with the leaves of an open book, and a cigar whence thin blue smoke wreaths slowly ascend and vanish,—the effect is quite fairy-like and mystic.

In the second place, as to the construction of barrel-organs, though it be objected that turning a handle round and round is too automaton-like, artificial and ungraceful, yet there is certainly this advantage in it, namely that correct time is pretty sure to be kept—and if we have the music what matter how it is produced? it sounds well and in moderation is quite enjoyable; witness yonder nursery window crowded with juvenile faces eager to buy with a copper or two the music-ware of the approaching organ-man: he will unstrap his burden and grind any amount for the money, and then seek some more rural scene, rural enough at least to supply a hedge and bank, where he will rest awhile to eat his bread and cheese, and, meeting perchance with some similarly burdened companion, will gleefully gabble in his native tongue.

It might perhaps be a good thing if these young Italians could be formed into regiments and sent home as soldiers, especially in the present state of European affairs.* A certain amount of endurance they must have acquired by their rough wandering life here,—and they would find it less labour to carry military knapsacks and arms, used as they are to the weight of something like a young piano strapped on their backs. And, as for marching, many of them, from being so long accustomed to no other conveyance than their feet, would probably without much difficulty march any army off its legs, so to speak, in a few days.

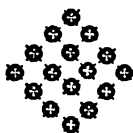
But what induced me more than anything to say a word for my companions, was, because I have really been often struck by the great beauty of the music, and think that it

* This was written last long vacation, 1859.

is unjustly and with prejudice accused of being unbearable and inharmonious. Climb up Primrose hill some fine day and sit down on one of the benches, whence you may enjoy an extensive view, rows of houses, streets crossing each other, trees, lamp-posts, palisading, men, horses, and vehicles. From some spot in this panorama extending from Hampstead road to Primrose hill and the regions about Regent's park, you will probably hear one or more strains of wind-borne music, anon pausing and again arising in some nearer or more remote locality, approaching or retreating. If you are in a good humour and open to soothing influences of sunlight, bright skies, fleecy fleets of sailing clouds, and that fresh hilarity of spirits which results from a lofty situation, you will find that the effect is not bad.

I could relate many queer anecdotes, aye and affecting romances of organ-grinders, if it were worth while to do so and if space permitted, and I shall be glad to continue my subject, which is a very extensive one, in future numbers of *The Eagle*, if what I have now written meets with any approbation from its readers.

“F. V.”





HOME FROM THE EASTER "VOLUNTARY."

I.

HAMMER, hammer, hammer; rattle, rattle, rattle over the flinty pavements of Cambridge; away from the frowning Senate-House, the old familiar colleges, staring shop-fronts and often-trod streets. Away, away from the hazy atmosphere of learning and levity, with its mirage prospect of future fame or present pleasure; away from lectures and examinations, away from boating and cricket, away from congenial companions of every shade of opinion, of every degree of mental calibre; away at last and for ever from dear old Cambridge, severe, exacting old Cambridge, from Cambridge that I have so often pettishly regarded as an "injusta noverca," but whom I now feel to be an "alma mater."

On we jolt past Parker's Piece, and I hear the well-known sound of "ball, Sir" "thank you, Sir," "thank you, Sir, ball," and instinctively look around to see if there are not half a dozen balls of all colours dodging with all velocities about my bewildered head. Then as I lean back dozing on the cushion, I seem to hear above the rattle of the wheels and buzz of the town, a mysterious cry like the shouts of a far off nation, ringing through the air, and fancy catches the sound of "well rowed John's!" The buss bumps a stone, and on the action-and-reaction-are-equal principle I am bumped off the seat, and my reverie bumped out of my brain. Again I doze, and now the cheers of the Senate-House din my ears as the Senior Wrangler makes his debut with his young laurels.

I tumble into the railway carriage and coil myself up to doze again. I feel my fingers ache, and this reminds me that I have performed a great deal of writing in the last four days, far more than will "pay;" and this reminds me of a very good resolution I formed, not to make any "random shots," but to consider well what I was about, and use common sense as much as memory in my answers. And this

again reminds me that every good resolution of mine passes through my brain twice and twice only, viz. when it is made, and when I make the sage reflection "pity I did not think of it at the time."

But here we are at Bedford with two hours to lionize. I am going to make the best of the time, and if you choose to accompany me, do not be offended if I indulge a little "that forward delusive faculty, ever obtruding beyond its sphere; of some assistance indeed to apprehension. . . . — but you do not want Butler in Bedford.

The first thing that strikes me is that here, in the very centre of Saxondom, the appearance of the people is decidedly Celtic. It is market-day, and I have scrutinized some hundreds of faces, town and country, and have seen but one raw-beef visaged, indubitable Saxon. Perhaps the local historian can account for the fact, for fact I believe it to be, that the Bedfordians are decidedly Celts.

The gates of the great churchyard are locked, and I wend my way towards a lovely little district church, standing on a flowery mound of a churchyard, and conferring life and beauty on a part of the town otherwise dull and uninviting.

"What is the name of this church"? I ask a passer-by.

"I cannot tell you so much about that church, Sir, as about this chapel on your right; this chapel is built on the spot where the immortal John Bunyan used to preach, and it is called Bunyan's Chapel." "Of the which John Bunyan," I said to myself, "you may add that you are a worshipper." But why should I feel anything like anger at a stranger who meant to be civil? or why should I feel taken aback at suddenly finding myself in the presence as it were of the shade of Bunyan the tinker and rabid dissenter? I may meet his living self hereafter, and find that he has shuffled off together with his mortal coil, his character of contumacy and kettle-mending, as parts of the costume in which he performed on this world's stage—this costume being no part of the aforesaid John Bunyan. For it is as easy to conceive that he might exist out of the costume he then wore (viz. that of a factious tinker) as in it, that he might have animated a costume of a totally different grade and effect from that he then wore, and that he might afterwards animate the same or some new costume variously modified and organized, as to conceive how he did animate his own costume. And lastly, his getting out of all these several costumes would have no more conceivable tendency to destroy the living

being, John Bunyan, than his getting out of the walls of Bedford gaol.

But you are looking squeamish, what is the matter?

"You think Butler a very good thing *when it is asked for* in the hall at St. John's or the Senate-House. Also you prefer the unadulterated article,—Butler without Bunyan."

Well, come along. What is here? We are in a land of celebrities. Next door to Bunyan's chapel is another with the inscription:

"Erected by John Howard, the Philanthropist.

He trod an open and unfrequented path to glory....."

So far the inscription, which is in fact an epitaph, is a most happy one. Some dozen artless words tell of a good man's life, death and glorious hope: and pass an honest censure on a heartless world. There is no adulation in the former part, no bitterness in the latter. They do what every epitaph on a good man should do, they so inform us of his deeds as to raise in us a just respect for the dead, and a hearty intention to follow his example. It is the fault of our language and not of the epitaph, that a nasty Greek word and a long Latin one are used. They could not be avoided. No form of words I think could be more pregnant, pithy and pointed than the part quoted of the inscription. But when it goes on into the details of the philanthropist's life and doings, thus allowing it to be supposed that Howard's fame was not universal, the whole thing is weakened and debased. There should not have been another word save the two lines,

"Born at —, in the County of —, A.D.,
Died at Cherson in Russia, A.D."

The contrast between a sunny nook of rich green England, and the bleak cold Cherson plains would convey the intended idea more perfectly and more forcibly than many words.

The church doors are fortunately open, and the sexton is eager to shew the neat and well-arranged interior. He points out what he says is the "only partic'lar thing" to be seen, and certainly is rather "partic'lar." It is a tablet to the memory of a young man who "when two years old hurt one of his kidneys, from which he suffered great pain, and strange to say when twenty years of age he hurt the same kidney, from which he suffered a great deal more pain, and then strange to say he died!"

There is another evidence of a Celtic origin,—each grave is a flower-bed. The Irish deck the graves of their relatives with cut flowers on Palm Sunday; this is also done on the

borders of Wales. The Welsh plant the graves with flowers and small shrubs, and tend them carefully. The custom arose no one knows when, and it will probably never die, for it is agreeable to the turn of mind of the people, which is retentive, reflective, and pleasingly melancholy.

Usages with regard to the disposal of the dead are perhaps less liable to change than any other. A man would be thought unfeeling and even profane, who tried to force his own notions respecting sepulture, &c., on the friends of a deceased person, even when existing customs are absurd. Mankind generally wish to be "laid with their fathers," and after death relatives are disposed to give that wish its fullest possible meaning, and bury them as their fathers were buried. The existence here, isolated, of this pious and beautiful custom of planting the graves with flowers, seems to intimate that the people here have a common origin with the Celts, among whom the same custom obtains.

Again I am in the train, now speeding away to Oxford, the "City of Palaces." How strange it will be to wake up in the morning and hear the tinkling of the chapel bells, and the solemn toll of Great St. Mary's, in a University where every face will be strange and myself an unrecognised wanderer! At every station University men get in; our carriage is full of Queens' men, Merton men, Balliol men, and now comes in an All-souls man.

Here is the Oxford Station and here the Mitre "buss." It is towards midnight, and the buss, being almost the only vehicle, is overcrowded. Away it goes! one feels as though he were dragged along in a basket over a shingly beach by some grinning lightning-footed imp of darkness, while his Master makes congenial music by lashing simultaneously with his tail 101 deranged piano-fortes. That man must have brains at least of granite who can endure all this poetry of motion without inhaling enough of the spirit of the "*Vinum Dæmonium*," to applaud (as my poor bones are now madly doing) that expressive expression of Coleridge's—

"Pavements fang'd with murderous stones."

If any man desire to write a Prize Poem containing very many such lines as this, or a few degrees stronger, let him seek the inspiration resulting from half an hour's pounding in a buss, over the shingly lanes of Oxford.

Where is Jehu driving to, that he has not yet to the

Mitre yet? Alas! alas! Jehu lives at the Mitre, (likewise Tiger and the Buss) where he has faithfully promised to put me down "all snug." To the more effectual doing of which he thinks it proper to see all his other passengers safe home first. Meanwhile he generously drives me, seeing I am a stranger, all round Oxford, without any extra charge!

II.

I cannot conceive of circumstances better suited to calm and elevate the spirit, then to awake on a sunny Sunday morning and find the early May breezes laden with incense pressing for admission at the window, and then when you throw open the casement and drink in the balmy breath of a glorious morning, to hear the rich sound of bells answering bells filling the heavens with music, to feel that the day is a holy day of rest for body and mind, and to see the glad world turn out in its best array to do it honour.

I was sitting at breakfast at the Mitre when a heavy "dong" thrilled through the air,

"Swinging slow with solemn roar,"

as though it were the great sum and substance of steeple music, and the merry chimes of the small bells were but ancillary accompaniments.—It was plain that as I wished to attend the service at St. Mary's I must hasten.

I shall not commit the folly of attempting to describe the outside or the inside of this beautiful building. The seats of the Heads, Fellows and M.A.'s (that is to say our "Golgotha" and "Pit") are all on the ground-floor. They and the Undergraduates' benches in the gallery were at least half full. Many of the Undergraduates took notes.

The Bampton Lecturer was the preacher. Although I had heard so many similar sermons at Cambridge, I could not help being struck with the scholastic and apparently secular nature of the discourse. After three years and a half of University life, I still felt very much as Verdant Green felt when he heard his first Oxford sermon. How I thought all my non-University friends would stare to hear a chapter of Persian history delivered from the pulpit on a Sunday morning, and that too by a great teacher and pattern of young parsons! How they would rub their eyes and look again and again to see if they were in a Church while they heard Xerxes proved (and greatly to the speaker's satisfaction, whatever it might be to theirs,) identical with somebody else; and were told that they could not suppose

Esther to be all her life-time Queen-regnant without doing grievous and irreparable wrong to some profane historian! ("Profane!—Why then be so tender of him? Well, really, we did expect to meet a little Puseyism at Oxford, and almost hoped or feared we should detect disguised Romanism,—but this Godless sermon, this insinuating sympathy with a profane man.")

After service I made my way to the Martyrs' Memorial. What a lovely little pile it is! Before coming close to it, I perceived this advantage of its hexagonal form, that thereby the figures of the three martyrs, having each a vacant space on either side, stand out with a cleanness and boldness characteristic of the men.

I looked at Cranmer first. He wears his archiepiscopal robes, has a cap on his head, and the pall on his shoulders: his right hand is slightly extended, in the left he bears his Bible, and he is in the act of walking forward with a resolute air. Beneath him is sculptured the pelican, the mystic bird that feeds its young with its own blood. I should have been glad to see (though perhaps it would appear too theatrical) *under his feet* a crumpled scroll representing his recantation.

Of the three martyrs, I have always felt my sympathies inclining most towards Latimer, that aged servant of God, too aged to argue or answer subtle argument, too aged to lay again, and therefore declining to disturb the foundation of faith, which, when his intellect was in full vigour, and with God for his helper, he had carefully and strongly laid. Too honest to mould his conscience into conformity with an uncongenial state of things, he would have done himself more violence than his enemies could inflict, had he done other than compose himself in the faggots and make his prophetic remark to "Master Ridley." I looked at the carved work about this figure, but did not discover torch, or candle, or any thing emblematic of "a burning and a shining light."

Ridley "explained all the authorities advanced against him of the spiritual presence only." The artist has represented Ridley with a countenance indicative of refined intellect and gentleness, shaped to a sweet triumphant smile, and looking up to heaven. This heavenward look is of the English style, I mean that Ridley is not represented, as most Madonnas are, with neck strained painfully backwards, and eye-balls almost hidden under the forehead, but with a natural and easily-sustained look a little above the hori-

son, just enough to shew that it was directed beyond earth.

As I leaned over the railing, scrutinizing the figures and spelling the inscription, (it would have been more in keeping with the men, though perhaps not with the monument, if the letters were in plain English, that he who runs may read,) I thought, what a suitable place for such a martyrdom! In the very centre of England, in this great fountain of learning, whose motto is "*Dominus illuminatio mea*," close to the walls of Balliol, under the eyes of the Martyr who looks down from over the gateway of St. John's.—I said to myself "have not we of the Church of England, saints of our own flesh and blood? and can it be wrong, is it indeed anything but justice to give the title of "holy one" to those who by their faith and works and sufferings have shewn that it belongs to them? And might not this church close to the memorial, be as well called the "Martyrs' Church" as "Magdalene?"

I turned towards St. John's. The time-worn statue of the Patron Saint looked down upon me—

"O would some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion!"

Here was I idolizing men who resisted, even unto blood, Idolatry's first and gentlest approaches; who through disgrace and torture made their way to death, and at the altar there flaming on this very spot, offered up all they had, even their precious lives, to the intent that we, knowing the sacrifice, might also learn the danger.

"M."





AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

The night is wild : the winds arise
In gusts that make amid the corn
A seething rustle ; eastward borne
The clouds are roll'd across the skies ;

And far away amid the night
Upon those heavy folds on high
The furnace-fires flash luridly,
And smoke-wreaths wave along in light

That ever varies : where the cloud
Cleaves, now and then a star looks forth,
As yonder, in the glimmering north,
Like pale-face peering from a shroud.

I pass along the village street :
On one side with a gurgling low
The brooklet's darken'd waters flow,
And from the lone hearth's smouldering heat

The merry cricket loudly sings :
All else, beside the wind, is still.
Thro' many a world of thought I range,
And fancies, fetcht from far, and strange,
Crowd round me as I mount the hill,
Bepeath the dark night's wizard wings.



SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.*

“YOUR affair in the last number was a great failure”—such was the kind remark that recently hailed my gratified ears—“a very great failure; not heavy, you know; but feeble and slow in the extreme—evidently written in a tremendous hurry, and with a desperate though most unsuccessful effort to be amusing. You’re going on with the trash, are you? well! I’m sorry for the subscribers; but with such a beginning no one can accuse you of falling off in the continuation.”

Now, if there is anything thoroughly agreeable, it is candid criticism; and if there is anything thoroughly satisfactory, it is to find one’s arrow gone home to the mark—Feeble and slow? just what I intended it to be! When you are writing a thing in parts, it is *the* weakest proceeding to make the first number a good one: you should begin *piano* and *maestoso*; then introduce a gradual *crescendo*; and wind up with an amazing *fortissimo*. I’m not going to say through how many numbers this ‘Scrap Sentimental’ will “drag its slow length along”—of course that rests entirely with the discriminating Editors; but, if about the middle of the said Scrap you don’t find it highly interesting and entertaining,—why, I shall consider you a very obtuse person, and request you never more to be Quarterly reviewer of mine.

But among numerous other base insinuations thrust upon me, one was of that glaring nature which must be at once refuted. It implied that my precious diary, my *præsidium*, yea! my *dulce decus*, had absolutely no existence whatever, and was only alluded to in order to fill up space, and give

* Continued from Vol. II. page 63.

scope to a vapid self-laudation. To overwhelm the abominable miscreant who started such an idiotic notion, I am compelled to give a very brief extract from the valuable register in question.

EXTRACT, Vol. ix. p. 2041.*

July 24th.—Middle of the night. Dreaming hard, but far from comfortable. Have I a headache? no! it's Seraphina who is hammering a nail into my temples—rap, tap, tap—how she lays it on—look at Tugg standing by with a huge mallet to administer the final clinch—rap, tap, tap—well it's through my head now and well into the pillow—couldn't move if I were paid for it. "Don't, oh! please don't—" "Hollo! whadsaay—pasninclock—boosanhotwarr—no! no! drop it! drop it! dro-o-o—"

Somewhat later.—Agreeable change of vision—invasion the prominent idea. The French are come, are they? well, tell the coast-guard to go and help 'em to land. Get up? I'll see you further first—my word! just hear the cannon—bang, bang—they must be bombarding the house—bang, bang, bang.

"Now, Saville, I won't stand this; I've only just closed my eyes and I am not going to be disturbed for *you*. Dressed this half-hour? you know you've nothing on but a Barabbas and boots, and I wonder you're not ashamed of yourself. Going to a picnic? I won't go—make my excuses and say I've got typhus fever, then perhaps those blessed Tuggs won't bother me with another invitation. You won't leave off till I get up—well, to be rid of your loathsome presence I can make any sacrifice—you just be off, and make the tea,—no! I won't look sharp about it. I shall be three-quarters of an hour at least. Now, none of your coarse language—Vanish!"

* * * * *

* For a gentleman who owns to having "been twice plucked for Little-Go," Mr. Oakley's mathematical accuracy is rather surprising. In the previous description of his diary he mentions "one volume for each year and ten pages for every day"—from which *data* any of our readers may find that 2041 would really be *almost* the right number of page for July 24th, in any current year.—[EDITOR.]

11. 15 a.m. *Scene, the breakfast room—splendid morning—fresh breeze through the windows, which are doors, by the way, and both wide open. View on to the bay with Saint Symeon's Mount in the distance. Ernest Saville, Esq. in the chair, sans collar, tie, or waistcoat—his feet encased in embroidered slippers—ah! how changed from that Saville, who yesterday was pacing the esplanade with Eugenie St. Croix—to him enter his fellow lodger.*

S. Morning, my ancient: how about coppers, eh? rate of exchange rather considerable, I reckon.

O. Well, *you* needn't talk, after the state of mops and brooms you were found in last night.

S. Who wanted to fight the native in the billiard-room, because he wouldn't take points off you? A swell native too, who could have given you five-and-twenty and licked your head off.

O. Who wanted to embrace the Bobby, and addressed him familiarly as 'Robert, toi que j'aime!'

S. Who tried to put out the lamp, and was so screwed he couldn't swarm half-way up the post?

O. You'd better shut up, unless you want your ugly nose flattened.

S. Well, which of us began? oh! that's right, say it was me, do!

O. Put some of that grill in your calumnious chops, and then hand it over here.

S. Thank you; I an't got a jaded palate and a ruined digestion like some people; you may eat it all yourself, and more cayenne to your liver! The idea of a fellow at your age wanting stimulants in the morning!

And here Saville put a wine-glass full of brandy into his tea, by way of illustrating his own theory.

&c., &c. * * * * *

Well! I won't bore you with any more of this, gentle Subscribers; we had been three weeks at Weremouth when it was chronicled as above, and had been passing our time extremely agreeably for many and various reasons.

First, as regards myself, I had by persevering sieges and blockades, so softened the adamantine heart of Miss Veri-blue, that she not only allowed me to come in and out of their lodgings whenever I pleased, 'tame-cat fashion,' as the Colonel used to call it, but even regarded the aspirations of my doting and infatuated heart with a benignant eye. As

I mused on the difference this made to my personal comfort
I used often to catch myself quoting—

Quem tu, Miss Veribblue, semel
Intrantem placido lumine videris—

and so on. They liked going on the sea, both aunt and niece ; of course I had a sailing-boat constantly at their service : they liked parties, concerts, dances and the like ; I wearied myself to get introductions and tickets, invitations and bouquets. Seraphina liked trifling with amateur German—precious little did this child know on the subject, but it was pleasant enough to spend an hour of the sultry afternoon fancying we were translating Schiller's Ballads, or that everlasting "Die Piccolomini"—then she could play and sing like an angel, and I could manage a feeble tenor enough for an easy duett or two ; she sketched in pencil and water-colours, and delighted especially in attempting the same from nature ; I couldn't draw a stroke, but could cut pencils to perfection, fill the little cup with spring-water, lie at her feet and bestow admiring criticism rather on the verge of flattery. Altogether we found sundry congenial occupations, and "happily the days of Thalaba went by." I had never 'spoken', thinking it judicious to wait for the right moment ; but everybody in the place regarded it as a settled thing, and used to favour us with intelligent grins as they passed us upon the Esplanade. By Jove, how handsome she used to look in her plain straw hat and light muslin dress, with the loose jacket over the same affecting nautical buttons ; how delicious in her ball-room attire when she stepped into the carriage, with her blue opera-cloak drawn closely round her neck, and the wreath on her sunny hair. Yes ! I *am* a fool, I know, to be dwelling thus on "hours of pleasure, past and o'er ;" but the Seraphina of my youthful days, and the present Mrs. T. are two quite distinct personages, nor am I going to do myself out of a jolly reminiscence or two just because she chose to be an Alice Grey of the most perfidious description, and to earn from society at large the appellation of an extremely sensible girl.

Now, as regards Ernest Saville, he had not been playing his cards badly by any means : he was a man who never did, whether they were the tangible cards of crafty whist and reckless loo, or the metaphorical hand of the world's chances and frantic flirtation. He got on well with the Colonel, who, I fear, had been a sad reprobate once, and never undergone a thorough reform of his ancient ways. Saville used to play

a good deal of billiards with him, and took good care to win but rarely; he would listen to the old boy's yarns, and give him a supply of new jokes and anecdotes, adapt himself with pernicious facility to all the ways of a *ci-devant jeune homme*, and in fact, make himself generally necessary to St. Croix's notions of comfort—so he was pretty well domiciled in their rooms, or else with them when out; and Eugenie and he very soon came to an understanding. Poor Eugenie! she had the material of a splendid creature, but foreign life and unsettled ways had done much to spoil her, nor was her father exactly the man to bring her up properly. Had her mother been living she would probably have been a different being; as it was, she was as thorough a flirt as she was perfectly beautiful. In the strange circumstances that followed, in which I myself was so helplessly floored (I can use no weaker expression); her nature underwent the most total change, and when I met her again a month or two since, I hardly knew her for the same person.

Ernest had a curious way of making odd acquaintances; he could be hand and glove with any one at the shortest notice, and was particularly fond of cultivating the 'plebeian order' as he loved to call them. At Weremouth he was great among the coast-guard, fishermen, and smugglers, between which three classes much amity and sociability appeared to subsist; one day I met him walking along the beach with a disreputable old ruffian in a pilot-coat and sou'-wester, the very bargee of nautical adventure, whom he afterwards described to me as captain of the spanking schooner *Nancy*, better known to the Revenue cruisers as *Fly-by-Night*, and the fastest craft in the channel. My acquaintance with the said ruffian was eventually promoted vastly beyond my own desires; but of that anon, for I shrink as long as possible from the details of our catastrophe.

Suppose we proceed at once to the picnic—it was a small affair; the Tuggs came in their open carriage, Mrs. T., I mean, and the charming Eliza, Miss Veribluë reclined in the same vehicle, Eugenie and the Colonel were on horseback, so were Seraphina, and Saville, and myself. A pleasant canter along the sands, emerging into a bridle-road across an open common, over which the breeze was sweeping in all its freshness, a friendly farm-house where our steeds were stabled, a scramble down the slippery side of Fairbeacon Slopes, and there we were in the scene of action. Sir John Trevegan's estate stretches along by the coast for many a mile; the leafy covers grow right down to the edges of the

cliffs, and are intersected with sundry labyrinthine paths, all issuing into a most lovely glen, where the Wishing Well bubbles and sparkles for ever and a day, and then scatters bright brook and streamlets downward to the ocean ; a scene that should be consecrated to the Dryads and Naiads of the spot, or penetrated only by reverential visits of poet and artist—instead whereof it was constantly profaned by the ringing of laughter and the popping of champagne corks, and its sacred precincts defiled by unhallowed crumbs from Weremuthian picnics.

The carriage party arrived hot and dusty from the road, but the provisions came with them, which was certainly their sole redeeming point. After a slight refection, Seraphina of course was anxious to immortalise in water-colour a particular view, and no one but myself could shew her the exact site for such operation. Ernest and Eugenie went to hunt for sea anemonies, the Colonel lighted a cigar and sat making talk for the three ladies who were averse to locomotion. So you see all was peculiarly serene.

As for the seraph and myself, after losing our way once or twice, we emerged on a snug corner out of the breeze, where she immediately sat down and took an angel's-eye view of Fairbeacon woods, a bit of grey cliff beyond, a roof of a coast-guard station just visible above the trees, with a union-jack flying from the flagstaff, and a fishing-boat quite convenient in the distance, evidently the exact scene for an amateur pencil.

I lay at her feet serenely and lazily happy, talking and chaffing about any trifles that came uppermost, regretting John T.'s protracted absence, and indulging in flattering encomia on his mother. And I heartily wished that one could go on for ever as we had been for the last three weeks, without a thought of care to dim the brightness of those summer hours—but I knew that before long both Ernest and myself must be on the route again, and move from our pleasant quarters, so I gradually brought our talk round in this direction, taking for my ground-work that very new motto "all that's bright must fade," and hinted that in a week's time, or very little over, these "days would be no more."

"In a week's time?" she exclaimed, pausing in a thorough wash which the refractory sea of her drawing had been doomed to undergo: "in a week's time?" and she let her hazel eyes rest on mine till I thought they must be reading my inmost wishes.

"Yes, Miss Hawthorn, we have but little time to spare, and idling is a luxury neither Saville or I can well afford at present."

"And what's to become of my German? and our duetts! and the drawing lessons? and those delicious sails on the bay? and—oh! Mr. Oakley, we cannot spare you so soon."

"I fear," quoth I sententiously, "that I am more an interruption than a help to any of the virtuous practices in question, or at any rate my duties are so lightly insisted on, that you'll very easily find another to fill my place to admiration."

No answer; the washing out of the stubborn billows resumed with a vengeance.

"Mr. Tugg will be back at Weremouth next Friday, and I'm sure he is a most congenial companion," said I.

Still no reply, but by a slight mistake the brush has been dipped into the carmine, and the waves get suddenly "incarnardined."

"And a fellow who's getting on so well in his profession:" I added: "those naval men always carry everything before them, especially ladies' hearts, and it's always pleasant being consoled."

She was desperately angry now, and wouldn't lift her face: but all the same there fell a great big drop on the paper, a drop which was neither water nor colours; and I instantly felt myself a fiend in human form.

"Miss Hawthorn," I began, (as people in novels always do) "Seraphina, dearest Seraphina, dare I think that my presence gives you a moment of pleasure, (here I smiled an ineffable smile) or my absence will cause you a moment of pain, (here gloom the most profound overspread my visage) dare I think that to all my devotion you are otherwise than cold and—"

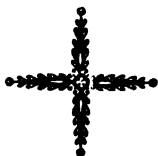
"Cold!" said another voice, very different to those melodious accents I longed for; "cold! I should just think she must be: where's your shawl, child? Mr. Saville how could you let her sit there running the risk of bronchitis and toothache, and ticdoloureux, and I don't know what all!"

Miss Veribluë was the speaker, and indeed there was some truth in her remarks, but I was past thinking or feeling at the moment, except for a dull sickening sense of hope deferred. "Haw! haw!" said the Colonel, on whose arm Miss V. was leaning, "vewy—ar—domestic sort of corner—fwaid we're wather de twop pewhaps—"

He was a monster.

How we got home I hardly remember. Seraphina came in the carriage I believe, but I made some excuse for taking myself off, seeing that at the moment I was past talking also. So I rushed towards the farm-house, but, in passing up the glen, caught a glimpse of two very well known figures, a lady and a gentleman, sitting on the stump of an old oak tree, duly moss-covered, and there was an unmistakeable arm round an unmistakeable waist, and a straw-hat very close to a Spanish plume, and more in my haste I saw not—they had their backs to me and why should I disturb them? In five more minutes I was on Black Prince's back, and galloping him promiscuously home to his stables, in a style I should fancy he had never been ridden before along those Fairbeacon tracks.

"P. O."





BORES.

MANY and startling have been the theories advanced by botanists, naturalists and geologists, to account for the existence and propagation of the numberless species of animals and plants which are spread over the surface of our globe, but none of them are sufficiently comprehensive to account for the infinite diversities in the species of the genus "bore", and for their wide spread distribution:—to do this aright would perhaps require a genius greater than that of Darwin, and theories more universal in their application than those of development, or natural selection. We find bores everywhere;—we doubt not but that the African traveller, the Arctic voyager, and the Johnian undergraduate are equally pestered by them;—we have bores taciturn, bores talkative, bores social and bores political, besides a multitude of others whom it would be difficult to class, but who still belong to that numerous and disagreeable set of men, to whom we all at times feel inclined to say—

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once."

It is bad enough to have to spend an evening with the taciturn bore, to receive monosyllabic replies to all your questions, and to have your most witty remarks on things or persons, answered by a mere nod or shrug of the shoulders;—it is still worse, perhaps, to have to endure the volubility of the talkative bore;—but worst of all is the bore with a decided tendency to monomania, who can only talk of his pet subject, and that a disagreeable one. There's Jones, for example, otherwise a worthy pleasant fellow, who mars everything by his insane passion for mathematics;—(it is my firm conviction that he always carries a rigid rod instead of a walking-stick, and runs round the parallelogram mainly because it is a geometrical figure); when submitting to the infliction of a walk with him, and wishing, as is my wont, to admire the calm beauties of

nature,—the stupendous scenery of the Gogs, the pellucid stream in Grantchester meadows, or the spreading forests of Madingley,—the incorrigible Jones dilates upon the beauties of the subject he is reading, puzzles my brains with mysterious allusions to Zenith and Nadir, and puts me into a fit of by no means easy reflection on the incomprehensible technicalities of mathematics.

Watkins, on the other hand, makes a point of visiting me just when I am most absorbed in the study of the treatises of Phear or Barrett, or most busy in digging for the roots of those fearfully irregular words, which I meet with in our Greek subject;—his talk is of boats and boating, and while I sit writhing under the infliction, I hear how ‘two’ screwed, ‘three’ did no work, ‘four’ did not keep time, ‘five’ caught three crabs, ‘six’ splashed, ‘seven’ was worse than useless, while ‘stroke’ was no better than he should be;—Watkins himself being the immaculate ‘bow’, who neither caught crabs, nor splashed, nor screwed. All things however have an end, so even Watkins’ eloquence is finally exhausted, and he departs, leaving me to the pleasant reflection, that though he may be thought by some to be an agreeable companion, yet to me he is indeed “an unmitigated bore,” and one whose step I dread to hear ascending my staircase.

Not only, however, are we bored by our firesides, and in our walks, but we can hardly attend a public meeting, or a debate in the House of Commons, without being bored by some would-be orator, who reminds us of nothing so much as of Moore’s Comparison of Castlereagh with a pump—

“Because it is an empty thing of wood,
Which up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.”

Instead, however, of going into further detail with respect to the different classes of bores, it will be as well to devote a little space to the consideration of the other side of the subject; for we must grant that bores are often exceedingly useful members of society.

We are indeed often too apt to stigmatize by the name of bore, any one who has some object, which he rightly feels to be an important one, in view, and who perseveres in his endeavours to attain it, in a way which tends in some slight degree, to the diminution of our personal luxury or comfort. It has been well observed that in these modern days of cheap

literature, the many read, but few think ; there seems indeed to be in the people at large, a spirit of indolence, (except of course with regard to money matters,) which recoils from a contact with unpalatable facts, and detests trouble of any sort ;—if not, how is it that in a debate, for example, the man who gets up his case thoroughly, and is armed with figures and statistics wherewith to defend his opinions, is generally looked upon as a bore and coughed down accordingly ?

Again, in the House of Commons, how wonderfully thin is the attendance, when Indian affairs are to be discussed ;—it is true the subject may be of the highest importance, the welfare of an Empire perhaps depends upon it ; but, alas, honourable members think it too great a bore to hear Col.—or Mr.—speak on Indian difficulties, or British misgovernment.

If we review the history of the world, we shall find that many of the men whose names are now most illustrious for their discoveries in science or art, or for the good which they have, in other ways, done to their fellow men were considered by their contemporaries as bores of the worst order.

Was not this, think you, the feeling of many of the sages and people of Greece and Rome, with respect to those who strove to arouse them from a vain philosophy, or from a listless ignorance ;—was not this the feeling of the Papal dignitaries, when Galileo exposed the errors of Aristotle, or when Luther thundered against the Vatican ;—were not those considered bores, who, at a later period, clamoured for a free press, and free institutions ; and, lastly, was it not by a system of laudable boredom, that Clarkson, Wilberforce, and their supporters in parliament, won the glorious victory of humanity over Slavery ?

In short, wherever any great and beneficial public act has been accomplished, we find that it has generally been effected by a consistent course of action, tending to one end, by perseverance under difficulties, and by keeping the subject continually before the people ; and this mode of procedure, although it may earn for its authors the unenviable appellation of bores, yet has its own reward in success, and should tend to make us more thankful to that much maligned, and insufficiently appreciated class of men.

“ Q.”

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We have been favoured with the following from a former Correspondent. We fear that he considers his censure or his approbation a matter of more importance than it is to *Aquila* or its contributors.]

Peace and goodwill to this fair meeting!
I come not with hostility, but greeting,
Not *Eaglelike* to scream, but *dovellike* coo it.
PETER PINDAR'S *Ode to ye Royal Academicians*.

J. to the Editors, Contributors, and Subscribers, greeting:

YES, my brethren, I am that J. who, in a past number of your highly esteemed periodical, favoured you with my gentle impressions regarding your powers of writing and your judicious application of the same. But, as my motto has already informed you, I have no intention of repeating the dose: no idea of answering that very pleasant fellow (an 'Earnest Grubber' I think he called himself) who sat upon me so effectually last time. If ever we meet, won't I 'overlay him with classicalities,' won't I 'look at him hazily through a pewter,' and puff smoke in his eye? Truly I am rejoiced that you have not taken in that extra touch of ballast which he seemed to recommend; but I meditate no further specimens of 'abusive criticism.' Fear not therefore, ye budding Dickenses, fear not ye incipient but feeble Thackerays, above all fear not, *irritabile genus poetarum*. Your first volume reposes on my shelves bound in calf and highly gilt, and with a most respectable accumulation of dust on its upper surface.

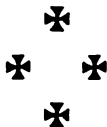
My present object is merely to send a line or two of congratulation to the ancient College and Domina Margareta ('on her knees in the hall' or otherwise). Three cheers for your wranglers of this year: plenty of them, not to say the highest BAR ONE: if trees coming down in the grounds have anything to do with it, you'll have a dozen sucking Newtons bracketed at the top next time! Three cheers for the Classics too, and more power to your youthful champion

for next year's Tripos! Sorry to see none of you sharing in the Aquatic laurels at Putney, but you've pulled the old ship up to second on the river, which looks more natural; and I understand there will be plenty of you to help in taking the shine out of Granta's sister next month at Lord's. So here's good luck to the Questionists and wishing them well through it, though fancying a man reading in the May term makes me fit to be knocked down with a straw.

I was up myself the other day, and the taste of Classic air moved me to write as above: and I went to the flower-show at two o'clock, and saw many flowers of the *genus* Eve, all in bewildering dresses and distracting bonnets: then I dined in hall, and thought the Lady Margaret table were a noisier lot than ever: then I returned to Trinity grounds and came to the conclusion that it was a crisis for the police to interfere: wound up the evening with the C. U. M. S. concert, where as usual the thermometer was 'riz,' and swearing at the same strictly prohibited: heard for the hundred and first time that a new Town hall was sadly wanted, and fancied there might have been a *little* less instrumental music; where, oh! where, was there any one to sing a tenor *solo*?

My pipe is out, "and grace fearing of quarrels prohibits me to touch above three" sherry cobblers—so we bid you heartily farewell and much satisfaction out of the Long Vacation. Shall be right glad to see any of you that happen to be passing through Town next week. If you want my address enquire at the Butteries.

"J."





OUR EMIGRANT.

Part II.

WE had had some difficulty in crossing the Rakaia, having been detained there two days before even the punt could cross; on the third day they commenced crossing in the punt, behind which we swam our horses; since then the clouds had hung unceasingly upon the mountain ranges, and though much of what had fallen would be in all probability snow, we could not doubt but that the Rangitata would afford us some trouble, nor were we even certain about the Ashburton, a river which, though partly glacier-fed, is generally easily crossed anywhere. We found the Ashburton high, but lower than it had been in one or two of the eleven crossing places between our afternoon and evening resting places; we were wet up to the saddle flaps—still we were able to proceed without any real difficulty—that night it snowed—and the next morning we started amid a heavy rain, being anxious, if possible, to make my own place that night.

Soon after we started the rain ceased, and the clouds slowly lifting themselves from the mountain sides enabled my companion to perceive the landmarks, which, in the absence of any kind of track, serve to direct the traveller from Mr. Phillips's house to the spot where I hope my own may be before this meets the eye of any but myself.

We kept on the right-hand side of a long and open valley, the bottom of which consisted of a large swamp, from which rose terrace after terrace up the mountains on either side; the country is, as it were, crumpled up in an extraordinary manner, so that it is full of small ponds or lagoons—sometimes dry—sometimes merely swampy—now as full of water as they could be. The number of these

is great; they do not however attract the eye, being hidden by the hillocks with which each is more or less surrounded; they vary in extent from a few square feet or yards to perhaps an acre or two, while one or two attain the dimensions of a considerable lake. There is no timber in this valley, and accordingly the scenery, though on a large scale, is neither impressive nor pleasing; the mountains are large swelling hummocks, grassed up to the summit, and though steeply declivitous, entirely destitute of precipice.

It must be understood that I am speaking of the valley in question through which we were travelling, and not of the general aspect of the country: on the other side the Rangitata the mountains rise much higher, and looking up the gorge many summits meet the eye, on which the snow rests all the year round, and on whose sides lie miles and miles of iced-plum-cake-looking glacier; these are a continuation of the range which culminates in Mount Cook, a glorious fellow, between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high, and shaped most sublimely.

Before I describe the river, I may as well say a word on the nature of back country travelling in the Canterbury settlement. It is so hard for an Englishman to rid himself not only of hedges and ditches and cuttings and bridges, but of fields, of houses, of all signs of human care and attention, that I can hardly hope to give any adequate idea of the effect it produces upon a stranger. That effect is ceasing rapidly upon myself: indeed I feel as if I had never been accustomed to anything else—so soon does a person adapt himself to the situation in which he finds himself placed.

Suppose you were to ask your way from Mr. Phillips's station to mine, I should direct you thus:—"Work your way towards yonder mountain—pass underneath it between it and the lake, having the mountain on your right hand and the lake on your left—if you come upon any swamps go round them, or if you think you can, go through them; if you get stuck up by any creeks, (a creek is the colonial term for a stream) you'll very likely see cattle marks, by following the creek up and down; but there is nothing there that ought to stick you up if you keep out of the big swamp at the bottom of the valley; after passing that mountain, follow the lake till it ends, keeping well on the hill side above it, and make the end of the valley, where you will come upon a high terrace above a large gully, with a very strong creek at the bottom of it—get

down the terrace, where you'll see a patch of burnt ground, and follow down the river bed till it opens on to a flat; turn to your left and keep down the mountain sides that run along the Rangitata; keep well near them, and so avoid the swamps; cross the Rangitata opposite where you see a large river bed coming into it from the other side, and follow this river bed till you see my hut some eight miles up it." Perhaps I have thus been better able to describe the nature of the travelling than by any other—if one can get anything that can be manufactured into a feature and be dignified with a name once in five or six miles, one is very lucky.

Well—we had followed these directions for some way, as far in fact as the terrace, when the river coming into full view, I saw that the Rangitata was very high; worse than that I saw Mr. Phillips and a party of men who were taking a dray over to a run just on the other side the river, and who had been prevented from crossing for ten days by the state of the water. Among them, to my horror, I recognised my cadet whom I had left behind me with beef which he was to have taken over to my place a week and more back; whereon my mind misgave me that a poor Irishman who had been left alone at my place, might be in a sore plight, having been left with no meat and no human being within reach for a period of ten days. I don't think I should have attempted crossing the river, but for this; under the circumstances, however, I determined at once on making a push for it, and accordingly taking my two cadets with me, and the unfortunate beef that was already putrescent, (it had lain on the ground in a sack all the time) we started along under the hills and got opposite the place where I intended crossing by about three o'clock. I had climbed the mountain side and surveyed the river from thence before approaching the river itself. At last we were by the water's edge—of course I led the way, being as it were, patronus of the expedition, and having been out some four months longer than either of my companions—still, having never crossed any of the rivers on horseback in a fresh, having never seen the Rangitata in a fresh, and being utterly unable to guess how deep any stream would take me, it may be imagined that I felt a certain amount of caution to be necessary, and accordingly folding my watch in my pocket-handkerchief and tying it round my neck in case of having to swim for it unexpectedly, I strictly forbade the other

two to stir from the bank until they saw me safely on the other side.

Not that I intended to let my horse swim: in fact I had made up my mind to let the old Irishman wait a little longer rather than deliberately swim for it; my two companions were worse mounted than I was, and the rushing water might only too probably affect their heads; though mine had already become quite indifferent to it—it had not been so at first—these two men, however, had been only in the settlement a week, and I should have deemed myself highly culpable had I allowed them to swim a river on horseback, though I am sure both would have been ready enough to do so if occasion required.

As I said before, at last we were on the water's edge; a rushing stream some sixty yards wide was the first instalment of our passage—it was about the colour and consistency of cream and soot, and how deep? I had not the remotest idea, the only thing for it was to go in and see; so choosing a spot just above a spit and a rapid—at such spots there is sure to be a ford, if there is a ford anywhere—I walked my mare quickly into it, having perfect confidence in her, and, I believe, she having more confidence in me than some who have known me in England might suppose: in we went—in the middle of the stream the water was only a little over her belly, (she is sixteen hands high); a little further, by sitting back on my saddle and lifting my feet up, I might have avoided getting them wet, had I cared to do so—but I was more intent on having the mare well in hand, and on studying the appearance of the remainder of the stream, than on thinking of my own feet just then; after that the water grew shallower rapidly, and I soon had the felicity of landing my mare on the shelving shingle of the opposite bank. So far so good—I beckoned to my companions, who speedily followed, and we all three proceeded down the spit in search of a good crossing place over the next stream. We were soon beside it, and very ugly it looked. It must have been at least a hundred yards broad—I think more—but water is so deceptive that I dare not affix any certain width. I was soon in it—advancing very slowly above a slightly darker line in the water, which assured me of its being shallow for some little way—this failing, I soon found myself descending into deeper water—first over my boots for some yards—then over the top of my gaiters for some yards more—this continued so long that I was in hopes of being

able to get entirely over, when suddenly the knee against which the stream came was entirely wet, and the water was rushing so furiously past me that my poor mare was leaning over tremendously—already she had begun to snort, as horses do when they are swimming, and I knew well that my companions would have to swim for it even though I myself might have got through, so I very gently turned her head round down stream and quietly made back again for the bank which I had left; she had got nearly to the shore, and I could again detect a darker line in the water, which was now not over her knees, when all of a sudden down she went up to her belly in a quicksand, in which she began floundering about in fine style. I was off her back and into the water that she had left in less time than it takes to write this. I should not have thought of leaving her back unless sure of my ground, for it is a canon in river crossing to stick to your horse. I pulled her gently out, and followed up the dark line to the shore where my two friends were only too glad to receive me. By the way, all this time I had had a companion in the shape of a cat in a bag, which I was taking over to my place as an antidote to the rats, which were most unpleasantly abundant there. I nursed her on the pommel of my saddle all through this last stream, and save in the episode of the quicksand she had not been in the least wet; then, however, she did drop in for a sousing, and mewed in a manner that went to my heart. I am very fond of cats, and this one is a particularly favourable specimen: it was with great pleasure that I heard her purring through the bag, as soon as I was again mounted, and had her in front of me as before.

So I failed to cross this stream there, but determined, if possible, to get across the river and see whether my Irishman was alive or dead, we turned higher up the stream, and by and by found a place where it divided; by carefully selecting a spot I was able to cross the first stream without the waters getting higher than my saddle-flaps, and the second scarcely over the horse's belly; after that there were two streams somewhat similar to the first, and then the dangers of the passage of the river might be considered as accomplished; the dangers—but not the difficulties—these consisted in the sluggish creeks and swampy ground thickly overgrown with Irishman snow-grass and Spaniard, which extend on either side the river for half-a-mile and more—but to cut a long story short,

we got over these too, and then we were on the shingly river bed which leads up to the spot on which my hut is made, and my house making; this river was now a brawling torrent, hardly less dangerous to cross than the Rangitata itself, though containing not a tithe of the water; the boulders are so large and the water so powerful—in its ordinary condition it is little more than a large brook; now, though not absolutely fresh, it was as unpleasant a place to put a horse into as one need wish; there was nothing for it, however, and we crossed and recrossed it four times without misadventure, and finally, with great pleasure I perceived a twinkling light on the terrace where the hut was, which assured me at once that the old Irishman was still in the land of the living. Two or three vigorous “coo-eyes” brought him down to the side of the creek which bounds my run upon one side.

I will now return to the subject of wild Irishman and wild Spaniard. The former is a thorny tree growing with ungainly unmanageable boughs, sometimes as large as our own hawthorn trees, generally about the size of a gooseberry bush; he does not appear to me to have a single redeeming feature, being neither pleasant to the eye nor good for food; he is highly inflammable when dry, and a single match, judiciously applied, will burn acres and acres of him. I myself being up the Waimakiriri one afternoon, far beyond the possibility of doing any mischief, (a very easy matter when burning country) stuck a match into a forest of Ogygian Irishmen that had lain battenning upon a rich alluvial flat for years. I camped down upon the other side the river, and waking at constant intervals during the night, was treated with the grandest conflagration that I have ever seen. I could hear the crackling of thorns above the rushing of the river, while the smoke glaring and lurid was rising up to heaven in volumes awfully grand and quite indescribable; next morning there was nothing left but the awkward gnarled trunks, naked and desolate, rising from the blackened soil; a few years would rot these too away, and rich grass would spring up, where before its growth had been prevented by the overshadowing of its more powerful neighbours.

A match is the first step in the subjugation of any large tract of new country; thence date *tabulae novae*, as it were; the match had better be applied in spring; such at least is the general opinion out here, and I think the right one, though I was at first inclined to think that autumn

must be better. The fire dries up many swamps—at least many disappear after country has been once or twice burnt; the water moves more freely, unimpeded by the tangled and decaying vegetation which accumulates round it during the lapse of centuries, and the sun gets freer access to the ground; cattle do much also—they form tracks through swamps, and trample country down, and make it harder and firmer; sheep do much—they convey the seeds of the best grass in their dung, and tread it into the ground: the difference between country that has been fed upon by any live stock even for a single year, and country which has never yet been stocked is very noticeable: country that has been stocked any length of time is assuming quite a different appearance to that which unstocked country originally similar now wears.

I will mention a few facts connected with firing country, which may perhaps be not generally known in England: first and foremost, that the most furious fire of grass may be crossed with impunity on horseback; it is never more than a strip some four or five feet broad, and a man either on foot or on horseback can almost always rush through it without being in the least burnt. Secondly, that it does'nt often *kill* sheep, it burns their wool, it often spoils their feet, and sometimes burns their bellies so as to cause death; a gentleman however of my acquaintance had four hundred sheep burnt the other day, but only forty of them have died, and the rest are all expected to recover. Thirdly, that sheep will run towards smoke and have no notion of getting out of the way of fire, and fourthly, that they may be smothered by the smoke of a fire some two or three miles off them; under peculiar circumstances I have been told this, but have been unable to verify it.

Now to return to wild Spaniard—Irishman was a nuisance, but Spaniard is simply detestable—he is sometimes called spear-grass, and grows to about the size of a mole-hill; all over the back country everywhere as thick as mole-hills in a very mole-hilly field at home. His blossom is attached to a high spike bristling with spears pointed every way and very acutely; each leaf is pointed with a strong spear, and so firm is it, that if you come within its reach, no amount of clothing about the legs will prevent you from feeling the effects of his displeasure: I have had my legs marked all over by it. Horses hate the Spaniard—and no wonder—in the back country when travelling without a track, it is impossible to keep your horse from yawing

about this way and that to dodge him, and if he gets stuck up by three or four growing close together, he will jump them or do anything rather than walk through them. The leaf is something in growth and consistency like a large samphire, and has, when bruised, a very powerful smell, something between aniseed and samphire, (a great deal of samphire) and the capsules, which may be purchased at Pain the chemist's for two shillings, or at Deck's for three; a kind of white wax exudes during early autumn from this leaf; a careless observer might not, however, notice this; the whole plant burns with great brilliancy, giving a peculiarly bright light, and lasting for a long time; if, when camping out, I had laid anything down on the grass and was unable to find it, (the most natural thing in the world to do, and the most annoying when you have done it) a Spaniard laid on the fire would throw an illumination on the subject which no amount of sticks would do; his root is capable of supporting human life for a long time, but the taste is so very strong that I should be excessively loth to eat it myself upon any consideration; if, when camping out, you stir your tea with a small portion of a single leaf, it will make the whole pannikin taste of it. So much for Spaniard. Coronita is a pretty little evergreen, which reminded me at once of the bushes in a piece of worsted work: any one who saw it would say the same in a minute.

If, however, I were to go on yarning about the plants, I should never have done. I think Spaniard and Irishman are the two deserving of most notice, but on the whole the Canterbury flora is neither extensive nor anything approaching in beauty to that of Switzerland or Italy, the countries which in general aspect this more nearly resembles than any other that I have yet seen. It lacks, however, the charm of association; there is such a jumble of old things and new; the old things seem all to have got here by mistake, and the new things are so painfully and glaringly new, and predominate so largely over the old ones, that it is hard to believe that Canterbury ever had existed before the pilgrims came there in eighteen hundred and fifty. A person would understand the almost oppressive feeling of newness about everything, were he to enter into a colonial slab hut, and see an old carved oak chest in the corner marked with a date early in the seventeenth century; the effect is about as incongruous and about as startling as it would be to a geologist to discover the backbone of an

ichthosaurus in the cone of Vesuvius, or to an antiquary to find a beadle's cocked hat and staff in the ruins of *Pæstum*.

Not but that even this place has some old things belonging to it! but they are rapidly passing away. I saw a Maori woman standing near the market-place in Christ church the day before I left it last—her petticoat was of dark green, and the upper part of her dress was scarlet; a kerchief was folded not ungracefully about her head, and she was smoking a short black cutty-pipe, splendidly coloured. There she stood, staring vacantly at the sky in the middle of the street; her face not unpleasing, with a gentle, patient expression, rather resembling that of an amiable, good-tempered animal, than an intelligent being; her stature wonderfully tall, so much so, as to have won for her the appellation among her kindred, of "Mary in the clouds;" her proper dwelling-place is on the west coast, on the other side the Hurunui; but then she happened to be in Christ church, the tribe being on one of its yearly or half-yearly migrations. My eyes were rivetted at once by a figure so new and so picturesque, and the same sensation of what a jumble it all was came over me, as I noticed that the name of the person against whose shop she stood was "Turnbull"—Turnbull—and "Mary in the clouds,"—there was no doubt, however, whose star was in the ascendant. The Maories in this island are rapidly becoming extinct, one scarcely ever sees a child among them. European diseases, measles, scarlet fever, &c., &c. carry them off wholesale, and I am told that according to the best calculations, another fifty years will have swept them away from among the nations of the earth. In the north I hear that the race is much finer, and that these are a miserable remnant of tribes expelled thence.

I will now touch briefly upon the birds of the place—will then describe the "coo-ey," and finally bring the reader safely home to my hut. With regard to the birds, the first thing that strikes one is their great scarcity: save an ubiquitous lark exactly like our English lark, except that it does not sing, and has two white feathers in the tail, one sees no birds at all; by and by however, one finds out that there are several more, and after travelling in the back country, one begins almost to believe that Canterbury is not much more deficient in birds than our own island at home. The plains are entirely destitute of timber, so that they find no shelter, and are forced to take up their abode in the dense forests of the inner and western portions of the settlement. The

next thing that strikes one after having found out that there are birds, is, that they are wonderfully similar to our own; most of our English birds are represented, the lark is nearly identical—the quail is the same—the hawk the same, the robin has its counterpart here in a bird with a slate coloured head and throat, and a canary coloured breast, to all intents and purposes it is a robin for all that; it is much tamer than our robin at home, so much so, that you can kill as many of them with a stick as you please—that is, if you have a mind to do so. All the wild birds here are much tamer than they are in England. I have seen the rarest kind of mountain duck swimming within five yards of me, as unconcernedly as though I had no soul for roast duck or seasoning. There are several ducks: the paradise duck, not a duck proper but a goose, is the commonest; the male bird when flying appears nearly black—the female black, with a white head, a nun-like looking bird; the male bird says “whiz—whiz—whiz,” very much in his throat, and dwelling, a long time on the *z*; the female screams like Bryant’s waterfowl was supposed to be shortly about to scream at the time that he addressed her; see these birds on the ground, and their plumage appears very beautiful indeed—the moment they take wing they resume their sable habiliments. Then there are the grey duck and the mountain duck—rarer, less striking in their personal appearance, and better eating. The wren, and the tomtit, and the thrush, all are represented quite as nearly or even more so than the robin, save that the tomtit is black-headed with a yellow breast; besides these, there is a kind of parrot called the kaka, of a dusky green and a dirty red plumage, and a very pretty little parroquet, bright green with a little blue and yellow. The parson bird is as big as a starling, with a glossy, starling looking appearance, save that from his throat projects a cravat-like tuft of white feathers, whence his name. This bird sings very sweetly, as do the others generally, and can be taught to talk very well. The wood-hen is wingless, and marked not wholly unlike a hen pheasant, but with a short bobtail instead of a long one; it walks round about your fire when you are camping out with imperturbable gravity—it will eat everything and anything—it has the reputation of being a very foul feeder; when stewed however for a good long time, it is considered very good eating. It is generally very fat, and the oil that is extracted from it is reckoned sovereign for wounds and for hair, and for greasing boots; and in fact is supposed to be one of the finest animal oils known. It comes

to anything red, and is very easily caught; every step it takes it pokes its head forward, and bobs its tail up and down, which gives it a Paul Pry sort of look that is rather ludicrous. There is a large and very beautiful pigeon—and besides these I should add the “more pork,” a night bird which is supposed to say these words. The laughing jackass is unlike the well-behaved boy, inasmuch, as the latter is seen and not heard, the former is heard but has never yet been seen; I should never have supposed it to resemble a laughing jackass, never having heard a jackass laugh, unless I had been told that it did so; but the parties who stood sponsors for the bird, doubtless knew what they were about, and I might be highly culpable were I to style them fanciful or misinformed.

So much for the birds—not that I have enumerated all by any means, and a more intimate acquaintance with peculiar localities will doubtless enable me to extend my list. With regard to the gigantic extinct bird the moa or dinornis, I may mention that its bones are constantly found, and that near each is always a small heap of round smoothly polished agate, or flint, or cornelian stones, from the size of a bantam’s egg downwards. These, however remarkable it may appear, were the gizzard stones of the individual.

Now for the “coo-ey.” This corresponds to our English hoy! halloa! but is infinitely more puzzling, for the hoy and the halloa are generally but preludes to an explicit expression in plain English of the wishes of the hoy or the halloer, to the hoyee or halloee respectively. Coo-ey however is far more extended in its signification, and is often expected to convey that signification in itself. Coo-ey can be heard for a very very long way—the “coo” is dwelt on for some time, and the “ey” is brought out sharp and quick in high relief from the “coo,” and at an unnaturally high pitch. It requires some courage to give vent to a coo-ey at first; the first attempts are generally abortive, not to say rather doleful and somewhat ludicrous; by and bye one gains confidence, and one’s coo-eyes are more successful; my own at present is quite unimpeachable, though in England nothing would have induced me to give utterance to such a noise.

The butcher-boy is coming up with the meat. He coo-eyes a long way off, and by the time he has got up to the house the door is opened to receive the meat, and he goes on his way rejoicing. A man comes to the Rakais, and finds it bank to bank; seeing Dunford’s accommodation-

house on the other side the river, he coo-eyes some three or four times to it. At Dunford's accommodation-house they see the river bank to bank, and the man on the other side of it; they hear him coo-ey, by which he means, "come over and help me—and they coo-ey back again, which means, "its no earthly use your stopping there, you fool; the river's bank to bank, and no human being can cross." Coo-ey means breakfast's ready—dinner's ready—I'm coming—bring the ferry-boat—mind your eye—come here—get out of the way there—where are you?—I'm here!—in fact anything and everything; the remaining interpretations to be discovered, as the classics have it, "inter legendum." The worst of the sound is, that the moment any one coo-eyes, all within ear-shot interpret it differently, and consider it to have been personally addressed to themselves.

So like Herodotus, whose authority I must plead for this discursive style of narration, (although the real excuse must be made on the ground of the excessively adverse circumstances under which I am writing), I have brought the reader safely back to the side of the stream which divides my run from that of one of my next neighbours, whose house, however, is more than thirty miles off. There I coo-eyed, and the Irishman came down the terrace and met us. He had given us up for lost, and had seen my ghost appearing to him and telling him where I lay. Then we went up the terrace and commenced taking the swag off our horses.

Apropos of swag, I may as well mention here, that travellers are always accustomed to carry their blankets with them; in the back country there are very few stations where blankets are provided for more than the actual inmates of the house or hut; besides which a person might easily be benighted, and have to camp down before arriving at his destination. My swag generally is as follows:—A mackintosh sheet, two blankets, one rough pea-jacket, saddle-bags, and a tether rope round my horse's neck; if I meditate camping out beforehand, I take a pannikin for making tea, and a little axe for cutting fire-wood—it is very handy and very easily carried—but I must not digress further.

When I reached the place which I suppose I must almost now begin to call "home," it was already dark, and a cold drizzling rain had set in for an hour and more; it had rained nearly continuously in the ten days interval of my absence at Christ Church, and accordingly I need not say that *things* here had not improved. We had had lovely weather *when* I was up before, and had taken advantage of it to

put up a V hut, in which I had slept the night before I left.

A V hut is a roof in shape like the letter V set down, without any walls, upon the ground; mine is 12 feet long by 8 feet broad; it does not commonly possess a fireplace, but I had left space for one in mine as I daily expected winter to set in in earnest, and having been informed that my hut is not, at the lowest computation, under two thousand feet above the level of the sea, I did not relish the idea of taking all my meals *al fresco* in all weathers. No signs of winter, however, had set in by the twenty-first of May, in which month I left; the nights, it is true, were frosty, but the days serene, calm, and most enjoyable; now, however, the wet weather had fairly commenced, and matters looked very different. The snow that was before upon the tops of the mountains had crept a long way down their flanks; the higher mountains were deeply clothed, and gave me the impression of not being about to part with their icy mantle ere the return of summer. It is wonderful, however, how much of it is now melted.

The hut—now fully complete, and for its size wonderfully comfortable (I have written all this in it)—was discovered to be neither air tight, nor water tight; the floor, or rather the ground, was soaked and soppy with mud; the nice warm snow-grass on which I had lain so comfortably the night before I left, was muddy and wet; altogether, there being no fire, the place was as revolting looking an affair as one would wish to see; coming wet and cold off a journey, we had hoped for better things. There was nothing for it but to make the best of it, so we had tea, and fried some of the beef—the smell of which was anything but agreeable—and then we sat in our great coats, on four stones, round the fire, and smoked; then I baked and one of the cadets washed up—unorthodox—but I think on the whole preferable to leaving everything unwashed from day to day; and then we arranged our blankets as best we could, and were soon asleep, alike unconscious of the dripping rain, which came through the roof of the hut, and of the cold raw atmosphere which was insinuating itself through the numerous crevices of the thatch.

We will awake to a new chapter.

them
and

CHAPTER II.

I slept in all my wet things—boots and all—how could I dry them? how change them? I have done so often since I have been in New Zealand, and cannot say that I have ever felt the least harm from it, though I would always change if I could. I have been much more particular, however, about another kind of damp, I mean that which rises from even the driest ground, and which will search through any amount of blankets. I have always been careful to make a layer of small broken boughs, and cutting snow-grass or tussock-grass with the little axe, to spread a covering of this upon it, with my mackintosh sheet laid over all, no damp can penetrate—it is the wet from below that I fear, not the wet from above. I have not had a cold, or the ghost of a cold, since I have been in New Zealand.

Rising with the first faint light of early morning, I crossed the creek—a rushing mountain stream which runs down the valley in which my hut now is, and over which by taking it in two streams you can find two or three crossing places in a hundred yards, where you can get over dry shod without any difficulty. I crossed this creek and went to look at the horses; there is no feed on this side the creek at present; it was all burnt in early autumn, and the grass will not grow again till spring; on the other side there is splendid feed, so we turn our horses on to that; we kept one on the tether—tethered to a tussock of grass by a peculiar kind of New Zealand knot—and let the others loose; they will always keep together and are sure not to leave the one that is tethered far off—that is, if they know the horse. The nuisance of keeping a horse tethered is that he is pretty sure to tie himself up as it is called. New Zealand grass is not a sward like English grass, but it consists chiefly of large yellow tussocks of a very stiff, tough, hard grass, which neither horses, nor cattle, nor anything else will eat, except when it is springing up tender and green, after having been just burnt. So tough is it that when you tether your horse to it, he may pull all night but cannot get away, unless you have selected a very weak one, and he pulls it up root and all out of the ground. Well, the horse advances cropping the tender grasses that spring up between and underneath the tussocks; he then turns round, and of course turns the rope too; the rope then may very probably be detained round either

a Spaniard, or a burnt tussock, or a small piece of Irishman, or what not; the horse goes on cropping the grass, and winds his rope round this just like the picture of the hare in Cruikshank's illustration of the waggish musician. Sometimes he may be doubly or trebly tied up, and of course he may have contrived to do this within half-an-hour of the time when he was first tethered out: it is a very annoying thing to go to your horse the first thing in the morning and find him tied up, and so of course unable to feed, when you have been wanting him to fill his belly against a long day's journey; there are few places where a horse does not stand a pretty good chance of getting tied up, (it is astonishing how small a thing will answer the purpose); but on the whole I prefer tethering a horse to putting a pair of hobbles on him, so do almost all here. Of course the last care of a considerate traveller before going to bed, and his first care before even washing in the morning, is to look at his horse.

Well, I went to look at the horses, the creek was high—too high to get over dry shod—but very crossable; I changed the horse that was on the tether, one of my cadet's, and tethered my own mare on as nice a spot as I could find. I then returned and had breakfast—it was still raining, as indeed it had been all night—and breakfast was not much more comfortable than tea had been the night before. Then we all set to work at the hut, completed the chimney, and made the thatch secure by laying thin sods over the rafters and putting the thatch (of which we could not readily get any more, all the snow-grass on my side of the creek being burnt) over these sods, as secure and warm a covering as can be possibly imagined; in the evening we lighted our first fire inside the hut, and none but those who have been in similar conditions can realise the pleasure with which we began, ere bed time, to feel ourselves again quite warm and almost dry. It rained all day—had we not got over the Rangitata when we did, we should have assuredly been detained another week—it rained, I say, all day, and the creek got very high indeed; it has a river bed some three or four hundred yards wide opposite my hut, and precipices or very like them descend on it upon either side as you go higher up: I climbed the terrace just above the hut from time to time, and could see the mare on the other side still with her head down to the ground quietly feeding. "You may stop there all night," said I to myself, for I did not relish crossing the creek in its then condition: we could

hear the boulders thump, thump, thump beneath the roaring of the waters, and the colour of the stream was bright ochre and as thick as pea-soup. Next morning, the rain having continued all night, matters were worse, and worse still; the mare was not feeding, she was evidently tied up—the only wonder being that she had not tied herself up before—matters seemed less likely to improve than to deteriorate, so I determined to cross the creek at once and release her.

Each stream was a furious torrent, more resembling a continued cascade, or series of very strong rapids, than any thing else; the thumping and clattering of the boulders beneath the water was perfectly horrid; divesting myself however of my coat, trowsers, and stockings, and retaining my boots, shirt, and waist-coat, I advanced very gently into the first and least formidable of the two streams. I did keep my footing, and that was all; in the second I got carried off my legs a few yards, and pretty severely knocked about by boulders as big as my head, which were being carried down the stream like pebbles. I then released the mare, tethered another horse, the risk of losing all the horses being too great for me, to allow them to run loose while still new to the place, (we let them all run now) and then I found my way back to the side of the larger stream; this time I was hardly in before my legs were knocked from under me and down I went helter, skelter, willy, nilly—of course quite unable to regain my lost footing. I lay on my back at once and did not resist the stream a bit, kicked out with my legs and made the bank I wanted before I had been carried down fifty yards,—to try to swim would have been absurd,—I knew perfectly well what I was doing and was out of the water in less time than it has taken me to write this; the next stream I got over all right and was soon in the hut before the now blazing and comfortable fire.

Oh! what fires we made!—how soon the snow-grass dried!—how soon the floor, though even now damp, ceased to be slushy!—then we humped in three stones for seats, on one of which I am sitting writing, while the others are at work upon the house,—then we confined the snow-grass within certain limits by means of a couple of poles laid upon the ground and fixed into their places with pegs,—then we put up several slings to hang our saddle-bags, tea, sugar, salt, bundles, &c.—then we made a horse for the saddles, four riding saddles; and a pack saddle—underneath this go our tools at one end, and our culinary utensils, limited but very effective at the other. And now for some time

this part has been so neatly packed in the first instance, and every thing has been so neatly kept ever since, that when we come into it of a night it wears an aspect of comfort quite domestic, even to the cat which sits and licks my face of a night and purrs, coming in always just after we are in bed by means of a hole under our thatched door which we have left for her especial benefit. We were recommended by all means to tether her out for a day or two until she got used to the place, but the idea struck me as so excessively absurd that I did not put it in practice. Joking apart, however, it is a thing constantly done.

Rats are either indigenous to New Zealand, or have naturalised themselves here with great success; they would come round us while we were sitting round the fire and steal the meat in the coolest manner, and run over us while asleep in the tent, before we had put the hut up; now however we seem entirely free from them, and bless the cat night and day.

I said I would take an early opportunity of describing the process of camping out.

It should be commenced if possible one hour before full dark; twilight is very short here! I never found it out so much as when crossing the Rangitata the other day, not the occasion to which I have alluded above; but since then, opposite Mount Peel, some thirty miles lower down; there it is all one stream, of which more anon. Well, it was daylight when I got into the stream, and dark when I got out, and allowing for a slight mistake which I made in the ford at first, I don't suppose I was more than seven or eight minutes in the water.

An hour before dark is not too much to allow of all preparations being made in comfortable daylight; of course the first thing to look out for in choosing a spot wherein to camp is food for the horse, that it may feed well against the next day's journey; the next is water for yourself, and the third is firewood, and, if possible, shelter;—feed—water—and firewood. On having found a spot possessing these requisites—no easy matter in but too many places—first unswag the horse, either tether him out, or let him run according to the propensity of the animal; in nine cases out of ten a horse may be safely trusted not to wander many hundred yards from one's camp-fire, and if there be two or three horses, to tether one is quite sufficient; then kindle a fire,—in wet weather a matter often involving considerable delay. The secret of successfully kindling a fire lies in having plenty of very small wood ready beforehand; dry wood, even though wet, can soon be taught to light, when green wood, though comparatively dry, will

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do nothing but smoke and smoulder, and make the eye to smart, and weary the lungs with blowing: blowing is generally the refuge of the incompetent; a few puffs may sometimes help a lame dog over the style, but if a fire wants more than this, it is usually a sign that it has been badly laid, or that the wood has been badly selected. White men, when camping out, generally make a very large fire; the Maori makes a little one: he says, "the white man a fool—he makes a large fire, and then has to sit away from it." I have generally myself followed the example of my own colour. Then set on a pannikin of water to boil; when it boils throw in a handful of tea, and let it simmer: sweeten to taste; fish out your bread and meat, and by the time you have commenced feeding, you will commonly find that dark has begun to descend upon the scene. You must be careful to avoid laying anything down without knowing where to find it again, or you will rue it: lay every thing down in one place, close by your saddle. After tea—at which you will have had plenty of companions in the shape of robins and other small birds, with perhaps a woodhen or two, all of whom will watch your proceedings with the greatest interest—smoke a pipe, and then cut up black birch boughs, or tussock-grass, or snow-grass, or all three, and make yourself a deep warm bed, if not too tired, and then lay your saddle on its back; spread the mackintosh sheet, with the blankets on the top of it; heap up a good fire, and lie down to rest; use the hollow of the saddle as a pillow, (it's astonishing what a comfortable pillow it makes); don't take off any of your clothes, except your boots and coat (not that I ever take off the former of these myself); strap the mackintosh sheet, blankets, and all round your body, and I don't think that there is any fear of your catching or even feeling cold. I have slept very warm and comfortable thus, and in the morning found the remains of the tea frozen in my pannikin, my sponge hard and unmanageable, and my blankets covered with frozen dew.

I will now return to the V hut for a little while. It is about eight miles up a river bed that comes down into the Rangitata on the south side, not in my opinion very far from the source of that river. Some think that the source of the river lies many miles higher, and that it works its way yet a long way back into the mountains; but as I look up the river bed, I see two large and gloomy gorges, at the end of each of which are huge glaciers, distinctly visible to the naked eye, but through the telescope resolvable into tumbled masses of blue ice, exact counterparts of the Swiss and Italian glaciers.

I consider these enough to account for even a larger body of water than is found in the Rangitata, and have not the smallest intention of going higher up the river to look for country.

My river bed flows into the main stream of the Rangitata, a good way lower down; on either side of it rise high mountains—the spurs and abutments of the great range; from these again descend into my river bed numerous streams, each through a grassy valley, the upper part of which is bare and shingly, and is now (June 28) covered with snow, though a good deal less thickly than I could have expected. The largest of these tributary streams flows into the river bed, from the eastern side, about eight miles up it; and at the confluence of the two streams I have built my hut. A beautiful wood, large, but not too large, clothes a portion of the lower side of the mountains close down to the junction of two streams, affording alike shelter, and fire-wood, and timber: the mountains embosom my hut upon all sides, save that the open valley in front allows me the full benefit of the whole day's sun, or nearly so. The climate of New Zealand is notoriously windy, but so sheltered and secluded is this spot, that I have scarcely had a breath of wind ever since I have been up there; though on getting down to the main valley of the Rangitata, I have generally found it blowing up or down (chiefly down) the river bed with great violence: from the terrace just above my hut, I can see a small triangular patch of the Rangitata in the distance, and have often noticed the clouds of sand blowing down the river when no air is stirring at my own place: the wind blows up and down the main river, and does not reach up my river bed, for above three or four miles. Thus whether, there be a sou'-wester blowing, or a nor'-wester, if I feel either at all, they come from the north east.

I have about five thousand acres up this valley, and about ten or twelve thousand more adjoining it, but divided from it by a mountain ridge, with three or four good high passes over it. People meet me whenever I come down to church, and ask me if I am frozen out yet, and pity me for having buried myself, as they call it, in such an out-of-the-way place: all I can tell them is, that I have not had a flake of snow yet; that whenever I go down to my neighbours' fire, and twenty miles off, I find that they have been having much colder and more unpleasant weather than myself; that the rain I have alluded to above, was alike felt and alike commented upon all over the plains and back country, and considered everywhere to have been some of the vilest weather known in the

settlement; and that the very people who most profess to pity me, are those who were laughed at in exactly the same manner themselves for taking up the country adjoining my own, than which nothing can have turned out better, and that in my opinion their pity is principally dictated by a regret that, as they were about it, they did not go a little further, and get the country of which I am now only too well content to call myself the possessor. A few years hence, when people have taken up the glaciers beyond me, I am sure I shall find myself doing exactly the same thing; so invariably has it happened here that even the most despised country has turned out well; and so many cases have there been of people taking up country, and then absolutely refusing to have anything to do with it, and of others quietly stepping into it free gratis, and for nothing, and selling it at the rate of one hundred pounds for the thousand acres, the novel price paid for country, that I have not the smallest doubt that after I have completed my stay here during the winter, finished the house, brought a dray up, and put up a yard or two, I may be a thousand pounds in pocket, the reward of my adventures. But I most emphatically express my belief that there is no more available country left in this province untaken up. It may appear absurd to suppose myself the last fortunate individual who has succeeded in procuring country without buying it; but I must urge that I have followed up the Hurunui, the Waimakirivi, the Rakaia, and the Rangitata, and have only been successful in the case of the last-named river; that the Waitangi, the largest of all, is notoriously explored, and that much more country has been taken up in that district than actually exists, and that I should go on exploring myself, were I not strongly of opinion that I should make nothing by my motion.

True—the west coast remains, the tower in which the slumbering princess lies, whom none can rescue but the fated prince—but we know that the great Alpine range descends almost perpendicularly into the sea, upon that side the island, and that its sides are covered with dense impenetrable forests of primeval growth. Here and there at the mouths of the rivers a few flats may exist, or rather do exist; but over these rolls upwards to the snow line a heaving mass of timber. I do not say but that my own curiosity concerning the west coast is excited, and that I do not, if all is well, intend to verify or disprove the reports of others with my own eyes; but I have little

faith in the success of the undertaking, and should go more as a traveller and an explorer, than as intending to make any money by the expedition.

I have yet much to write:—I should like to describe the general features of the New Zealand rivers, or rather of the Canterbury rivers, the remarkable nor'-west winds, the south-west winds, the character of the plains, and the peculiarities of the inhabitants; but, for the present, I have trespassed sufficiently upon the patience of the reader.

Flax and cabbage trees belong more to the front country; they are not so characteristic of the back: the forests too, upon the front side of the mountains, are well worthy of a description, but these things I will reserve for the present. The departure of the mail is at hand, and I must arise from my stone in my V-hut, and take these papers down to Christ Church. Let the reader be set to write under similar circumstances, occasionally getting up to turn a damper, or to assist in carrying a heavy log of timber from the bush to the scene of the building operations, and he might perhaps write English neither better nor more coherent than I have done. On these grounds, claiming his indulgence for the present, I bid him a hearty farewell.





PHILOCTETES IN LEMNOS.

AGAIN the day is dying down the west
And I yet here, and thus nine summer times
Have pass'd, with nine harsh winters, and again
The tenth spring-tide hath found me still alone,
And tortured with this ever-growing wound
Which day by day consumes me; woe is me!

O mighty cliffs, O dark steep rocks, O seas
That ever plunge and roar upon the coasts
Of this wild isle, O listen to my voice,
For thro' these years of suffering ye have been
My sole companions, hear my tale of wrongs!

Would I had never left my native hills
To join in Aulis them that went to Troy,
Or that the snake whose poison caused this wound
Had slain me, so the crafty, cruel kings
Had never seized me as amid the camp
Helpless I lay and groaning, nor the ship
Had brought me hither, leaving me to die.

O mountains, how ye echoed to my cries
When from my sleep awaking, while the night
Was filling silently the sky with stars,
I saw no vessel in the heaving bay,
Nor heard or voice or sound, save faint and low,
The breakers dying on the yellow sand;
And loud I cried "Odysseus," and the rocks
Mocked me, and cried "Odysseus" far away
Until my voice was weary, and I sat
Hopeless as some poor shipwreck'd mariner
Who waking from his stupor on the sands
Where the great waves have cast him, sees the cliffs
Piled round him, so that there is no escape,
And feels death creeping nearer in each wave.

But when at last the slowly-moving morn
Was risen, in the cave I found my bow
And these famed arrows, which from day to day
Have slain me bird or beast to serve my need;

And, dragging on this wounded foot with pain,
I gather broken wood and fallen leaves
Wherewith to feed the fire that from the flints
I force with labour, and the dewy spring
Here by the cave supplies my thirst, tho' oft
Frozen, when winter strips this sea-girt isle.

And thus I live, if to exist in pain
Be life, and whether parch'd by summer noons
When all the shore lies steaming in the sun,
Or drench'd with dews that fall on summer nights,
I lie exposed; and all the winter long
The harsh frost bites me, and I hear from far,
From the dark hollows, voices of the wolves
Ring to the keen-eyed stars: woe, woe is me!
Yet, when from west to east the setting sun
Bridges with golden light the purple seas,
And airs blow cool about me, sometimes comes
Some little calmness o'er me as I sit
And watch the sea-gull sporting on the wave,
And, high amid the rosy-tinted air,
The eagle sailing towards his rocky home.
I hear in spirit, dying far away,
The torrent streams of Ceta, and behold
The snowy peaks, the hollows of the hills,
And the green meadows, haunt of grazing herds
Thro' which Spercheus wanders to the sea,—
My ancient home—and there methinks I see
My father coming homeward from the chase
With all his dogs about him, and the youths,
Their weapons gleaming in the falling dew.
O is he yet alive, or does he lie
Sepulchred with his fathers? for whence'er
A ship hath chanced to touch upon this isle,
I have besought the mariners with tears
To tell him of my lot, that he might send
And fetch me, but no ship hath ever come,
And so I fear that all who loved me there
Are with their fathers; would that I might lie
Among them, but my bones, alas! the sport
Of every wind and wave, when all the birds
Have feasted off them, on these sands must bleach
Unburied, and unwet with any tears.

O often, as in dreams, I seem to hear
The din of battle, and I long to know
How fares the war, and if it rages still
Beside the reedy banks of Simois,
Or up divine Scamander's whirling stream,
And on the lotos-bearing meads that stretch

Beneath the breezy battlements of Troy ;
 Or if the fair broad-streeted city yet
 Hath fallen, or the noble Hector died ;
 For there went many thither whom I loved—
 Divine Achilles, and the wise old king
 That ruled o'er sandy Pylos ; do they still,
 Chanting the psan, fight with gods and men,
 Or are they nothing but an empty name
 For wandering bards to sing of ? Oh, for me
 No famous exploit, mighty deed of arms
 Shall ever show me worthy to have held
 His weapons, who, from oft the sacred pile
 That flaming far on Ceta lit the sea,
 Rose to his place among the mighty gods :
 Nor even may I in paternal halls
 Dwell, mated with a loving wife, whose smile
 Might cheer my hearth, and train a race of sons
 To keep alive the glory of their sires.

But yet if patience, and to suffer pain
 With firm endurance, meet a due reward,
 For me, who all these years have dwelt alone
 And suffer'd daily from a grievous wound,
 Far higher glory may I reach than they
 Who fight, whirl'd on amid a multitude
 That praise them, and exhort to noble deeds,
 And half-inspire the valour they applaud.

And still, however little, there is hope :
 There yet may come a time when I shall see
 The faces I have loved in olden time,
 And with the spring my hope buds fresh again.
 The sea is still, the breeze across the bay
 Blows softly, and upon my couch of leaves
 May sleep—who drowns alike lost hopes and fears,
 Refresh me with the shadow of his wings :
 Perchance a ship may touch the coast at morn.

“ H.”





DOUBLE HONOURS.

IT was my intention to have submitted to the Editors of *The Eagle*, with a view to their finding a place in their last Number, a few additional remarks on University Studies, supplementary to, and on some points *corrective* of, those which have already appeared in Nos. VI. and VII. of *The Eagle*. I was prevented from doing so by other duties which called me away from Cambridge: an interruption which I the less regret, because the experience of one who has tried "double reading" may be of service to some new Candidate for University Honours, who is at present in doubt as to his future course. I shall therefore endeavour as briefly as I can, to state where I differ from your previous correspondents, and what are my own views on the subject.

The remarks of "Ne quid nimis" of course claim my first attention. I differ with him on three points: 1st, I maintain that it may be laid down as a general rule, that all "really great works" have been achieved by men who have made one study, one pursuit, their sole object and aim. There is more force in his remark, that whatever tends to give a man one-sided views, is prejudicial to the formation of a sound judgment.

2ndly, I consider the study of Mathematics to be the best possible training for a man intended for Holy Orders. At any time he requires the power of sound reasoning which he may gain from their study, for the arguments

of theoretical Divinity;* and, in our own day above all, he needs the same power to enable him to detect every sophistry and fallacy, that will meet him in his contact with the growing infidelity of our large towns. Practical observation is strengthening this power daily in the mind of the thoughtful mechanic. The constant tracing of the links between cause and effect in the several parts of the machine on which he works cannot fail to develope in him an inductive power which may make him a dangerous combatant to meet, to one who lacks such training.

3rdly, I cannot assent to the theory advanced in p. 36. It appears to me to strike at the root of a belief in peculiar talents, and to an unwarrantable extent to apply the Jeffersonian Canon, that "all men are born free and equal." At any rate, in my own case, and with reference to my introduction to Latin, experience points to a different conclusion.

To all that your second correspondent advances, I can subscribe, save to that which at first sight appeared to myself, and will doubtless appear to many, his strongest argument: I mean that which he derives from the moral value of the fourth or fifth hour's work. My own experience and that of others, whom I have consulted, go to prove that your "double man" does not take up his Horace at the end of a hard evening's work at Mathematics: that on the contrary, with the exception of the necessary preparation for College Lectures, one branch of study or the other will occupy his whole attention. In this sense alone I believe the maxim to be true—"Change of work is as good as play." It appears to me that such a process of "change" as that to which your correspondent alludes, cannot fail to unhinge and unsettle the mind, and cause a man to realise the truth of that other proverb about falling between two stools. The zest and freshness with which a man returns to a branch of study which he has laid aside for a time, is quite a different thing, and has formed one of my own greatest pleasures in my course as an Undergraduate.

Thus much for the opinions of our friends. My own

* I have heard it remarked ere now, that we should not have had so much of the mists of German Neology, had Mathematics been more studied in German Universities.

experience points to somewhat different conclusions. With regard to the generality of knowledge of which "*Ne quid nimis*" speaks, the history and poetry, the newspapers and novels, the "single" reader has decidedly the advantage over his more ambitious confrère. I am convinced that, if a man aims at a high place in both Triposes he must be endowed with very brilliant parts to be able to devote any time to such reading. He may manage a newspaper or a serial at the Union after hall, but the rest of his time is too precious to be spent thus. Even the history which your Mathematician can take pleasure in, and your Classic provide for in his hours of study, becomes irksome to him from the knowledge that what forms *his* light reading must be reproduced on the sixth morning of the final examination. "*Ne quid nimis*" is, however, somewhat hard on the Mathematical men, in putting them all down in the same Category, as wholly absorbed in their favourite pursuit with neither heart nor head for aught else.

There are two classes of men, as I conceive, who should read for both Mathematical and Classical honours: those whom early preparation or mental capacity assures of a high place in each—and those who, having thoroughly tested their own powers, know that they would be unable to secure such a place in either; men who, unable to achieve a Wranglership or First Class, can attain to a Double Second. Ordinary men will do best to confine their attention to the one branch, to which their inclination leads them.

But though I would check the aspirations of our juniors in University standing, who dream of the double laurels of Senior Wrangler and Senior Classic, I would remind them that they have in our two new Triposes a preventive of the one-sidedness which your correspondent so much dreads. The studies which they involve afford sufficient variety from the severer pursuits of the candidate for other honours, and cannot be accused of any want of practical bearing on life and conduct. At the same time, either party will find, if he prefers them, studies which, while affording him change and recreation, will at the same time by mental training, aid his other studies. The Mathematician may profit by the analysis of Chemistry, the inductions of Geology, the classifications of Botany and Zoology: whilst the Classic can only gain a thorough knowledge of his Plato and Aristotle by a deep study of their moral meaning. Or if it be more consistent with the Student's ideas of

preparation for Holy Orders, let him set about divinity reading, and increase the scanty number of those who seek honours in the Theological Tripos.

But these remarks have already extended beyond the limits which I proposed to myself. I hope that the importance of the subject to so many of your readers may be my excuse.

“OCCIDENS.”

MY —.

It has a classic-carven head :

Young Sleep lies cushion'd on a cloud ;
His eyes are closed ; his head is bow'd ;
And at his feet grim Care lies dead.

A Snake crawls subtle round the stem :

The yellow stem is amber-tipp'd :
And all the bowl is silver-lipp'd :
Each Snake's eye glitters like a gem.

The amber clear shines liquid bright ;
As when some sunbeam glimmers down
On shady brook, and makes it brown
And lucid with the lurking light.

And every curve and Serpent coil,
The bronzed Sleep, dead Care by him,
The head up to the silver rim
Is burnish'd with the oozing oil.

“W. E. M.”



THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF 1860.

The Posada, Pancorbo.

July 13, 1860.

WHEN in the month of April Professor Chevallier proposed to me to join him in an excursion to the Pyrenees and the north of Spain to observe the total eclipse of the sun from some station near the central line, I was not many minutes in coming to a decision. I was also empowered to invite a third friend to join us; and in the coffee-room of the Hotel des Etrangers in Paris, I introduced to him Hammond, one of the Sixth Form of Rugby School.

I shall say nothing of our tour in the Pyrenees, and spare my readers the ascent of the highest mountain of all the Pyrenees, the Maladetta; an ascent which though not extraordinarily difficult or fatiguing, and offering a view at sunrise which the Cima di Jazi under Monte Rosa alone can rival, has been made by few Englishmen. The summit was first attained in 1842. After spending some days very pleasantly at Luchon, and making excursions in the neighbourhood, we returned by Pau to Bayonne a week before the eclipse, and started on Friday the 13th in the banquette of the diligence for Vittoria.

At the Spanish frontier our baggage was instantly passed without examination; the government having ordered that all possible facilities should be afforded to foreign astronomers. Now we were in a new land, and the change was instantly manifest in the style of driving. Instead of six respectable horses, we beheld eight mules and two horses harnessed in pairs to our diligence. After infinite shouting and struggling, the mules were prevented from facing the driver, and were in some sort of order. A man stands by each. Suddenly the conductor shouts 'arrè, arrè' (pure Arabic for gee-up) and a storm of winged words and blows from above, below, and on both sides, descends on the unfortunate mules. We start at a terrific pace, swinging round corners and down the narrow streets of Irun, till all the runners are outstripped, and the unhappy beasts are left to the tender

mercies of the postillion on one of the leaders, and the driver. The latter has a complete assortment of whips on the roof of the diligence, and has a very good notion how to make them speak from the box ; but every now and then quietly descends from his high seat, and frantically rushing alongside of the team, who know well what is coming, and do all they know, bastes every one of them, kick as they may and do, with the wooden handle of one of his whips, and placidly remounts to his box, while the lumbering old coach is tumbling and pitching along at some twelve miles an hour. The shouting at the mules is incessant ; "albonero, albonero", shouts the conductor, in a tone of surprised remonstrance ; "albonero, albonero," shrieks the indignant driver ; "albonero, albonero", the disappointed conductor ; "albonero, albonero", the furious driver, and enforces his ejaculations with the lash, and so on through every tone and expression of all the feelings that can possibly be supposed to arise in the breasts of a driver and conductor in a hurry to overtake a rival diligence. Suddenly we see the rival before us, the driver instantly descends, and we tear down the hill after it. There is barely room to pass, but our postillion is already by the side of their wheelers ; we are gaining rapidly, when their leaders shy almost into the ditch, and get inside the telegraph posts ; and as we pass in a cloud of dust and shouts we see their struggling team in hopeless confusion, a telegraph post in the act of falling, our conductor shrugging his shoulders, and all goes on just as before ; and the driver, without looking round, continues his shouts "hierro, hierro, la òtra, òtra, òtra."

To ascend some of the passes we had twelve oxen harnessed in pairs in front, and the ten mules in a string behind ; and the shrieks, in the vain endeavour to persuade the beasts that now, now is the time to make an extra effort, were even more varied, and displayed a copious vocabulary of epithets, many of them alluding to the deceased progenitors of the animals.

The Bidassoa, Pasages, San Sebastian and Vittoria, recall many a page in Napier. We were proud of our country as we passed over the spot where Joseph's carriage, stuffed with spoil and fine oil paintings secreted in the lining, and all his papers, were taken the evening after the great battle. "Gracias a Dios, soy caballero Ingles" is the correct reply for an Englishman to make if ever he is mistaken in Spain for a Frenchman.

We had had the most alarming account given us of

Spanish cookery ; a lively little Frenchman who had just returned from this part of Spain, gave us an appalling description, garlic in everything, everything cooked with oil, "ugh, ugh," holding his nose, "*l'huile mauvaise ! rancée !! detestable !!*" but fifty marks of exclamation would fail to convey the emphasis of his voice and gesture. We must however do the Spaniards the justice to say that we have lived for a week in Spain, most of it in a little village inn, and have not seen or smelt oil ; and had garlic in nothing but salt : and all travellers who repeat sufficiently often the words "*ajo no ! aceite no !*" may fare equally well. The cuisine is very good even here ; and everything clean and nice.

Pancorbo is a little village of some fifteen hundred to two thousand inhabitants, half way between Vittoria and Burgos, and nearly half way between Bayonne and Madrid. The line of central totality passes within a mile or two of it, and this was the station Mr. Chevallier decided on selecting. We drove hither on Saturday from Vittoria, meeting one or two English engineers and astronomers at Miranda on the Ebro. Airy, Otto Struve, and others were in the neighbourhood ; and De la Rue had set up a house and complete photographic apparatus. The Spaniards were of opinion that the English had come to make arrangements for bringing the sun nearer to England, where we had no sun and no fruit. The Spanish ambassador in England is said to have reported, that he met with no ripe fruits in England except ginger-bread nuts. A very intelligent Spaniard asked me whether corn could grow in England.

Mr. Chevallier had requested the English consul at Bayonne to write to the Alcalde of Pancorbo to engage rooms for us. We drove therefore first to his house. He received us in all state. Placing us on his right hand, he began to pour forth an eloquent and copious address in Spanish, of which we could so far gather the meaning, as to perceive that he was, after many sentences were completed, still in the preface. Fortunately, however, we discovered that he spoke French very well ; and all our anxieties were over. He accompanied us to the posada or inn, a large building by the road-side. The capacious front-door leads directly into a low roomy stable, after the invariable fashion of houses here. We found ourselves in one of the bedrooms ; we sat in a row, the Alcalde at the head, and opposite us a plain English looking man and his sharp little wife, master and mistress of the posada. The Alcalde is the

interpreter. We wish to know what accommodation they have, and at what price. The Alcalde begins "*Los Senores dicen*," etc., and interprets the reply, seventeen francs each per day. This was absurd; so we explained that we had travelled and knew a thing or two, and thought the charge monstrous. This was evidently expected, and the Alcalde began again. "*Los Senores dicen*," that they have travelled in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and England (laying a marked emphasis on England as an outlandish place which few English might be expected to visit), and made our offer to them. After much more talking, and the minutest enquiries as to the diet we desired, and at the end of a scene infinitely entertaining, for by this time the postman and similar important personages were in the room, we finally agreed on our terms, and the exultation and the delighted glances at each other of the master and mistress convinced us that we had not made a very hard bargain.

Pancorbo is the Thermopylæ of this part of Spain. It lies in a valley, bounded in some places literally by vertical rocks, and though very narrow for more than a mile, is in one place not thirty yards broad either at the level of the road, or a hundred feet higher up. The rocks are, I believe, of carboniferous limestone; but I could detect no fossils whatever in any part by which to identify them. The strata are at all inclinations from horizontal to vertical; and strangely contorted the curved broken strata in one place forming a cave with almost architectural regularity and symmetry of outline. Pinnacles, serrated edges, and ponderous buttresses of rock group themselves fantastically round the village. It is a very Pompeii of antiquity. The old castle, occupied for five years by the French till after the battle of Vittoria, was built against the Moors: the caves are of immense antiquity. Thick-walled houses of the quaintest build, and having their internal arrangements more picturesque than I can describe, stand about facing this way and that, as if they had nothing to do with the modern village clustering round them; and their huge old oak-doors, stable-doors of course, are so massively and handsomely carved, and so adorned with finely-wrought iron-work as to show that their masters, once upon a time, were no mean men. But there is no end to the curiosities of the place. Poking about the little streets, one stumbles here on a half-defaced coat of arms, with ALONSO GOMEZ decipherable beneath it; there on some antique symbols over the door of a cottage, with walls of hewn stone a yard thick; here on a

massive arch, and there one's eye is caught by the glitter, as it dangles in the sun and twirls about in the breeze, of the very brass helmet which the valiant Don Quixote won with his lance from the peaceful and astonished barber.

There is a school here of some thirty boys, (there is an elementary school, attended by seventy little boys and girls); we saw them lying on their cloaks in the sun in the school-yard, humming away over their lessons. I looked at one of their books, it was a Latin Phrase book, dated 1725, *occumbere somno; dormir—sopor irrigat artus; lo mismo—dare membra sopori; lo mismo, &c., &c.* 'Membra,' on enquiry was feminine singular, to the horror of the Sixth Form boy who came up at the moment. We went into the school afterwards. It was a plain kind of barn, the master standing in the middle, on a floor not worth speaking of, and the boys ranged all round. They do no arithmetic, no geography, nor history of any kind; and learn nothing but Latin. They could translate Ovid very respectably, and parse and scan, and give the rules with a volubility which infinitely surpassed our power of comprehending provincial Spanish; but as the master seemed recently to have dined on garlic, and thought fit loudly to repeat, in impressive proximity to our olfactory organs, every word the boys said, we were compelled somewhat precipitately to retire. Mr. Chevallier wrote them a Latin letter, inviting the whole school to come to the inn at noon on Tuesday, if the sun shone, to look at the sun.

The agricultural arrangements are most primitive; ploughs that would illustrate Hesiod; mattocks and hoes of oriental shape. The corn is thrashed by mules treading it out on grass covered areas artificially levelled, or dragging after them a board, studded with flints ingeniously fastened in; it is all thrashed as soon as reaped, and winnowed by being flung out of a window into a blanket when a breeze is blowing. With such antiquities, such primitive modes, not of agriculture only, but of everything; such a simple and courteous people, such a picturesque district; such a field of geological and historical interest, it would seem that Páncorbo would be a fine place to spend a week in had there been a good inn for selecting it. For our purpose no place could be better. The mules, carrying tables and chairs, wound by a zig-zag path up the hill to the site of the battery on the top of the hill.

The sky was very cloudy, but gave promise of breaking; and it never actually rained with us. By twelve o'clock the sun had gained a complete victory; but over the valley of the Ebro, two thousand feet below us, the struggle was still pending. The people soon came thronging up, the Alcalde among the first. He is a fine old gentleman, who remembers the war of Independence, as the Peninsular war is here called, and is very proud of the Spanish success, admitting, however, that some English, Germans, and Hollanders came here to help them. He has been invaluable to us as an interpreter, and we have turned over our portmanteaus in vain search for some substantial mark of our gratitude, but we can find nothing that would be valuable, and at the same time a suitable present for Englishmen to make, but soap; and that he would scarcely know the use of.

At the very summit of the hill, a steep ridge, are the ruins of a French powder magazine; and its thick walls served admirably as a place for our thermometer in the shade. At 1.15 there must have been three hundred men, women, and school-boys, on the top of our hill. The Alcalde had promised that when we wished to be alone, the soldiers, some half dozen of whom were in attendance, should clear the ground; but there was no necessity for this. For the next half hour we were three showmen. There was an uninterrupted stream of strange rough bearded men, in the broad crimson sash of Spain, whose open shirt fronts showed a skin tanned to a tawny red; of women with heads undefended against the sun, by anything more than their thick jet black hair, and occasionally a bright coloured handkerchief thrown over them: and of boys not a little proud of being able to exchange a word or two in Latin, with the tall Englishmen. The sharpest of them were much struck by the spots on the sun, one of which was large, and remarkably well defined, and I had many questions about them. The people maintained perfect order and decorum; I made a ring of stones round my stand, and they stood in a line outside it, coming up in order to look through my telescope. My telescope was a large cometensucher, belonging to Mr. Chevallier; with a field of nearly three degrees diameter, and giving a well defined image. After the ring was formed, there came up four priests, with long cylindrical hats, a hole being cut in the side for the head, and thick capacious cloaks of black cloth, which justify Sancho Panza's simile more completely than I had supposed possible—"Blessed be the man that invented sleep; it wrappeth a

man about like a cloak." I found by unmistakeable signs, that the priests claimed precedence of all present, and accordingly invited them to the telescope, and the stolid stupidity of their faces, which were not improved by their having to look up a tube inclined at about 60° to the horizon, made me long for a photograph of them. As the time of first contact drew near, Mr. C. called "silence," and the soldiers shouted "silencio," and I find in my notes, 1 hour, 48 minutes, 35 seconds, as the time observed. The moon advanced very slowly on the sun, shewing even with my small power two or three distinct prominences. We left our chairs, and the talking spontaneously began again; and our labour as showmen. The people were highly delighted at seeing a piece taken out of the sun. The vanishing of the large spot, a quarter of an hour after first contact, was a curious sight, and when that was over I left the telescope in charge of our friend, the clever carpenter, whose aid we had more than once invoked, and went to make a very straight forward observation. I had cut in a piece of card-board, some two feet square, a number of holes of different shapes and sizes; triangles, squares, circles, parallelograms, &c., and placed it on a wall, so propped up with stones that the sunlight fell nearly perpendicularly on it, and placed another on the ground parallel to it, in its shadow. The spots of light were, as I expected, no longer circles,* but accurately represented the phase of the eclipse; this delighted the people immensely, who had before been gazing at the perforated card-board with unenlightened curiosity. There was not much to do now; Hammond took the thermometer readings every 15 minutes, in sun and shade. The light on the landscape was rapidly diminishing: at 2.50. the lower cusp in an inverting telescope was very blunt, and suddenly like a flash of light became pointed again. A few minutes before totality, I looked round; a greenish unnatural light, wholly unlike twilight, was spread over the vale of Miranda behind us, and the great treeless plain that extended as far as the eye could reach before us. A hush was creeping over the people: a dog plaintively poking his nose up to his master within a yard or two of me. I returned to the telescope: the cusps were now rapidly changing; spots of light became isolated in the upper cusp, and were then instantly extin-

* What is the exact shape of the spot of light formed by the sun shining through an elliptical hole?

guished. I drew off the dark glass, and saw the arc of light break up partially into fine points and instantly vanish: I saw no motion of the beads of light. The whole scene was in a moment utterly changed. Two bright cherry-coloured flames appeared suddenly at some distance from the point of disappearance of the sun: they were not very bright, triangular, with the base towards the moon, somewhat lighter and brighter at the vertex, and of a singularly beautiful colour. But the corona was splendid; far exceeding all my anticipations. My telescope was admirably adapted for observation of the corona. It was very irregular, in one place near the upper part the light being very feeble, even close by the edge, for an arc of the moon of nearly 10° ; the dark part being bounded on one side by straight radii of light; and on the other by similar rays, like fibres of finely spun glass in a brilliant light, which however at a little distance from the moon lost their rectilinear structure, and curved over toward the dark part in fine wavy silky lines. At the part where the sun vanished was a similar wavy portion of the corona, its direction on the whole being nearly radial which extended from the moon, as well as I could estimate, more than two breadths of the moon. The corona was very brilliant; and of nearly white light, tinged with a light pink cream colour. I now took in hand a photometer, which Mr. Chevallier had contrived, but found that the halo was so much brighter than we had anticipated, that I could get from it no superior limit to the amount of light; it was however by estimation as seen through the darkest part of the photometer when barely visible, nearly equivalent to that of a light cirrocumulous cloud about 12° or 15° below the sun, ten minutes after its reappearance; but somewhat exceeded it in brightness. It was also not very unequal in intensity to the flame of a wax candle at ten feet distance, two or three minutes after reappearance. I now returned to the telescope, and having computed the zenith distance and azimuth of Venus relatively to the sun, had no difficulty in finding it in my large field. It was extremely brilliant; the cusps appeared as exquisitely fine lines, completing as nearly as I could judge, but not exceeding a semicircle, and the dark part of Venus was wholly invisible. The centre of the illuminated part was so bright as to dazzle the eye, and I regret that I did not think at the moment of using the dark glass to examine it. When will such a chance as this eclipse afforded, (Venus being nearly in inferior conjunction with the sun and only $5\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ distant from it, at the time of a

total eclipse) of determining whether Venus has an atmosphere, occur again?

I looked round on the people and the landscape. There was total silence, and not a breath of air: a hush and an awe had fallen on all that crowd, and their faces were pale with a greenish light. The very distant horizon over Burgos was quite cloudless: and the most remarkable general effect was in that quarter. I find "lurid olive yellow horizon" in my notes as descriptive of the colour, fading away from near the horizon to a dark purple; in the neighbourhood of the sun the sky had very much the appearance of a clear twilight. Jupiter, Pollux, and Procyon were very easily visible. The mountains of Santa Inez, a fine group towards the south east, were of a rich dark purple; the vale of the Ebro greenish and dark. But there was far more light than I had anticipated. The shadow of a pencil was distinctly visible. I had just time to return to the telescope and find the sun, (for I had called to Mr. Chevallier to come and look at Venus) and see that some more red prominences had appeared, when a single point of light and then several more which rapidly formed an arc, was hailed by the people with enthusiastic shouts of Sol! Sol! A red flame was distinctly visible (as red, not pink) several seconds after the reappearance of the sun; the corona gradually faded away. I glanced down to catch the line of retreating shadow. It was retiring at no very rapid rate towards Logrono and the vale of the Ebro, and our view in that direction was unbounded; it is said to extend two hundred and eight miles. It swept over the treeless plain like the shadow of a cloud, and was visible after nearly two minutes, and four minutes after reappearance, while I was gazing at a very distant well-defined range of stratus clouds far down in the valley of the Ebro, which I had previously taken note of, they received a sudden flush of light. Nearly all was now over, and the people began to disperse; the light seemed the natural light of day. At 3.25 I distinctly saw in Mr. Chevallier's telescope the moon's edge projected as a dark body beyond the edge of the sun, and behind it a faintly radiate structure of the halo. This was at the lower cusp in a non-inverting telescope. It was visible for, I think, not less than eight degrees of the moon's circumference.

By this time we were almost alone. The people had gone down a few hundred yards and were dancing, a couple of fiddlers having presented themselves. We began to write

our notes, and then to compare them. Mr. C. will probably publish his account elsewhere. Hammond was provided with a telescope that threw an image of the sun of about six inches diameter on a screen (the top of a band box,) protected from the light by a triangular cone of black calico fastened on canes moving with the telescope. In this Bailey's beads were seen; and the image of the halo was distinctly visible.

Such a sight as we had witnessed is rarely seen twice in a lifetime. A partial eclipse of the sun is scarcely more remarkable than one of the moon, and can in no way be compared to a total eclipse. The sudden shock produced by the *total* extinction of sunlight; the strange discoloration of the horizon, and the atmosphere that instantly follows; the spontaneous silence; the feeling the time fly by making every second that remains so precious; not to mention the singular beauty of the corona, surrounded with planets and stars, conspire to make a total eclipse of the sun a spectacle to which there is nothing "*simile aut secundum*;" and there is nothing to occupy even the "*proximos honores*."

This eclipse must have been so ably and so widely observed that the results to Science will probably be of great value. Those who wish to see scientific accounts of the phenomena observed, will do well to consult the monthly notices of the Astronomical Society, and the Transactions.

On our return to Pancorbo we heard that the fowls had gone to roost; that some men had vowed to kill us if we *had* taken the sun away; that the people were excessively frightened, embracing one another, and crossing themselves, and weeping in the streets, and in the midst of all their tears that much mirth was excited by seeing a tall Spanish woman with a certain long straight tube, used by the local veterinary surgeon for the relief of constipated mules, gazing fixedly at the sun. Many other stories are going the round, and I think it likely that our visit and the spectacle that accompanied it will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Pancorbo.

"J. M. WILSON."



ELEGIACS.

BITTER it is to be bound, when the hurt wings struggle to hurry
Up from the toil and whirl, up to the beautiful heights;
Bitter it is to be worn with the wretched wear and the worry,
Here in a selfish world, little regarding our rights.

Pity the soul that seeks to be single, true to its duty;
Netted about its feet draggle the coils of distrust:
Pity the spirit that pines to walk in a garment of beauty;
Mournfully mixed with sin, bitterly soiled with the dust.

Blest, if spared at last becoming the slave of convention,
Strong as a god to crush, subtle and sly as a fiend;
Blest, if it carry clear thro' one wish or god-like intention;
Blest if, tho' but a film, gossamer beauty be gleaned.

I was proud as a king, and strong as an eagle to hover
Over the gulping storm, over the mist in the glen:
Now I go humbled and weak, and skulking wounded to cover,
Sinning a little sin, held in the clutches of men.

Long I stood high on my hill, and boasted of noble endeavour,
Speaking of better things, over the pit of their fall;
Fretting the feeble hearts, bitter-jealous, besotted for ever:
Then—O the bitter slip!—slipped in the sight of them all.

They,—with a fiend's delight, with a sneer and mock at the prophet,
Speaking the speech of God, liping the words of the saint,—
“**Was** it his word rang great? and is this all that comes of it?
Better for pride to fall.” O in my climbing I faint.

God, I am dizzy and weak, with a little hope! O I shudder,
Climbing the weary heights, hovering over the brink!
Sailing a rainy sea in the dark, no canvas or rudder!
Be thou the pilot, O God! I shall endure, as I think!

“A.”



SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

(Continued from Vol. II. p. 143.)

POTENT goddess, Self-possession, why failedst thou thy votary this day in his hour of need; why leftest him thus exposed in the bare weakness of his native idiocy? Surely, but for thy inopportune desertion, all might yet have been well. What were easier than to have soothed the she-Cerberus of an Aunt with sops of honeyed compliment, to have crushed that military monster with an avalanche of pointed sarcasms, and last, not least, to have picked up the drawing things, given my arm to the angelic being, and continued, in the course of a homeward moonlight ride, those golden threads of whispering now so rudely snapped and severed.

Such was the form of my reflections after flinging myself on the sofa at our lodgings, on the night of that picnic to Fairbeacon; and then by way of calming my feelings, I pictured to myself what agreeable remarks must have followed my abrupt departure; how the Colonel must have chuckled and grinned and exploded with asinine jokes; how Miss Veribluë and the female Tuggs must have snarled and whined in chorus; how Ernest and Eugenie must have enjoyed and improved on the news when it reached their secluded corner, and as to Seraphina herself, I consumed about an hour in wondering how she got out of it all, and what her views would be henceforward on the momentous subject. "At any rate"—I remarked aloud, and a cheerful conclusion it was, all things considered—"at any rate she *must* think me an 'infernal fool.'"

"I should rather imagine she did," said Saville, entering in time for my soliloquy, "tho' perhaps she don't put it exactly in that same forcible language. But really and upon my honour, Percy, a more fearful duffer than you made of yourself this afternoon, it's difficult to conceive."

"Let me tell you, Saville," I began in wrath—

"Can't stop to argufy: old McBean is waiting for me to blow some 'bacca: so 'bye bye, Tuppy,'" and he vanished in fragrant clouds.

Bacca! thought I, the very thing: wonder it never struck me before—nerves to be soothed—walk on the sands—possible light in window—hurrah!—*Vamos*.

So out I stepped and began to put my programme in execution through the medium of a full flavoured Havanna. The tide was coming in fast, and washing with faint sibilation against the sea-wall; the sands were covered, that was certain; but I was aware of a certain cove above high water mark, possessing all sorts of pleasantly perilous crags on which to seat oneself. Not a twinkle of a light in *the* window, and the drawing-room shutters grimly closed. Strange to say, not a star was visible, and for a summer night it was curiously dark, so dark that I ran against the coast-guard man on his lonely patrol, and should probably have received some casual blessing from that jolly tar, only being on duty, he was debarred the luxury of speaking, much less swearing. Towards the cove I bent my steps, and scrambling down a rock or two, found myself on my favourite ledge, with a soft stone at my back, and the lazy sea under my overhanging legs. Needless to say, that by this course of treatment my nerves speedily recovered their usual tone, and in natural sequence I fell to composing poetry in my head. Don't you remember, reader, the amiable lion in the Arabian Nights, who is always "falling down in a fit and uttering these verses?" That's just the class of lion I belong to, and thanks to my diary, the following beautiful lines will not be lost to posterity:—

Calmly the moonbeams smile
O'er the calm ocean;
Billows have lulled awhile
Their mad commotion:
Oh! such a scene and hour,
Hath it not magic power
From the full heart to shower
Each fond emotion?

Lo! in what dead repose
 Still Earth is lying;
 She hath forgot her woes,
 And hushed her sighing;
 The world is sunk to sleep,
 Save where the wretched weep,
 Save where the watch they keep,
 Over the dying.

I had arrived at this point, and was trying to get some substitute for "shower," in the first stanza; wondering whether "pour" mightn't do better, and running through all the words with a suitable termination, when I was suddenly disturbed by the consciousness of being no longer alone, and a subdued duet of male voices penetrated my ears. Perhaps you'll say I had no right to listen: well probably I shouldn't, if I could have stirred; but judging from the sound, the two intruders had seated themselves exactly on the spot, where I must have put my hand to raise myself, and how was I to know whether in a moment of surprise I mightn't receive such a gentle shove as would send me off the narrow platform for a cool plunge into the yawning gulf beneath? The same result might happen if I spoke, or coughed, or sneezed, or groaned, (tho' the last seemed the happiest idea) so—on the impulse of the moment—I kept perfectly quiet, and clung to the rock with all the tenacity of fond affection. But the conversation that I heard, first of all made my hair stand on end, secondly, produced a deep feeling of joy that there *was* a greater fool in the world even than Percival Oakley, and lastly, made me shake with such internal laughter that my ribs were all but agonised.

It may have been for ten minutes that the converse lasted—then the final remark I heard was this:

"No, Muster Saville, for one tenner I could'na do it, but for foive tenners I dunna know but I mont."

That's all I'm going to repeat, so you see my discretion may be relied on; but your penetration must have told you that the speakers were none other than old McBean of the Lively Nancy Schooner, and my fellow lodger: and the result will presently reveal that the subject of their discourse was neither more nor less than abduction, or (to put it milder) elopement on the High Seas.

As soon as they were safely off I made the best of my way to No. 6. "Mr. Saville come in?" said I to Mary the slavey

who happened to be on the door-step. "No, Sir, he isn't," said Mary, "but there's been a man to look for him twice to-day, since you both went out, Sir." "And what sort of a man, Mary?" "Well, he was a very hugely man, Sir, with a shocking bad hat and a yellow handkerchief round his neck, and no collar as I could see, and he was dressed very shabby all over: but he wanted to see Mr. Saville particular, and said he'd call at ten in the morning." "Well, if he wants to see him in bed that's about the time, isn't it, Mary?" "Yes, Sir, and so I told him, but he said he should come anyways, and I didn't quite catch his name, but it sounded like Hairyun." "Well never mind, but bring me up some soda-water; and tell Mrs. Eton with my love, that she must lend me a little brandy, for there's not been a drop in our bottle since her last attack "of heart complaint;" and, without waiting for reply, I pursued my way up-stairs, and fell to writing.

About twelve Ernest made his triumphal entry, grabbed my pen on the spot, regardless of blotted leaves, pitched my precious diary off the table, then seized my head, and by a series of violent rubbings, ruined my ambrosial curls.

"Well, when you've done," said I, "perhaps you'll enter into some financial arrangement about our bill at these lodgings, for if you start for France to-morrow afternoon, it's time for us to have a settling."

"Start for France," said Saville, and stared in speechless astonishment, "why, what the dev—."

"Now don't: just think of the Lively Nancy, and old McBean, and his passengers, male and female."

"You infernal scamp, what are you driving at?"

"A fair breeze, eh, old boy, and a six hours' run, and five tenners for the job."

"Well, Percy, how on earth you've got hold of that, beats me entirely, unless the Bargee told you; but I've not lost sight of the Bargee since we made our little arrangements, and I left him just this minute at the Crown and Anchor, speechless drunk."

"How I got hold of it don't much matter, but I know it from end to end, so it's no good your trying to keep it dark; and my impression is, that I ought to give old St. Croix the office on the spot."

"You'll never serve me such a confounded turn as that."

"Why you'll be liable to transportation, my dear fellow, not to speak of action for theft, plunder, conspiracy, and arson; and the Colonel an't a man to be trifled with,

mauvais sujet though he be. Now what will you give me to let you off?"

Ernest made no reply, but fell to walking up and down the room. "Seriously though, old boy," I continued, "do reflect a little on what you're doing, and hold hard before it's too late—before you've done what you may repent of all your life long."

"And what concern is this of yours," he said, stopping and facing me, "what right have you—how dare you interfere?"

"Dare! come, Saville, what d'you take me for? Am I likely to look on and see foul play without doing my best to stop it?"

I said more than I meant of course, but I was foolish enough to be annoyed at his tone.

"Well! I do call this low of you," said he, "I do call it treacherous."

"And worming yourself into a man's intimacy, being his bosom friend for three weeks, and then stealing his daughter; that isn't low, I suppose,—that isn't treacherous."

"Percy," said he, sitting down again, "you don't know all, or you'd never talk to me in that style, I'm certain. You don't know that I have spoken to St. Croix about his daughter, and been rejected by him point blank."

"Why, when on earth did that happen?"

"To-night, as we rode home: the old scoundrel said he was much honoured, but had other views for his girl. The fact is, as Eugenie told me, he has affianced her to a friend of his own abroad, a Count or Marquis, or something, who was her *parrain*, and old enough to be her father. He's coming over here next month, and they reckon it all settled, tho' Eugenie has been on her knees to the Colonel, imploring him to spare her. She always hated this Frenchman from her childhood, but St. Croix is involved with him in some gambling transactions or other, (the old, old story) and can't back out of it now, if he would."

"Well: it's a nice business and no mistake: but go on."

"I fully expected his answer, you know, and have made up my plans for some days, but I never intended disclosing them to you, because——"

"Because you knew I should put a spoke in the wheel."

"Partly so, perhaps; but more because I didn't want to compromise any one else in my own bad luck. I know it's a confounded scrape whichever way one looks at it;

but not exactly so bad as you imagine. Look here. The schooner takes us over to the coast of France, and lands us at St. Ambroise. Eugenie has friends there who will aid and abet her. We can be married at their house the day after to-morrow, and when she is once my wife, I can return to England and defy her father to do his worst. When he sees he can't help himself, he'll have sense enough to keep quiet, or else I'm much mistaken in my man."

"But after what has past between you to-day, it isn't likely he'll give you the chance of meeting her again, much less meeting her alone."

"I'm coming to that directly. By the way, after you bolted from Fairbeacon, I did you a good turn, and no mistake, for I explained the cause of your rather peculiar conduct."

"As how?"

"Said you were liable to frequent attacks of neuralgia, in the agonies of which nothing but solitude was bearable."

"'Pon my word I'm much obliged to you for such a flattering account of my state of health."

"So you ought to be. It wasn't the Britannia Life Insurance I was talking to, was it? so what's the odds? I thought it was pretty sharp of me to name neuralgia, for I was just going to call it temporary insanity."

"I commend your design, but the execution is unequal."

"Anyways, you'll hear no further chaff on that subject, unless it be the softest whisper from that pair of lips which——"

"Now, drop that, will you? and get on with your story, for you're tedious in the extreme."

"Well, you ungrateful dog, you remember the sailing match we arranged; the match old Bompas, the boatman, put us up to—between those two cutters, I mean, which we have hired from time to time."

"Yes, of course, I remember."

"And how you were to sail the 'Sylph', and I the 'Crest of the Wave': also about our lady patronenes to preside on board, 'each to each'—course from Senanus Point round the fairway buoy and back again."

"Aye—but it's likely either of the girls will be allowed now to preside as suggested."

"But they *are* going to do it, old boy, and what's more, it's coming off to-morrow."

"Gammon."

"It is, I tell you; we fixed it all, as we were coming

home—always supposing your health to be restored, of course.”

“Granted I believe all this (which I don’t), what then?”

“Simply this—the Lively Nancy lies in the offing with her fore-top-sail loose all prepared for flight—two minutes for Eugenie and myself to be taken on board—then crowd on all canvas, and hurrah! for the coast of France.”

“And suppose it’s a dead calm.”

“Why, we can’t have the sailing match in that case, and must wait for another day or two. McBean is backwards and forwards often enough, so it’s not as if this was our only chance.”

“Your scheme’s so mad, Ernest my boy, I’ll lay a thousand to one against you.”

“I know it’s mad, but a desperate game wants a bold stroke or two.”

“St. Croix won’t let his daughter come.”

“He promised he would send her with Miss Veribblue, he an’t coming himself.”

“Well, we’d better enough to persuade Miss V. to the arrangement before our little mishap of to-day; she’s sure to turn rusty again.”

“No, she’s all serene: a lot of them are coming to Senanus for another pic-nic, and they’re to watch the sailing from the beach. And Tugg will be here to-morrow, his mother said, so perhaps he and that Oxford parson will join in the aquatic contest. Bompas and his boy are going to sail the cutters round from the harbour: I fixed that with them to-night.”

“Why, you’ve been as busy as the devil in a gale of wind.”

“About—Well! d’you still mean to give St. Croix the office.”

I sat and smoked in silence, pondering it all from end to end. The fact was, I felt certain his scheme wouldn’t succeed, and I didn’t want to quarrel with him needlessly. It was so unlikely to my thinking that Eugenie would be allowed to come and then there were all chances of the weather, and of the schooner not being there, and fifty other things. Besides Saville’s explanation had cleared him a good deal in my eyes, and at any rate I didn’t like the idea of using information obtained as mine had been. On the whole, I resolved to wait and see what happened: it would be time enough to act on an emergency: little indeed did I think what the emergency would be, and

sorely did I repent within four-and-twenty hours of this piece of temporising.

"I say," remarked Ernest at last, "do you *see* what o'clock it is."

"Oh! my gars and starters, it's time to roost and no mistake; but tell me one thing, where on earth have you got the money from?"

"My guardian sent me a cheque for sixty this morning: the post came before you were down."

"And what will he do when he hears of this?"

"Oh! he'll be all right; he can't let me starve: I'm three-and-twenty at Christmas, and then he's rid of me, and I come into my own."

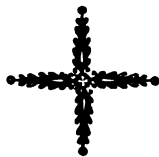
"Well, upon my word, Saville, you're a queer lot, and I don't know what to make of you."

"Anything you please, so you don't make game of me, as the moorhen remarked on the 1st of September last."

Nothing further passed between us that night; but fancy my amazement when, next morning, as I was dressing, Mary brought me word that Mr. Saville was "took by that 'ere hugly man"; the said prepossessing individual proved to be none other than Hyam's aide-camp, Aaron Brown by name, despatched at the suit of Messrs. Heelam, Shoemakers, with a writ on E. S., Esq., for little accounts running pretty well up to three figures. Oh! dear, oh! dear, how about the Lively Nancy, and how about the lively Eugenie?

"P. O."

(To be concluded in the next Number.)





DUNGEON GHYLL.

O'ER meadows starred with flowers and strewn about
With boulders lichen-crust'd, 'neath whose sides
Peep'd heather crisp and hardy mountain bells ;—
Past hazel-copses, hung with milk-white clusters,
And threaded by festooning autumn berries,
We wandered forth.—Around, the purple hills
Heaved their huge shoulders to the bounteous day,
And every peak was bright ; for scarce a mist
Hung o'er the ridge, or, seemed to hang and soon,
Like some pure spirit that, intent on Heaven,
Burst its frail bonds to dwell in kindred light,
Went slowly up and mingled with the blue.

But near us sang the stream ; and all the vale
Laughed with a thousand sparkling threads of silver ;
And I was glad at heart : and she,—the maid
Who wandered by my side,—I scarce could tell ;—
So deep a quiet held her,—but methought
She drank full gladness from the witchery
Of the pure air, bright skies and beauteous earth ;
So clear the rose that flushed her cheek, so pure
The light that dwelt within her eyes, and made
A Heaven of blue in Earth's most Heavenly Child.

But, if the spell of silence held us both,
I wondered not, for the full heart, sometimes,
Knowing how weakly words can picture joy
When joy is deepest, bars with jealous care

The gates of utterance, till a moment comes
When the large flood of words, prisoned and pent,
Forces a channel and flows widely on
In eloquent wildness and confusion clear.

But soon we passed into a lonelier vale :
A deeper stillness brooded round, and hung
Along the mountains, barer and more stern
Than those we left : a solitary tarn
Inurned amongst the hills, half-belted round
By a strange semicirque of deep green firs,
Shone like a diamond chased in emeralds.
But once I saw it 'neath a winter moon
With sombre shadows of the mountain peaks
And gray fantastick piles, larger in night,
And then methought it was a silver shield
Watched by a giant knight in that lone vale.

At length we reached the spot, henceforth to me
Crowded with such sweet memories of the past,
That, when I hear its stern name only named,
Through the long years I leap to youth again,
And in a moment live the joyous hours
Of that most joyous day ;—for 'twixt the hills,
Split suddenly and furrowed into chasms,
A darkling passage winds amid black cliffs,
Brawled over by a noisy brook, and leads
Where doubtful light, half-barred, still struggles in
Through crevices of the o'er-hanging crags,
And trembles through the quiv'ring birchen boughs,
And darts a rainbow on the waterfall
That, like a delicate silver-tissued veil,
Droops o'er the front of the black cavern rock,
Informing it with such a wondrous grace
That the rapt spirit, centred in the eyes,
Gazes and gazes, while the flick'ring light
That comes and goes with sheen of rainbow gems,
Together with the stillness of the cave,
Chains it with potent charms.—And so gazed we,
Nor noted time, nor noted for a space
Its softer beauties ;—how the tufted heather

Gemmed the rough stones that other wreath had none,
Save where the hare-bell lent her modest grace
And pensive head, and tremulously hung,
And quivered with the motion of the spray.
And so, I thought, might droop some gentle maid,
So tremble at the whisper that she loves.

What wonder then that there I told my love?
What wonder that, as there love told received
Love's sweetest recompense from maiden lips,
That day, that hour, that spot dwell in mine heart?
What wonder if, as yesterday we found
A withered hare-bell and dead tuft of heather
Betwixt the closed leaves of a cherished book,
The happy rain welled from our hearts and rose
Into our eyes, and we told o'er the tale
Told first beside the fall of Dungeon Ghyll?

"C. S."





EXPERIENCES.

————— 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper.—BYRON.

MY experiences! and what right have I to intrude my experiences on the public? Why there is Miss Pinch my next-door neighbour, Corset-Maker, and Ladies' Seminary-Keeper—with her cold grey eye, and colder, sharp, red nose! She, whose life has been one dull round of the same monotonous drudgery—first taught and then teaching,—it is her sister who makes the articles above mentioned. She, I say, has written, aye, and published a full, true, and particular account of all that has happened to her; and her publisher told her that the work would have had a large circulation, but people were tired of that sort of thing; tired of it—and why should Miss Pinch expect otherwise—is it not a twice told tale, and will the cold and heartless world—cold, that is to say, and in a great measure heartless, to those with whom it comes not in contact,—will that world to which Miss Pinch has appealed, read her book; or, having done so, will they buy another copy, or call at the Seminary, and pour balm in the bleeding wounds of the susceptible Pinch; does she want fame, fortune, or friends? why did she write—by what title does she force herself and her woes upon us; and if she does, why may not I?—nay, I will.

You would like to know my name, from mere idle curiosity perhaps, but still you wish to hear it. Turn over the leaves of Webster's Court Guide, and under the head of Smith you will find—my name? not at all—John Smith—

now if John Smith had written a book and signed his name, would you be better acquainted with him than if he had written anonymously? and so my name shall remain buried in oblivion.

My abode is London—in a narrow but noisy street—up three pair of stairs—and in a close dark room, whose window gives, on to the dead wall of Lord Muchland's mansion, a pleasant prospect when returning from my day's work; to look on this wall, to look through it with my imagination, and wonder how the great folks within it amuse themselves; and when, tired of this, and weary with my work, I am obliged to listen to the ceaseless piano and singing of the few select pupils at Miss Pinch's, worried by some street organ, or the cry of some itinerant vendor of goods: when I say this is the sole break in the monotony of my daily labour, surely I have a right to lay my sorrows before a sympathising world, and claim their pity; and then my daily work. I am a clerk in an office—I go there at 10 A.M. and take my place on a high slippery stool, and whether there is much doing, or little, there I must stop till 5 P.M. How I envy the man in the green coat and brass buttons, who carries messages, fetches bread and cheese and porter for the hungry clerks at lunch time; he, for the greater part of the day, can stand with his hands in his capacious pockets, idly gazing on the passing omnibus, and now and then bestowing a buffet on the head of some luckless urchin who may have come too near his august toes; and, happy mortal, he has the wondrous faculty of being able to sleep always and wherever he may choose. How he looks down on us clerks, with a serene contempt, and yet my salary is £90. a-year and his £20.; what then makes the difference? why is he a happy, and I a miserable man? alas, I had the misfortune to be born a gentleman. Oh! gentility, what a curse art thou to the wretched being who bears thy badge, unaccompanied by thy rightful wages; not that I am in want, for on my salary and my little private fortune I can live without starving; but what a life! a gloomy present, and a hopeless future. Far better is the lot of the poor curate, his indeed is not an enviable existence, but yet he, at least, can live in the country and see the beauties of nature, while I can only live in London, and injure my sight with the deformities of art.

He can look forward at some time or other to a living however small, on which he can afford to keep that necessary luxury, a wife; while I can but look forward to a possible

increase of £10. per annum in my salary, with a proportionate increment of duties : he, leading an out-door existence, can enjoy the blessings of health and strength, while I am injuring my lungs by poring over a desk, and my constitution generally by my sedentary occupations. To what end is all this—to none except a warning to others. That which might have been a purple robe for a monarch, is become a tattered coat for a scarecrow ; that which God gave me to enjoy, I spend in misery and despair, and all because, with the means of a mechanic, I must live the life of a gentleman, or, that being out of my reach, I must drag on the existence I have described. Such are my experiences !





ΠΟΤΝΑ ΣΕΛΑΝΑ.

QUEEN Moon, I gaze on thy peerless ray
As it bursts from yon cloud-white veil :
Thou art gliding along thy starry way
Like a beauty proud and pale !
And steadfast I look to the silent skies
Thy golden beams to see,
For well I know that my lady's eyes
Are gazing now on thee :
She is gazing now on thee, sweet Moon,
For she loves to see thee shine ;
But her thoughts are of none but me, sweet Moon,
And her heart is only mine.

Fair Star of Eve, on the brow of night
Thou art set as the choicest gem,
That shines in the circlet diamond-bright
Of a monarch's diadem.
Yet, fairest and firstborn of the skies,
So bright thou ne'er canst shine,
As the luminous depths of those hazel eyes
That are gazing now on thine :
That are gazing now on thine, fair Star,
For she loves thy ray to see ;
But her heart it is only mine, fair Star,
And her thoughts are of none but me.

For this was her whispered promise sweet,
On our last drear parting-day ;
" Our spirits, my love, at night may meet
" Though ourselves be far away :
" On Hesper's fires I'll gaze afar
" While the moonbeam smiles above,
" And gaze thou too on Moon and Star
" At the hallowed hour of love."
At the hallowed hour of love, sweet Moon,
And this is love's hallowed hour :
And I gaze on the heaven above, fair Star,
And I feel that the spell hath power.

" P. O."



OUR CHRONICLE.

IT has been suggested to us that many of our readers would welcome the addition to the contents of *The Eagle* of some account of the events of the term, more especially those which affect our own "ancient and religious foundation:" that such an addition would in particular be a great boon to those of our subscribers, who year after year leave these walls, and for the most part sever the ties which connect them therewith; to whom such a chronicle would furnish tidings of what was going on in the place where themselves have spent so many happy hours, and so serve to keep up their connexion with us. And though this would only apply for a limited time, for as long, that is, as the names which they would see should some of them be familiar to them, yet such as these, together with our resident subscribers, many of whom, we doubt not, will be glad to have such a permanent register of events, will generally form a sufficiently large majority of our subscribers to warrant the introduction of a terminal article of this kind.

We propose then in each subsequent number of *The Eagle*, to include a summary of any events worthy of notice in the college in which our subscribers are likely to be interested, accompanied by such note or comment as they may seem to require. Such matters as Fellowship and Scholarship elections, Examination lists, or changes in the government of the college, may be expected to find a place—with such notices as we may obtain of "events" in the boating, cricketing, or volunteer world of St. John's, who pulled in the Lady Margaret first boat in such race, or who in the Lady Somerset, or who is the last new Ensign. At the same time we may advert to any circumstances of more than ordinary interest which concern not only our own college, but the general body of the University, though this should be done sparingly. For the further promoting of

the interest of this column of our magazine, we shall be glad to receive from any of our subscribers, and especially from non-resident ones, any suggestions, which, whether accepted or not ultimately, shall always have our careful attention and consideration.

"EDITORS."

With the academical year upon which we have lately entered we inaugurate a new system of management. None who knew the overwhelming amount of business and responsibility, which during the past year pressed upon our respected President, can regret that the work, which he bore up against alone, should now be divided amongst three Tutors. The gentlemen selected for these Tutorships are the Rev. J. S. Wood, B.D.: the Rev. J. B. Mayor, M.A.: and the Rev. A. V. Hadley, M.A. The distinctive feature of the new system is the separation of tuition from lecturing, which will do away with the old rivalries between the "sides." Though the Tutors are "ex officio" lecturers, they have not the management and distribution of the lectures, this task being under the superintendence of two Head Lecturers.

The scheme seems a good one, and likely to work well, and, we hope, to raise our entries beyond, or at any rate to an equality with, our former average.

We understand that considerable alterations are to be made in some of our Examinations, but any statement regarding them is as yet premature. Report, however, deals a death-blow to the famous paper, which might more fitly be associated with Magdalen college than with St. John's: so that probably the future historian will find a great blank after the year 1860, which year he will find to be marked by certain strange proceedings in the church of St. George in the East, and by an election for a certain magazine yclept *The Eagle*. Apropos of which, we must acknowledge the courtesy of the present able Sadlerian Lecturer, who in return for the interesting historical notices deduced from these papers in a former number, has thus handed our name down to prosperity.

Another new feature to be noticed is the introduction of a sermon in chapel on Sunday evenings, to supply the place of the morning sermon at St. Mary's, which was discontinued some months ago.

Among the fellows some changes have taken place. We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. W. J. Rees, who has been cut off by the cruel hand of consumption, just

as a brilliant and useful career was opening up before him. The following gentlemen also vacate their fellowships by marriage :

Mr. G. D. Liveing.	Mr. J. E. Gorst.
" S. H. Burbury.	" H. Snow.
" E. G. Hancock.	

The Lectureship vacated by Mr. Hancock is now held by Mr. H. J. Roby.

The College is represented amongst the University prizemen by Mr. E. A. Abbott, whose exercise obtained the Camden Medal, and by Mr. S. W. Churchill, who won the Browne Medal for a Latin Epigram; in the Indian Civil Service Examination by Messrs. H. Beverley, H. C. Barstow, and A. Yardley, who have obtained the nomination, and by Messrs. J. Grose, W. S. Foster, and J. E. Armstrong, whose nomination of last year is confirmed.

Subjoined is a list of scholars elected in June last.

Scholars in the third year :

Abbott.	Gabb.	Nicholas.
Bushell.	Hiern.	Sharpe, H. J.
Freeman.	Hudson.	Thomson, F. D.

In the second year :

Graves.	Main.	Taylor, C.
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Minor scholars :

Baron, from Caistor School.
Horne, from Shrewsbury School.
Lee-Warner, from Rugby School.
Moss, from Shrewsbury School.

It will be seen from our cover that our two boat-clubs have both been unsuccessful in the Four-Oar Races which have just concluded. This has created some surprise, inasmuch as the Lady Margaret was decidedly a favourite before the race.

The following were the crews of the two boats:

Lady Margaret.

1. T. E. Ash.
 2. P. F. Gorst.
 3. H. Williams.
- W. H. Tarleton, (stroke.)
A. Walsh, (cox.)

Lady Somerset.

1. F. H. Dinnis.
 2. Stephenson.
 3. O. Fynes-Clinton.
- J. E. Brown, (stroke.)
C. R. Cooke. (cox.)

The officers for the term are :

Lady Margaret.

A. W. Potts, Esq., B.A., President.

J. B. Scriven, Treasurer.

P. F. Gorst, Secretary.

W. H. Tarleton, first Captain.

T. E. Ash, second Captain.

Lady Somerset.

Rev. J. R. Lunn, M.A., President.

J. E. Brown, Captain.

W. A. Whitworth, Secretary.

The second Company of the Cambridge University Volunteer Rifles still continues in a flourishing state. A meeting of its members was held early in the term, to elect an Ensign in the place of Mr. J. B. Scriven, who succeeds to the Lieutenancy vacant by the resignation of Mr. E. Boulnois. The candidates were Messrs. H. Godfray, W. D. Bushell, and A. Walsh. The choice of the Electors fell upon Mr. W. D. Bushell.

The chief topics of interest to the University at large are such as will already be known to most of our readers. Considerable excitement prevailed at the beginning of term, owing to the rejection of Mr. G. Williams, of King's College, who was nominated to the office of Proctor. Mr. Williams has addressed a letter on the subject to the Vice-Chancellor.

The cup offered by the Vice-Chancellor as a prize to the best marksman in the C. U. V. R. was, after a contest of five days, won by Mr. Grant-Peterkin, of Emmanuel College.

On the 12th of November, the newly-appointed Professor of Modern History, Mr. Charles Kingsley, delivered an interesting and instructive inaugural Lecture in the Senate-House, to a large audience of members of the University and their friends.

The account of the Colquhoun Sculls, and the Races of the term will be found in their usual place.

St. John's College.

November 20, 1860.



CORRESPONDENCE.

[We have received the following communication from a valued correspondent. Regard for the rule which excludes the technicalities of Classics and Mathematics has caused us to hesitate about inserting it in the body of our magazine: at the same time the value of the letter and its interest to many of our readers warrant us, as we think, in allotting to it a space in our correspondents' columns.—EDITORS.]

SIR,—I have lately had occasion to turn over the papers set in the Examinations for the Classical Tripos, and have made a few notes as I went along, which may perhaps be of interest to some of the readers of *The Eagle*. I may as well begin with a brief history of the Tripos up to the year 1859.

The Classical Tripos was instituted by Grace of the Senate on the 28th of May, 1822. According to the scheme then adopted, the Examination was to continue for four days, during the hours 9½ to 12, and 1 to 4. No one was allowed to become a candidate who had not obtained Mathematical Honors. Translations were to be "required of passages selected from the best Greek and Latin authors, as well as written answers to questions arising immediately out of such passages." There was to be no original composition either in Greek or Latin. There were to be four Examiners, each to receive £10.

By a Grace passed February 13, 1835, the Examination was made to extend over five days, during the hours 9 to 12 and 1 to 3½. Shortly afterwards it appears from the Calendar that the hours were again changed, and that the Examination was carried on between 9 and 11½ and 12½ and 3½. In the Calendar of 1844 it is stated that the Examiners receive £20 instead of £10.

In 1849, the "Classical Emancipation" commenced. By a Grace passed October 31, in that year, it was determined that, besides Mathematical Honour Men, all persons should be admissible to the Examination who, "having been de-

clared to have deserved to pass for an ordinary degree, as far as the Mathematical part of the Examination is concerned, shall have afterwards passed in the other subjects for Examination ;” and also all persons whose names shall have been placed in the 1st class at the Examination for the ordinary degree: that is, in simpler words, that “gulfed men” and 1st class Poll men were to be henceforward admissible as candidates for the Classical Tripos. Other important changes were made at the same time. The Examination was extended to the morning of the 6th day, on which there was to be a paper in Ancient History. The subjects of Examination were more closely defined, the hours fixed as at present, rules made with reference to the cooperation of the Examiners in preparing and looking over the papers, and an alphabetical arrangement adopted for the third class. A day was also fixed for the bringing out of the list.

In May, 1854, the “Emancipation” was completed, though the Grace did not come into force till 1857. In October, 1858, further changes were made with reference to the work of the Examiners, and the alphabetical order of the 3rd class was abandoned.

The growth of the Classical Tripos is shown by the fact that there are only 17 names in the class list of 1824 as opposed to 71 in the class list of 1859.

I now proceed to my notes. Comparing the early and the later Triposes I find that previously to 1835 there was great irregularity in the choice of pieces. In one year there was no Thucydides; Demosthenes is several times omitted, as also Plato, Aristotle, Herodotus, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes. In Latin, even Cicero, Tacitus, and Horace are not set uniformly. Whilst at the same time there are instances of three or more passages being set from the same author in a single year. In 1827 there were only three Greek verse and three Greek prose translations, and two Latin verse and two Latin prose translations. In 1825 there was no Latin verse composition. Another point in which the earlier papers differ from the later, is the large number of questions in the former. Taking the whole 37 years from 1824 to 1860, the number of passages set from each author is as follows:—

Greek Prose—Thucydides, 38; Demosthenes, 34; Plato, 38; Aristotle, 33; Herodotus, 35; Xenophon, 13; Theophrastus, 7; The Orators (with the exception of Demosthenes), 14; Longinus, 2.

Greek Verse—Homer’s Iliad, 22; Odyassey, 19; Æschy-

lus, 28; Sophocles, 27; Euripides, 30; Aristophanes, 38; Pindar, 30; Hesiod, 11; Theocritus, 26; Bion, 1; Homeric Hymns, 2; Greek Anthology, 4; Comic Fragments, 1.

Latin Prose—Livy, 34; Cicero (Speeches) 20, (Letters) 27, (Philosophical and Rhetorical Works) 28; Tacitus, 37; Cæsar, 14; Sallust, 8; Suetonius, 6; Pliny the Elder, 6; Pliny the Younger, 9; Quintilian, 7; Velleius Paterculus, 2; Seneca, 2; Cornelius Nepos, 1.

Latin Verse—Lucretius, 29; Virgil, 21; Horace (Odes and Epodes) 22, (Satires and Epistles) 17; Juvenal, 22; Ovid, 19; Propertius, 13; Catullus, 10; Tibullus, 3; Persius, 12; Martial, 11; Lucan, 14; Statius, 2; Ennius, 1; Phædrus, 1; Plautus, 26; Terence, 9.

Taking each of these in order, it appears that passages have been set most frequently from the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 8th books of Thucydides, and most rarely from the 1st and 2nd. In Demosthenes, the Leptines, Midias, Falsa Legatio, de Corona, Timocrates, Nicostratus, Androtion are the most popular; passages have also been set from the Olynthiacs, pro Phormione, Aristocrates, Apaturius, C. Stephanum, Aphobus A., Pantænetus, Conon, Onetor A., Aristogeiton, Chersonesus, Dionysodorus. Out of thirty-eight passages from Plato, the Republic has thirteen; then come the Leges, Phædrus, Symposium, Theætetus, Gorgias, Phædo, Parmenides; and, lastly, Timæus, Meno, Crito, Politicus, Sophista, Alcibiades B. In Aristotle, the Ethics has 18 passages; Rhetoric, 10; Politics, 6; De Anima, 2; Metaphysics and Categories, 1 each.

Herodotus—The three first books are the most popular, the eighth has never been set at all.

Xenophon—The Hellenics, Memorabilia, and Anabasis have been set more than once; Symposium, Hiero, de Re Equestri, Cynegeticus, Economicus, Vectigalia, once only.

Theophrastus—Characters, vi., set four times; i., viii., xxx., each once.

Oratores Attici—Æschines, 5; Isæus, 4; Isocrates, 3; Lysias, 2.

Homer—The largest number of passages have been set from Iliad xviii. and xxi., and Odyssey xvii.

Æschylus—Agamemnon, Choephoræ, Supplices, each 7 times; Prometheus not at all.

Sophocles—Ced. Col. and Trach. 6; Antigone, 5; Philoctetes, 4.

Euripides—most frequently from Helena, Ion, Iph. T., Herc. F., Orestes, Hippolytus, Phœniassæ; also from Heracl.,

Cycl., Alcest., Bacchæ, Medea, Supp., Troades, Rhesus, Electra, Andromache.

Aristophanes—most frequently from *Vespæ*, *Pax*, *Aves*, *Equites*, *Eccles.*, *Ranæ*; also from *Acharnæ*, *Lysistrata*, *Plutus*.

Pindar—*Pythia*, 14; *Nem.* 6; *Ol.* 5; *Isth.* 4; frag. 1.

Hesiod—*Opera et Dies*, 8; *Theog.* 3.

Theocritus—oftenest from *xxv.*, *xxii.*, *x.*, *vii.*, *xvi.*, *xv.*; also from *iv.*, *xvii.*, *iii.*, *xiv.*, *xxviii.*, *xiii.*, *vi.*, *ix.*, *ii.*

Anthology—*Meleager*, 2; *Dioscorides*, 1; *Simonides*, 1.

Homeric Hymns—In *Merc.*, In *Cer.*

Livy—oftenest from *vi.*

Cicero—Speeches, oftenest from *Verres*, *Cluentius*, *Pro Domo*, *Sextius*; also from *Plancius*, *Balbus*, *Quinctius*, *Cæcina*, *Vatinius*, *Muræna*, *Rosc. Com.*, *Rullus*. *Epistles*—*ad Att.*, 17; *ad Fam.*, 5; *Q. Frat.* 5. *Philosophical and Rhetorical Treatises*—*Leges* and *De Finibus*, 6 each; *Brutus* and *de Divinatione*, 3 each; also *de Oratore*, *Orator*, *Tusculans*, *Academics*, *de Optimo Genere Oratorum*, *de Senectute*.

Tacitus—*Annals*, 24; *Histories*, 12; *Germany*, 1, (largest number from *Hist. iv.*, and *Ann. vi.*)

Cæsar—*Bell. Gall.* 7; *Bell. Civ.* 7, (largest numbers from *B. G. vii.*)

Sallust—*Jugurtha*, 5; *Catiline*, 3.

Suetonius—*Cæsar*, *Augustus*, *Claudius*, *Nero*.

Quintilian—*xii.*, *v.*, *iv.*, *vi.*, *x.*

Seneca—*Naturales Quæstiones*, *De Beneficiis*.

Nepos, *Atticus*.

Lucretius—most from *ii.* and *iv.*, none from *i.*

Virgil—*Æneid*, 16; *Georgics*, 5. The largest number of passages are taken from *Æn. xi.* and *Geor. ii.* None from *Æn. i.*, *ii.*, *v.*, *vii.* *G. iv.*

Horace—*Odes*, 13, (of which 9 from *Book iii.*); *Epodes*, 9; *Satires*, 9, (of which 6 from *Sat., Bk. ii.*); *Epistles*, 8.

Juvenal—most from *vi.* and *vii.*; none from *ii.*, *iv.*, *viii.*, *ix.*, *x.*, *xiii.*, *xvi.*

Ovid—14 from the *Fasti*; 3 from the *Tristia*; 1 from the *Ibis*; and 1 from the *De Arte Amandi*.

There is nothing marked in the quotations from *Catullus*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius*, *Persius*, *Martial*, *Statius*, *Ennius*, and *Phædrus*.

Plautus—most from the *Trinummi*, *Captivi*, *Miles Gloriosus*, *Persa*, *Aulularia*, *Curculio*, *Rudens*. Also from the *Epidicus*, *Amphitruo*, *Mostellaria*, *Pseudolus*, *Bacchides*, *Stichus*, and *Pænulus*.

Terence—none from the *Heauton timoroumenos*.

With regard to composition, Greek and Latin Prose have of course been constant. There has been a good deal of variety in verse composition. Iambics have been the sole Greek verse composition on 24 occasions; Iambics and Trochaics have been set once; Iambics and Anapæsts, 8 times; Iambics and Hexameters, 4 times. In Latin verse, Hexameters have been set alone 5 times; Hexameters and Elegiacs, 8 times; Hexameters and Lyrics, 10 times; Hexameters, Elegiacs, and Lyrics, 4 times; Elegiacs alone, once; Elegiacs and Lyrics, 7 times; Lyrics alone, once.

Two other points which strike me as worth noticing, are—1st, the reappearance of the same piece for translation in different years. One passage from Theophrastus has been set 4 times; one from Homer, 3 times; one from the *Anthology*, twice; and I have no doubt careful examination would discover other cases: 2ndly, the prevalence of fashions for short periods; e.g., the only passages which have been set from Longinus, were set in 1844 and 1846. Pliny's *Natural History* was set in 1846 and the two following years. Greek Hexameters were not set till 1852, but have been set 4 times since.


I am afraid your Mathematical readers will think I have been bordering rather closely on those Classical technicalities which *The Eagle* repudiates: and there may be others who will accuse me of putting a temptation to 'cram,' in the way of the weaker brethren. Where the extent to be covered, however, is so wide, cram must be too much diluted to be very deleterious; and I think I might rather take to myself the credit of assisting the honest reader to steer his own course by the landmarks of former examinations. Perhaps too, my list may be of use in testing the pretensions of some of those youthful prodigies of whom fame reports that they had read all Classics before their first term, and the *Calendar* relates that they obtained a third class in their last. But, in fact, my object has been chiefly to gratify a curiosity, which it is possible that even Mathematicians may share, as to the actual compass of Classical literature embraced in our most important examination, and I should be glad if any one were inclined to undertake the same task, either for the Oxford examination or for other Classical examinations amongst ourselves.

"Y. Z."

To the Editor of the *Eagle*.

BEFORE this Number is in the hands of our readers, most of them will be aware that the post of permanent Editor, held by Mr. J. B. Mayor since the commencement of this Magazine, has been resigned by that gentleman.

The Editors, although aware of the difficulty, as well as the delicacy of such an undertaking, feel that this Number ought not to go forth without bearing with it some tribute from them, and in the name of the Subscribers, whom they represent, to one who has so long watched over the prosperity of *The Eagle*. It is always hazardous to bring a periodical before the public, even when that public is so large as to ensure a certain number of admirers, and to secure, at any rate, the silence of those to whom the Magazine may be distasteful. How much this difficulty is increased, when a serial, such as this, is offered to a limited public, who, from many circumstances, must be either its friends or its foes, we may see from many an abortive attempt to establish the like. To what then is the success of *The Eagle* due? In some measure, we may venture to hope, to its intrinsic merits; in a great measure, we may boldly assert, to the character, talents, and position of its principal Editor. The zeal and ability which Mr. Mayor brought to his duties, as well as the unvarying courtesy and kindness which his subordinates in office have met with from him, will, we are sure, be long remembered by all those, whose good fortune it has been to serve under him on the Editorial Staff. The Editors are conscious of the disadvantage under which they lie in succeeding him, but will use their utmost endeavours to maintain that character, which *The Eagle* has won for itself under Mr. Mayor's presidency.



FELLOW-FEELING.

WE are now at the close of perhaps the severest season this country has experienced during the nineteenth century. Many an anecdote respecting the intense cold of the winter 1860-61 will be told round the blazing yule-log on future Christmas Eves. It has been accompanied with unusual suffering among the poorer classes—such inclement weather following upon a bad harvest has brought famine and starvation for the first time to many a threshold. Political events too have not been without their influence in producing this state of things. The Commercial Treaty concluded with France has brought ruin upon more than one branch of our home trade. Thousands of honest work-people have, for the moment, been thrown out of employment, and the distress of the Coventry weavers will henceforth take its place in history. The bright feature amid all this gloominess is, that the widespread evil has awakened an amount of public sympathy never perhaps equalled in any previous age. English hearts and hands are as open as ever to relieve the sufferings of their fellows, and it has only been necessary to mention cases of distress to call forth adequate assistance. The feeling has been universal—"Is he not a man and a brother?" It is this fellow-feeling that I propose to investigate, not indeed tracing its origin and growth in the soul of man—a task that may more strictly fall within the province of the Moralist—but endeavouring to offer some few remarks that may be practically useful to us in our intercourse with one another.

What do I mean then by *fellow-feeling*? Is it not synonymous with *sympathy*? Not exactly. Sympathy is included in the idea, but will be found to fall very far short of it. Like its Latin equivalent, it has been confined to a fellow-feeling with actual human suffering, and has

reference merely to grief, whether silent or expressed. We sympathize with the wretched when we can enter into their sorrows and make them our own. We extend our compassion, when we feel the workings of our human nature, and yearn to relieve their distress. But we can hardly be said to sympathize in our friend's joy, and he certainly is not a proper object of our compassion. There is in fact no single word to express a sympathy in joy—and I suppose it is because this emotion is more rarely excited, that the idea of sympathy has been confined to a fellow-feeling with suffering. We are glad to hear of Smith getting the Craven, but are apt to imagine that Smith's cup of exultation is not large enough for two, and we had better let him drain it himself. We *do* go up to his rooms to congratulate him, and then we think we have done enough. But congratulation is a bare form of words, and expresses no real feeling on our part. It may as often be accompanied by envy or regret, as proceed from a true fellow-feeling. Who is that shaking hands with the Senior Wrangler? "Oh! that's Jones—he was second." Poor fellow! one fancies there is just a quiver on his lip, as he comes up to his friend in the Senate-House, and yet he has himself tried hard to believe his own congratulations sincere. But though, in nine cases out of ten, another's joy awakens no sympathetic response in our heart, there surely are seasons when a friend's happiness does strike deep root into our own soul. I do not for a moment deny the existence of a sympathy in joy—it is perhaps a surer test of true friendship than sympathy in distress.

Is there then a distinction between *friendship* and *fellow-feeling*? Decidedly. Friendship is limited, a fellow-feeling is universal; the circle of friendship is circumscribed, a fellow-feeling can feel with all the world. A man can never possess more than two or three friends, in the truest holiest sense of the word—he may have hundreds of acquaintances with whose troubles he is ever ready to sympathize, and at the same time he may feel with all his fellows. Perhaps he too has passed through suffering and temptation, but his heart has not been thereby rendered callous—he has a wider sympathy for those who suffer and are tempted—his large soul yearns towards erring sinful man.

Such must have been the spirit of those who founded the glorious institutions on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. A nobler idea was perhaps never conceived than that of establishing these holy brotherhoods, to work to-

gether with one heart and soul for the good of their fellows. Here was fellow-feeling characteristically displayed, uniting at once internal friendship among the members of the University themselves, and large-hearted sympathy with those without. Fellow-feeling to some extent is a necessary part of our existence here. What a soul the man must have who is utterly destitute of all pride in his College! the happy scenes which surround him cannot fail to make a deep impression on his mind—and it is with a fond regret that he leaves his beloved University to go forth into the world—he carries with him a memory teeming with bright associations, and whether it be our Emigrant in New Zealand, or our Civilian in Bengal, he is always looking forward to hear how the Old College is getting on—aye!—and where the boats are on the river. What gratitude must we feel then towards those noble benefactors, who have bequeathed to us these ancient courts and their broad acres, and who planted these gardens, where, apart from the world, we may—if we will—train ourselves for after-conflict with the world!

But how are we echoing the sentiments which they entertained? Are we striving to keep up the fellow-feeling they intended us to exhibit towards one another and towards the rest of the world? Alas! the civilization of society—as it has progressed from one century to another—has left evident traces of its artificial footsteps on these glorious institutions—and the absurdities of University etiquette at present only tend to deaden our sympathy and estrange our hearts from one another. Can we not for instance see great danger arising from the mighty gulf that is fixed between the Fellow and the Undergraduate? That there should be such a gulf is well; that it cannot be too wide, I emphatically deny. If it is—even if no positive harm ensue, what advantages to both are lost! The inexperienced youth is allowed to pass the most critical years of his existence, without a word of advice from one who is well calculated to afford it, as having sailed in the same track before, and discovered where the shoals and quicksands lie, and perhaps many a one makes shipwreck when a seasonable word from a skilful pilot might have warned him of the sunken rock. What errors in speculation, what errors in practice, he might thus have escaped while his mind was drinking in strength and vigour from intercourse with a maturer and more experienced mind! And would the other be a loser, if the gulf were bridged over? I think

not. Besides a youthful freshness, which many would be sure to catch, how his heart would be enlarged and his sympathies extended as he watched with keen interest the progress of some young friend through the snares and temptations of a University life. There are among us men of this sort—men ready to feel and sympathize with all, and silently, it may be, watching the course of many.

Such an one was he who has lately been taken from the midst of us, and whose loss is deplored by every Undergraduate in the College. A man of large sympathy—with a kind word and a fellow-feeling for everyone—our Captain and the hearty sharer of all our pursuits—in the sunshine of whose genial presence we forgot the difference of Academical rank. What a treasure he was to the College, we knew not till we missed him, and there is not a Johnian but will carry the memory of that warm-hearted man down to his own grave.

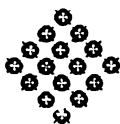
The great difference between a large and a small College, and one of the many advantages of the former over the latter, consists in the choice of associates. In a large College like this, where it is impossible for any man to have even a bare acquaintance with all his fellow-students, he naturally falls into a particular set. In a small College this choice does not exist—he must go along with the stream. But absolutely necessary as it seems that there should be numerous sets among us, it is to be deplored that they tend to weaken and destroy all fellow-feeling.

Look at that man rushing along the cloisters with shoe-strings flying loose and a coat somewhat the worse for wear. On he hastens, a victim to Mathesis; apparently caring for nothing else, if only he may obtain the object of his ambition and win his Fellowship. Yet I would affirm that under that rusty garb there beats a heart as true to his College, and as fully bent on working for good, as beneath that elaborate Noah's ark! what an exquisite! in the very pink of fashion! watch those lavender kids dandling the tag end of a cigar! Who would imagine *he* cared for his College, so tightly buttoned up as he is in himself? But come to me at two o'clock, and I will shew him to you on the river—he will have doffed that gorgeous apparel, and you will see him display an English pluck and hardihood you may think incredible under that effeminate exterior. His pulse will beat as quickly and his arms work as vigorous, as his seven comrades of the oar, while they pull the old boat over the course in just 8' 15". "Well! you've taken

pretty extremes—but I know which I should go to, if I were in a pickle.” So do I—but they’re both good fellows at the bottom, and both working for their College, though so differently!

It may seem hard then, with so many sets and cliques, to keep alive a mutual goodwill and fellow-feeling—but surely not impossible—if we would only bear in mind that pride in our College which is equally at work, though perhaps not in an equal degree, in the hearts of all. Why cannot we forget individual peculiarities and sectarian differences? If there must be two boat-clubs, let us remember that the same ribbon is the badge of both, and for heaven’s sake! don’t let us carry our party-spirit into everything else. We must take men as we find them, without criticising them too severely. Let us pull a steady stroke, all together. Why should not the old College be again as it has been of yore, first on the Piece, first on the River, yea! and first in the Tripos, be it January or March?

“H. B.”





FIRESIDE MEMORIES.

I.

Winds raged without, and autumn rains beat loud,
Dim eve was weeping sore
From eyelids of the dun-wing'd misty cloud
Low-hanging on the moor.

II.

But I beside an ingle glowing warm
In dreamy mood reclined,
All heedless of the peltings of the storm
And wailing of the wind.

III.

For beauteous pictures one the other chased
Across my musing brain;
Pictures that from the seasons of the past
Came floating back again.

IV.

I saw fair morning landscapes wet with dew,
And early rays did shine,
While fleecy cloudlets mottled o'er the blue,
On green meads speckt with kine.

V.

And high o'erhead beneath the breaking morn,
With quivering sun-fluht wings,
Larks mounted singing from the upland corn
Tuned sweet as angel strings.

VI.

For not alone in sight was pleasure found
From those strange pictures there,
But as I look'd on each, its own fit sound
Seem'd round me everywhere.

VII.

I saw upon a widespread rural plain
Trees wind-rockt, slanting showers,
While dimly in the distance thro' the rain
Loom'd three fair minster towers.

VIII.

Then saw I in a park, green-swarded, old,
Deer frisking down a glade
Where ancient oaks in pillar'd aisles stood bold,
O'erarcht with green-leaved shade.

IX.

Anon o'er some vast city heavenward tower'd
Great spires, and chimneys tall,
While round them wrapt the murky smoke-cloud lower'd
Like a dark funeral pall.

X.

And then I seem'd, some dewy sabbath morn,
To gaze o'er fields and dells
Mellow'd with thin blue mist, thro' which was borne
The holy chime of bells.

XI.

Or in broad meadows flusht with summer dyes
I heard the low sweet sound
Of flower-fringed brooks that mirror'd the blue skies,
And bees that murmur'd round.

XII.

Then heavy drifting clouds were rushing fast
Across a pale-faced moon,
Whilst woods were rocking in the eager blast
At night's deep shadowy noon.

XIII.

And winter scenes I saw where deep snows lie
O'er all the fields, when clear
The hills stand out against the frosty sky;
Or when the lonesome mere

XIV.

Looks very darkly from amidst its reeds,
And sword-flags stark and keen,
And moonlit waters seem to tell of deeds
They shudder to have seen.

XV.

Old Ocean, when in some calm bay his face
With sunny laughter glows,
As, lull'd within the green earth's fond embrace,
He sinks in soft repose.

XVI.

Or, when grim storms his angry waters lash,
And crested billows hoar
From headland unto headland roll, and crash
In thunder to the shore.

XVII.

Fair ruin'd abbeys girt with summer wood;
Castles, whose crag-built walls
With many an ancient horror thrill the blood;
And old manorial halls.

XVIII.

And last a tower'd cathedral's solemn gloom,
Where gorgeous sainted panes
Fling their rich lights on carven shrine and tomb,
And holy calmness reigns,

XIX.

Save when the mighty organ peals on high,
And waves of music roll
Far down the vaulted aisles, and soar, and die,
And overflow the soul.

XX.

So things of beauty, seen, abide for aye
Treasured in heart and brain:
Forgotten 'mid the toils of every day
They spring to life again

XXI.

When we sit weary by our fireside gleam;
And, pleased, we look them o'er,
Till on our senses and our waking dream
Sleep gently shuts the door.

“H. Y.”



SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF PERCIVAL OAKLEY.

SCRAP SENTIMENTAL.

(Concluded from Vol. II. p. 196.)

LONG and animated was the conference we held with that wily Caucasian, that precious Aaron Brown; but all, alas! to no avail. Vain alike were my own persuasive arguments, or Saville's vehement imprecations: the minion of injustice persisted in his brutal design. "Yer see," he said, "good Mishter Saville, so long as I knowed yer vos keepin' to the quiet, and never thinkin' on a bolt, vy, I vosn't in no hurry to nab yer, none votsumever. But when I heerd of this gammocking across the vater to France, as it may be, thinks I, 'Blow me tight, it's now or never,' so down I comes at vunst, and here yer be cotched alive O!" Such was the creature's diabolical ingenuity, that he had extracted the whole programme of poor Ernest's plans from old Mc Bean himself, having got hold of that nautical worthy the night before, in a highly confidential state of rum-and-water. A keen encounter of wit it might indeed have been, writ-serving Jew *versus* smuggling Scotchman; but continued glasses of 'hot with—' had ruined even Caledonian discretion. The best of it is, that Mc Bean, to this day, persists he never let out a syllable, and has not the faintest recollection of events between his parting with Saville at the Crown and Anchor, and his waking next morning on the deck of his 'own fast gliding craft.'

Well, it was necessary to settle something; and as Aaron positively declined to lose sight of his captive, he was politely invited to spend the remainder of the day at No. 6; Ernest was to go with him to town next morning, hospitable accommodation being proffered in that well-known spunging-house, *not* a hundred miles from Cursitor Street, where the name 'Brown'

is neatly engraved on a dirty door-plate of brass. Meanwhile, I was to be off to the pic-nic, and to look sharp about it too: I was to explain the state of affairs to Eugenie, a delicate task which would tax all my diplomatic powers: I was then to report progress at our lodgings, and receive further instructions to suit the emergency, whatever might transpire. In fact this was Ernest's sole object in remaining that night at Weremouth: what use he hoped it would be, goodness only knows; but there *is* a proverb about straws and drowning men, and there *is* also a passage of Shakespeare which declares the difficulty of being "in a moment wise, amazed, temperate, and furious." Some such philosophical maxims *may* possibly explain his conduct. For myself I was truly sorry for the poor old boy, and only too glad to undertake anything for him: indeed I *may* say I suffered a *little* on his account, not that morning only, but for a longish while after: and so the reader will himself confess, if my natural spirit of digression ever allows me to finish this narrative.

We had seen from our rooms a carriage full of the expected party driving away to Senanus: since then our two horses had, for good part of an hour, been led up and down in front of the house, by that faithful groom whose patience we always tried so sorely. Once I thought that Ernest might have slipped through the window, jumped into the saddle, and left his persecutor's presence at a hand gallop; but on inspecting things outside, I became aware of a second Hebrew who never removed far from the animals' heads, pretending amicable converse with 'Ostler Jem': so that idea was crushed in the bud. It was time for me to be off anyways, the others having got such a long start of me: as for breakfast, I abandoned the hope: lighted a weed, to take the edge off my appetite; shook hands with Ernest—by Jove! I little thought how long it would be before he and I shook hands again;—one parting bit of chaff I fired at Aaron, next minute I was in the saddle. It was half-past twelve when I started, and good six miles to Senanus; but, thanks to whip and spur, before one o'clock I reined in my panting steed on the sandy beach, amid numerous greetings of applause and enquiry. All the people I expected were there, and one or two more I had never before set eyes on. "The top of the morning to you, Oakley," quoth the Oxonian parson; "fine thing, an't it, this early rising?" "What ~~have~~ you done with Mr. Saville?" asked Miss V. "Left him snoring most likely," said Mrs. T.

Eugenie said nothing, but looked a good deal. As for myself, my natural modesty kept me at great disadvantage; however, I excused my tardy appearance on plea of 'important business,' Ernest's defaulting ditto, ditto, and the question of early rising I gracefully and playfully adjourned till further notice. A rustic having appeared to take charge of my steed, we all walked down to a little natural pier of rock off which one of the cutters was lying. And where was the other?—Ah, me! in my first confusion I had hardly realized what was in store for me—there, not twenty yards from the shore, was the clever little 'Sylph', creeping along with her jib set, and the rest of her canvass half-furled—there in the stern sheets, snugly ensconced with shawls and cushions, reclined my own, my precious Seraphina—and who was that monster, trimming the sail? who was that fiend in stalwart human form? John Tugg to be sure; any one can guess that much—*Le temps est cher En amour comme en guerre*, and he had made most of his half-hour's start. I'll do the beast the justice to say that he hailed me at once, and offered to resign command; but of course he never meant it, not he. "Oh! pray don't disturb yourselves," I responded, in the bitterness of my soul, "you look so comfortable and settled. Miss St. Croix will give me the honour of her patronage, and we'll sail the 'Crest of the Wave' against you for any stakes you like to name. Do come," I whispered to Eugenie, "I have so much to tell you." Miss Veribluë tried to object, of course, but before she could get out six words we were in the boat, and old Bompas was casting her loose. "Pleasant breeze this here, Mr. Oakley," said that ancient mariner, "but don't you run out too far to sea, keep her well under the cliffs, Sir, for I'm afraid it's freshening to blow, and you'll have a job beating back against it." "All right, John," quoth I, "and thank ye for the wrinkle." "Now then, Oakley," said the parson, "I'll see you start fair; set nothing but your jib till you're level with the 'Sylph,' and then both of you crack on as fast as you please."

If I were only a nautical man, you should have the most glowing description of our aquatic contest: but it's one thing being able to sail a small cutter in moderate weather, and another to describe the same operation in proper maritime terms. I know if I attempted it, half my readers would fail to understand, and the other half would convict me of a myriad blunders, so consideration and prudence combine to forbid my making the trial.

This much I venture to say: the breeze was off shore, and we were to sail along shore; in our course to the fairway buoy, the wind was rather more in our favour than it promised to be for the homeward run; but either way we had to make a succession of tacks, and I knew perfectly well that the science of my detested rival, under these circumstances, would give him a complete pull over a landsman like myself. However, off we went, and in the excitement of setting sail and getting under weigh, of course Eugenie and I had no time for conversation: presently, however, we settled down to our work; the 'Crest' bowling along with all her canvass, and the 'Sylph' not yet having her mizen set, we drew a little ahead, and I felt I must no longer defer my disclosures. A very few words sufficed to explain: and how ill the poor girl could bear it, I need not describe: her face told its own tale, and so did the tone of her voice in the broken exclamations, which were all she uttered. At last, when I came to Ernest's message that, "come what might, he could never forget; that, parted or united, he was her's and her's only; that his own troubles were as nothing to him, compared with the thought of what she must suffer," and much more in the same sad strain, her spirit failed at last, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and I could only tell by the convulsive sobs which shook her bosom, to what agony of tears she was giving way. Deeply pained as I was to see her, I was utterly powerless to console; and silence was the only comfort I could bestow. What a mockery it all seemed; the bright sunshine and the dancing waves; the day we had all so eagerly looked forward to; the sailing match we had plotted and discussed again and again in happier hours; here it was—but oh! how different now; how changed to that fond foolish heart, which was reaping the fruits of ill-fated passion in blighted hopes and sickening despair.

I'm a bad hand at doing the pathetic, and have cut this part of my story as short as may be: still I wished the thorough discomfort of my situation to be pretty completely realized by the reader. Remembering they had telescopes on the beach, and fearing Eugenie's distress might be noticed, I disregarded Bompas' caution, and stood further out to sea; the 'Sylph' had been gaining on us gradually before, and at this point overhauled us with ease. Caring very little now, I steered wide off the course and kept on across till we were near again to the projecting headland, which gives its name to Senanus Bay. The outline of the coast

is here so abrupt, and the water so deep right under the cliffs, that a vessel rounding the point close, would be out of our sight till she entered the basin. The spot was so lonely and so little frequented, that its chief use was for smuggling purposes, and I had heard fellows boasting at Weremouth that, "give 'em the right sort of night, and they could land a cargo at Senanus, in the teeth of the sharpest coast-guard that ever used spy-glass or drew cutlass."

I mention this to explain, as far as possible, how that happened which did happen. For truly I am now on the brink of my catastrophe, and even at this distance of time I feel a cold shudder at having to recount it. If I lived to the age of a hundred, I could never forget that hour. Intending to 'go about,' as the breeze was growing much fresher, I put the helm down with one hand, holding the main sheet in the other; the mizen and jib I had furled shortly before; dead under the rocks, as we were, the wind failed us, and so accordingly did my little manœuvre; I let her forge slowly ahead, past the point, expecting a puff to set all to rights from the open sea. At that instant, while she hung in the trough of a wave, a loud shout of 'Boat ahoy!' rang in my ears; and, looking round in amazement, there, by Jove! running into us, amidships, was the 'Lively Nancy', under all her canvass, old Mc Bean's face grinning above the bowsprit, and another grimy old salt roaring out orders to me, which I couldn't understand a word of, and couldn't have executed if I had. It was over in much less time than it takes me to write it, or you to read. By instinct, rather than presence of mind, I got the boat about, and the schooner, instead of taking us amidships, struck our stern, and stove it in. There was a scream or two from Eugenie, and an oath or two from Mc Bean: I was too astonished myself either to yell or swear. We filled rapidly, and were settling down, when one of the schooner's crew hooked a grappling-iron into the ill-fated 'Crest', and drew her along side, smartly as an angler might land his half-pound trout; we had just time to get hauled on board, and then the poor little cutter gave its final lurch, and subsided for good and all.

Bruised, dripping, and breathless, I confronted the skipper: he was one continuous grin from ear to ear; (the favourite expression of every plebeian Scot) "neatly done, worn't it now, Muster Saville?" said the monster, "looked so nateral like, you'd ha' said it wor a ax'dent, wouldn't yer, now?"

"What the (strong expression)—d'you mean," I replied,

longing to throttle him, "what d'you mean, you infernal old scoundrel?"

"Muster Sav— whew!" here he gave a prolonged whistle, and grinned yet worse than before, "by Jakers! it's the wrong un."

More perplexed and wroth than ever, I was about to punch his old head, and probably, get a thrashing for my pains, when he cried out, "Lord a marcy, look ye there!" and turning, I saw poor Eugenie had fainted.

Well: my only wonder was, she hadn't come to that sooner. Old Mc Bean, who wasn't such a bad-hearted fellow after all, rushed down the ladder and got his cabin door opened. I carried the poor girl into the cabin, (heavens! how it did smell of spirits and tobacco!) and, not being altogether unused to the duty, contrived, by the ordinary remedies to bring her to herself again; the skipper and I made up a sort of extempore couch for her better comfort, and, thanks to her natural spirit, I was glad to see her soon grow more composed, though sadly nervous still, and shaken, as the strongest of her sex, in the same plight, could hardly have failed to be. Mc Bean then volunteered his explanations, which didn't mend matters, however, at all: it seems his conscience (?) had warned him that, by helping the elopement he might get into a precious ugly scrape; so he hit on the happy idea of running the boat down and smashing it, in order that this accident (?) might justify him in the eyes of the law for taking the parties on board. As it happened, I had steered the cutter exactly as Ernest intended to have done, and the Scotchman knowing her by sight, (not to mention Saville's flag which was flying at our mast-head) made no doubt that the right people were in her, and carried out his own amendment accordingly.

When could he put us ashore, was my next question, for I waived indignation for the present, and thought it best to be polite. Oh! we should be at St. Ambrose before that evening. That didn't suit at all; wouldn't he stand in for twenty minutes, in which case our friends in the other cutter could come alongside and take us off? No, he was blown if he would, or could, and he asked me to look out of the port-hole, which formed the window of his cabin. I looked and saw nothing but a sail in the distance. Did I know what vessel it was? No? Well, it was the 'Revenue' sloop, and catch him, the captain of that 'ere schooner, risking his cargo for any living soul: if he stood in, the sloop would have him sure as fate; he'd

had the narrowest shave of it the week before; and he wouldn't risk it again, not for a thousand pounds: no: we came on board of our own doing, no fault of his, and there we must stay till he sighted France: there may be a fishing boat would take us ashore, for he durstn't run into the harbour himself, and must lie off till night-fall. At this point of the proceedings there was a call of 'skipper' from the deck, and up the ladder he vanished double-quick.

Strange to say, Eugenie seemed rather relieved at the turn affairs had taken; her friends at St. Ambroise would receive her, she knew, her Aunt being Superior of the convent in that town: and as the said lady was cuts with old St. Croix, she would certainly aid and abet her niece in hiding, and possibly save her from the forced marriage with her *parrain*. At any rate it was a temporary respite, and any change seemed to the poor girl a change for the better. My own thoughts, however, were not so cheerful: what *would* people say of me? what *would* Seraphina think? How *could* I ever explain to the Colonel, or to Miss Veriblow? and what *was* I to do when landed in France, seeing at that moment I had exactly two half-crowns and a fourpenny-bit in my pocket? Well: time would shew, I supposed; and seeing some ship's biscuit and cold junk on the premises, I just remembered I'd had no breakfast, so fell to work with a will, and finished with a glass of contraband brandy. Eugenie, a faint smile dawning on her wan face, declined to share my repast: happily she had escaped the wetting I came in for, so I had not to insist on her restoring nature by the spirit medium of eau de vie.

Food and drink affect the temper favourably, and really, if I hadn't felt so very damp, I should almost have begun to enjoy the situation. We discussed our affairs and prospects over and over again, till finally we got quite accustomed to them all, and prepared for anything and everything. It seemed the vessel was pitching and tossing above one or two, and I proposed to my fair companion to ascend on deck and take an observation; she declined, but begged me to go and see; promising to return immediately and report, on deck I went.

By Jove! what a change there had been in the last hour: the sky clouded over, and growing darker every minute, the wind shifted round nearly eight points, and blowing stiff enough for a landsman to call it a gale; the schooner with nothing set but her fore-stay-sail and reefed mainsail topping the seas as they rose, and taking them just where

they melted into one another, but still, buoyant as she was, giving a dip and a roll from time to time, which shewed she needed her skipper at the wheel, and took all his skill to handle her. Soon as he saw me he roared out a request that I'd "go for'ard and help Bill to clap a guy on that 'ere boom," language which was Hebrew and Sanscrit to me, but go I did, and, under Bill's superintendence, improved my nautical knowledge. Besides these twain there was only a boy on board, and he was swinging somewhere about the rigging in fearfully perilous positions, which I could admire, but not imitate. Bill and I were a long time about our job, and by then the skipper had roared out some fresh orders, seeming to take me for a foremastman, and designing I should work my passage across. Truth to tell, I wasn't sorry for something to stop one thinking, and I laid to work with an uneducated zeal, which provoked mingled admiration and curses from my tarry instructor. Sharper and sharper the wind came singing through the ropes; worse and worse got the pitching, and the way I tumbled about was a 'caution to snakes'; we never had a minute's rest till she was 'stripped', as Bill informed me, 'to the storm stay-sails,' adding, by way of consolation, "if this keeps on we shan't see France to-morrow."

We did though, all the same, and were lying off St. Ambrose in the grey dawn of a drizzling misty day. Fifteen hours I had spent in utter discomfort, on deck all the while, except for a few minutes, from time to time, when I reported progress at the cabin door: rain pouring down in buckets, night dark as pitch, all hands hard at work, as our several abilities prompted; my own chief occupation was to look out ahead, and roar 'breakers' if I should happen to see them, which, happily, I didn't. Towards morning the gale came to a lull, and by four o'clock the sea was so far gone down that we could begin to think of landing. A French fishing smack, after exchange of private signals, ran alongside and took us on board. I offered old Mc Bean what coin I had about me, but he declined, with hideous imprecations, to touch it, saying, "I'd paid my footing, and plenty too." We had got quite thick in the course of our night's adventures, and shaking hands all round, parted with vows of eternal friendship.

No further disaster happened; the French fishermen landed us at the pier, and were uncommonly civil all the while. Eugenie, looking dreadfully pale and weary, leant on my arm, and directed the way to the convent: she knew

the town well enough, and we were soon there. I wondered inwardly what poor Ernest would have given to be in my place, and what she would have given that it had been his arm to support her instead of mine. The *conciierge* stared a little on opening the grated door, but was evidently not astonished at trifles, and accustomed to vigil at any hour of the morning. I pressed the little hand of my *compagnon de voyage*, saw the gate closed, and making my way alone to the Singe D'Or, a tidy hotel I had noticed on the quay, was soon stripped of my wet habiliments, and doubled up in a peculiarly small comfortless bed. It was long past noon when I woke again.

From necessary causes I staid at the little French port for best part of a week: I had written home the first day, told them all about it without reserve, and waited for further advice. In that out-of-the-way place they were used to strange visitors, and neither bothered me for passport, nor asked me what I wanted. The weather was very fine, and there was good fishing in the bay; with the help of that, and some native tobacco, and such company as could be picked up on the pier and in the public, time passed pretty pleasantly. The second day I got a very polite note from the Lady Superior of the convent, thanking me for my attentions to her niece: Eugenie added a few pretty words of farewell at the bottom of the page. They didn't ask me to see them, nor did I care to go. On the sixth day came a peculiarly jolly letter from home, and everything that was satisfactory in the way of remittances. Next morning I left St. Ambroise for Rhine-land.

Not caring to set foot in England, at least before the Long was over, I took a good spell of travel. At Coblenz, whom should I meet but Fluker and the rest of the four? They had smashed their little craft descending some unpronounceable rapid of the Mayn, and looked uncommonly queer in their boating costume, which was *rather* the worse for wear. Their funds running short, they seemed to be travelling mostly on foot, and lodging in the vilest of slums: however, they all looked peculiarly well and happy, and declared they had done an amazing lot of reading; which, under the circumstances, was highly probable.

I needn't sketch the plan of my pilgrimage, which was not a long one, Venice being the goal. Early in October I was back in Paris, and, in the Rue Rivoli, came across my friend Whitechapel, who had started for Russia, but never got farther than the Quartier Latin; his sojourn had

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added a moustache to his lip, and extra alanginess to his general demeanour; however, his stock of anecdotes was remarkable, and all of them, doubtless, (?) founded on real experience of student life. He shewed me a file of English papers: I had been sadly out of news for the last month: and what I read now astonished me not a little. Rumours had reached me that a great speculation bank, the Grand Central they called it, had broken in August; but I didn't know then that all Ernest's little fortune was invested in the concern; I didn't know it till I read a detailed account of Mr. Saville's proceedings in the Insolvent Court, and of the very inadequate settlement his creditors were likely to obtain. However, thought I, it won't distress him much, for he always looked forward to a chamber in the Fleet, sooner or later; and by that night's post I wrote him such a letter as I could manage of comfort and condolence. Two pieces of news served to cover a second sheet of my epistle, and though I can write them down calmly at this distance of time, I confess, when I read them first, the sensation was like a chilly hand laying its fingers on my heart:

MARRIAGE.

Sept. 3rd. At St. Mary's, Weremouth, by the Rev. M. A. Smith, John, eldest son of Timotheus Tugg, Esq., Cranbourn Lodge, Manchester, to Seraphina Maria, only daughter of the late Francis Hawthorn, Esq., M.D.

DEATH.

Sept. 10th. At Weremouth, suddenly, of heart disease, Colonel Henri St. Croix.

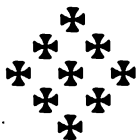
Not very long since, a medical friend was shewing me the Hospital of St. Lazare, at Paris; there were two or three *sœurs de charité* in the wards as we were passing through, so neat of dress, so soft of foot, and so gentle of hand, as they went about performing their works of mercy, that Scott's immemorial line

The ministering Angel thou,

seemed to have found its perfect realization there. One of the sisters, as she passed me, gave a start and a faint cry, then, concealing her face in her veil, hurried out of the ward. Time and sorrow, and, for aught I know, severest

convent discipline as well, had done their fatal work of change, but the memory of a figure, fuller it might be, and rounder once, but endowed with that perfect grace and elasticity of motion, flashed at once across my mind: that thick veil might disguise the small head and the slender throat, but I knew I had seen once more Eugenie St. Croix. I asked my friend about her, but he knew next to nothing: Sœur Marie, he said, was the name she went by there; she lived in one of the city convents, he did not remember which. I had no right to prosecute my search, but I told Ernest (whitewashed at last, and working hard in Somerset House) the tale of what I had seen. Saville has kept his word, "come what might, he has not forgotten," and I know the first three weeks of vacation he succeeds in obtaining from H. M. Civil Service, will be spent by him on the other side the channel. Perhaps the slight clue I have given may enable him to find his hidden treasure. Will my readers wish him, heartily as I do, 'Bon Voyage'?

"P. O."





ZEPHYRUS.

THERE is a dell in Paphos seen of none
Save Aphrodite and one only pair
Immortal, graced by the Idalian Queen
Beyond all others; for, when Zephyrus,
Languid with love and weary of his task,—
To flit unseen around Aurora's car
And fan the rosy-cinctured Hours, or wake
The leafy murmurs of Olympian groves,—
Besought her, she, by favour of great Zeus,
Touched by his prayer, granted his spirit form
Of Godlike beauty;—and anon she breathed
Her influence o'er the maiden of his love,
Waking the virgin movings of her heart
To answer a felt touch, albeit unseen.

Yet, for she loves her power, and loves to see
Her thralls endure their fetters, ere she brought
To that sweet dell, hid in the Paphian shades,
The pearl of all the isle, she fain would hear
Young Zephyr pour his plaint in earnest song;
For she had noted, when Apollo's lute
Lay idle, how with curious unseen hand
He ever strayed among the golden chords,
That throbbed with weird ærial melodies
At his light touch, and quivered into sound.

Therefore she sate beside him in the cave
Herself had chosen.—Thick around it grew
Her glossy myrtles, and the downcast flower
Whereon she gazing had of old bestowed,
In guerdon for its sweetness, the bright stain,
The azure stain of her own peerless eye,
Gleamed through the cool damp mosa about their feet.

And in the eager brightness of first youth
And early love he sate, and while its glow
Purpled his cheek, and with impatient heel
He crushed the asphodels, thus Zephyr sang:—

“O maiden, snow-white maiden, by what name
Soe’er ascribed to heavenly choirs the gods
Shall own thee loveliest, hear the air-god’s prayer;
Nor deem my love a love of yesterday,
For I have watched thee, maiden, all unseen,
Cowering amid the petals of a rose,
Or lurking in the fairy citadel
Of some bright crocus,—when the kindly spring
Wooded thee to Dian’s haunts, and all the sward
Crisp with innumerable spikes and bursting buds
Charmed thy attentive gaze.—O, then, ’twas I
That brake the pencilled cups and shed their dew
Gem-like on thy soft hand;—’twas I that played
Viewless among thy tresses, and unheard,
Or with such gentle whisper as awoke
Thy changing colour, for, methinks, my power,
Unknown, wrought in thee a vague joy e’en then
And sweet indefinite longings:—Hear, O, hear,
I am weary of the blustering winds,
Those my rude mountain-brothers, and no joy
Visits me now to tend the budding shoots,
Or move old Ocean to a dimpled smile,
Or waft sweet odours through the myrtle alleys.
And yet, so thou wert mine, my earliest care,
My latest still should be to tend thee well
As a sweet flower;—and flowers for thee should wear
A brighter purple, and sweet airs, my slaves,
Should ever breathe about thee, and my love
Should dower thee with immortal life, and give
Thy name to men no less to be adored
Than Psyche’s,—scarcely less than hers who gave
Me all I have, and fain would give me thee.”

So sang he, all enraptured, and the Queen,
Radiant with conscious power, granted his prayer,
For Dian now had risen o’er the grove,
Not with cold glance, but with the mellow smile
She loves to shed on Latmos, and still night
Heard gentle whispers, and the Star of Eve
Sparkled like fire above the Idalian hills.

“C. S.”

SHELLEY AND ÆSCHYLUS.

NONE of the legends of classic story have taken deeper root in the hearts of men, since the revival of letters, than the story of Prometheus. It has embodied itself in the phraseology of our poets; it has given a tone to the proverbial colloquialisms of daily conversation; it has engaged the attention of antiquarians and divines. The latter have discovered in it, (whether justly or not it is not my province now to enquire,*) traces of a primeval tradition of man's fall by the agency of a woman, and of a prophecy that the "seed of a woman should bruise the serpent's head."

It is not difficult to see why this should be. There is somewhat in the legend so stirring, somewhat that appeals so strongly to our sympathy with all that is brave and noble in humanity, and especially with that noblest form of human greatness, endurance under suffering,—suffering incurred for benefits conferred on our own race,—that no heart alive to such feelings could be otherwise than roused thereby.

* There are two points in connexion with this hypothesis which I have never seen particularly dwelt upon: viz., the supernatural conception of Epaphus, plainly indicated by Æschylus in two passages of the *Supplices* (vv. 45, 312) where he speaks of his being begotten, by the inspiration, or by the hand or touch of Zeus; and the additional link supplied by the passage in the *Prometheus*, referred to below, where Zeus is described as wishing to exterminate the whole race of men, as connected with a primitive tradition of the deluge, of which we have other traces. If I were looking in the legend in question for any such meaning, I should find in it rather a reference to One, himself divine, who—made perfect in sufferings—was to deliver man from the wrath of an Almighty and offended God.

That this is the chief ground of its wide acceptance, is, I think, further shown by a comparison of the original legend with that which is generally current. There are parts of that original legend in which the character of Prometheus does not appear to such advantage, and these have been quietly dropped, though in the latter version we meet with expressions, here and there, which have often been referred to the first tradition. My classical reader will perceive at once that I allude to the choice given to Zeus by Prometheus in the division of the victims in sacrifice. The story is told by Hesiod in his *Theogony* (vv. 535—557). Prometheus as the representative of men set before Zeus—on the one side the flesh and inwards of a fine ox covered with the ox's paunch,—and on the other the bones and refuse enveloped in the white fat,—and gave him his choice, which part the gods should have. Zeus perceived the intended treachery, and in his rage "with both hands chose the white fat, meditating evil to the whole human race, evil which should hereafter be accomplished." Unless it can be accounted for as above, it surely is remarkable, that so strong a feature of the legend should, in the popular version of it, be so generally ignored, and that when it is required to account for the first proceeding mentioned in the common legend, the withholding of fire by Zeus, which led to the daring exploit of Prometheus. It is singular too, as shewing the tendency to exalt the hero's claims to human gratitude, that to him is given the credit of introducing the pleasures of hope into the human breast, while according to another part of the legend, amidst the general dispersion over the world of suffering and disease, by Pandora's agency, Hope alone remained in the cask where she had been imprisoned with them.*

But my object now is not so much to discuss the legend itself, as to view it with reference to the two phases of it given by Æschylus and Shelley, which have generally been held to be distinct. Of the secondary reasons for the wide spread knowledge of the Promethean story, there can be no doubt that we shall find the chief in the noble work of the former poet, the *Prometheus Bound*. As regards plot, and the accessory elements of tragic interest,

* Can any one read me this riddle of Hope's remaining while the rest were scattered abroad? If Hope staid among men, surely disease was banished from them—if diseases were spread among them, surely Hope was kept from them under lock and key.

this play is far inferior to some of the other works which antiquity has handed down to us,—it involves an episode which is worked out to an extent certainly not warranted by its connexion with the main story,—but, after all, the grand poetry which it contains, and the surpassing interest of its central figure have always found a response in those who could say with the poet,

“Homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto.”

Most of my readers are aware that, besides the play in question, Æschylus produced another, entitled the Prometheus Unbound, which, with the exception of a few valuable fragments, is unfortunately lost to us. We know however how the story was worked out. In the extant play Prometheus is severely tortured to drive him to disclose a secret,—which is several times hinted at, but which he refuses to divulge till he is released from his bonds,—of a marriage by which Zeus would beget a son that should be stronger than himself. In the sequel, he revealed the secret, which was to the effect that the goddess Thetis, who was then looked to as the probable partner of Zeus’ throne, would bring forth a son who should be stronger than his father, and consequently Zeus espoused her to a mortal, Peleus, by whom she had Achilles. Prometheus was then released from his captivity.

There can be no doubt that after the loud boastings of his courage which we have in the Prometheus Bound, this is an unsatisfactory catastrophe, derogating greatly from the dignity of human nature as shadowed forth in the great representative of the race. Such was the feeling which induced the poet Shelley to carry on the work which Æschylus had begun, to what appeared to him its legitimate conclusion. The poem thus produced is one of exceeding beauty, though to be read with some degree of caution; for, knowing the scepticism of its author, we cannot but feel that in some of the strongest exclamations against the empire of Heaven, there is a sneer, if nothing worse than a sneer, at all religious belief. The plot is simply told:—Prometheus patiently endures his fate, and by his suffering becomes the redeemer of the race; Zeus is dethroned by his child Demogorgon, as he himself dethroned Kronos; they dwell together in darkness; no successor is appointed to the throne of Olympus; no more are men to be held in thrall by the capricious power of cruel gods, but are themselves henceforth to live as gods, the new era being

ushered in by the downfall of Zeus, and the consequent liberation of Prometheus. The accessories of the play form its greatest beauties, and serve well to set off the simpler grandeur of the main plot.

But my object in this paper is rather to show that in this treatment of the subject Shelley, though diverging considerably from the plot of the lost play of Æschylus, does in fact only work out what we have plain hints of in the Prometheus Bound. The points on which the latter turns are, as I conceive, the following: Prometheus is enchained for having stolen the fire of Zeus, and given it to mortals (7*); as their great benefactor he is looked upon as the champion and deliverer of their kind (235): but he has also been on the closest terms with the Heavenly Ruler himself—for it was by his counsels that the latter had consigned Kronos to the murky depths of Tartarus, and seized upon his throne (219 follg). The first cause of quarrel was that Zeus, anxious to secure an unmolested empire, held thoughts of destroying the race of men altogether, and creating a new one (232), and in his division of power, gauging everything by the rule of self-interest, "took no count of hapless mortals" (230). Prometheus alone of all his counsellors ventured to oppose his plans (234), and rescued men from utter destruction. From this his own account, and that of Hermes, who, later in the play, taunts him with bringing himself into this harbourage of woes by his own stubborn and rebellious course (964), it would seem that the theft of fire was but the open accusation, on which the punishment was based, the actual cause being the gratification of Zeus' revenge. He perseveres in his defence of men, and in his contempt for the ingratitude of Zeus, spite of all the tortures which his foe can heap upon him (1003), and the play ends with an appeal to Earth and Heaven to witness the injustice of the sufferings which he undergoes.

Now to turn to our other author. The key-note of Shelley's play is struck in the first scene, where Prometheus from his station in the bleak ravine of the Caucasian mountains, calls upon the "monarch of all Gods and Dæmons, and all Spirits but One," to

regard this Earth
Made multitudinous with thy slaves, whom thou
Requittest for knee-worship, prayer, and praise,

* The numerals refer to the lines in Dindorf's text.

And toil, and hecatombs of broken hearts,
 With fear and self-contempt and barren hope.
 Whilst me, who am thy foe, eyeless in hate,
 Hast thou made reign and triumph, to thy scorn,
 O'er mine own misery and thy vain revenge.
 Three thousand years of sleep—unsheltered hours,
 And moments aye divided by keen pangs
 Till they seemed years, torture and solitude,
 Scorn and despair,—these are mine empire.
 More glorious far than that which thou surveyest
 From thine unenvied throne, O mighty God!
 Almighty, had I deigned to share the shame
 Of thine ill tyranny.

(The allusion to the ingratitude of Zeus occurs again,

I gave all
 He has; and in return he chains me here
 Years, ages, night and day.)

The curse in Scene i. is expressed in language which, in an author writing in a Christian age, cannot be deemed less than blasphemous. Still it finds to a certain extent a parallel in the pages of Æschylus. Take for instance,

Believe me, Zeus, though stubborn-hearted, still
 Shall be brought low. (907)

And stumbling on such woes himself shall learn
 'Twixt slaves and sovereigns what a gulph is fixed. (926)

Pray on!—and court the sov'reign of the day!
 For naught care I for Zeus, or for his power
 Yea! less than naught. Let Him e'en as he will
 Lord it thro' this, his brief career of empire,
 For, be assured, not long shall he hold sway
 Amongst the Gods of Heaven. (937)

Prometheus is throughout the champion of mortals, and not only so, but, as it were, their representative. He is the one

At whose voice Earth's pining sons uplifted
 Their prostrate brows from the polluting dust,
 And our Almighty tyrant with fierce dread
 Grew pale, until His thunder chained thee here.

He is

The Champion of Heaven's slaves,
 The Saviour and the strength of suffering men.

(So Æschylus speaks of him as one
Who helping mortals for himself earned pains.)

He, who when bent by many sufferings and woes was to escape from his bonds (512), escapes them not by the grace and favour of Zeus, but by the final triumph of patient endurance, and by the cessation of Zeus' power. He bids the furies "pour out the cup of pain," and laughs to scorn "their power, and His who sent them." And at last his enemy is cast down from his lofty throne; the triple fates and ever-mindful Furies (516), whose power is to prove his master (930), overtake him with their vengeance: Prometheus having kept the secret, by keeping of which he was to escape from his torturing chains (525),* is triumphantly set at liberty, therein fulfilling the confident expectation of the Chorus that the time would come even yet, when released from his bonds he should become no less powerful than Zeus himself (500). As it was a son of Zeus, who bound him to the "Eagle-baffling mountain," so it is a son of Zeus who delivered him thence,—the former by his mother's side connected with the gods, the latter by ties of blood and feeling sympathizing with men,—while the former monarch of gods and men appeals to him as "monarch of the world."

I think I have said enough to shew that I have some ground for maintaining that Shelley in his treatment of the subject has not departed from the path which his pioneer had marked out. Passages there are, some of which I have quoted, which appear to me quite inconsistent with the catastrophe of the common legend, though it would be absurd in us to accuse Æschylus of such inconsistency, without knowing how the plot was, in the last play of the Promethean trilogy, worked round to the desired end. I wish my commendation of the whole work could be more unreserved. Its poetry, its imagery quite justify Sandy Mackaye's eulogy, "Ay, Shelley's gran"; there is about the play with its combination of classic and modern veins of poetry an inexpressible charm: but there is a dangerous spirit lurking in it which would sap at the root of all religious

* I am not certain about the meaning I have put upon this passage: if it be correct, I can only explain it as alluding to the destruction of the power of Zeus by means of the marriage with Thetis, the result of which Prometheus alone foreknew.

belief.* Now it takes the form of Pantheism—now it borders more upon absolute Atheism—but throughout evinces a stubborn opposition to the will of the Supreme Being, which justifies the comparison,—which the author to a certain extent challenges in his introduction,—with the Satan of the *Paradise Lost*. But to any one who can exercise due discrimination in rejecting the chaff, I can promise a great treat in the reading of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*.

* There is one passage in this play, which will, I think, throw some light upon the cause of Shelley's estrangement from all belief in the truth of Christianity. It is in the first act :

Remit the anguish of that lighted stare ;
 Close those wan lips ; let that thorn-wounded brow
 Stream not with blood ; it mingles with thy tears !
 Fix, fix those tortured orbs in peace and death,
 So thy sick throes shake not that crucifix.

* * * * * I see, I see

The wise, the mild, the lofty, and the just,
 Whom thy slaves hate for being like to thee,
 Some hunted by foul lies from their hearts' home
 . . . Some linked to corpses in unwholesome cells :
 Some . . . impaled in lingering fire.





ARIADNE.

1.

SHE sat upon a mass of cold-grey stone
Worn with the rough caresses of the wave,
She heard no more the billows' hissing groan
The vengeful murmur of the sea-god's slave.
Across the deep one bright-oar'd galley drave
One cloud all-glorious lay athwart the sun;
She heard the sea-mew fluttering to his cave,
She heard the shrill cry of his mate, alone
She sat unmated,—the forsaken one.

2.

Smooth spread the sea for many a weary mile
Blue-gleaming far as human eye might reach,
The little wavelets dimpled to a smile,
And brake in kisses on the sparkling beach.
Above the south-wind muttering did beseech
And threaten, in low tones o'er crag and scar,
Until it sank at length o'er-powered, and each
Rude ocean-sweeping blast retired from war,
And, sighing, died along the deep afar.

3.

Now Silence, loved of Sleep, mild-visaged king,
Following the footsteps of departing light,
Close wrapped in cloud swept down on noiseless wing,
And all the earth grew dim before his sight.
White vapours hid the ocean's slumbering night,
—The veil of Aphrodite soft and warm,
As beautiful as when sun-flushed and bright
Its folds first wreathed around her rising form—
Her silver shield—her close defence from harm.

4.

And she—the kingly born, the fair of face,
 Old Minos' daughter, Ariadne,—she
 Sat gazing forward o'er the trackless space,
 —The wind-swept bosom of the mighty sea—
 Silent she sat, her hand upon her knee,
 Across her face a deepening shade of pain,
 Her hair about her bosom floating free,
 Mourning for him who crossed the heaving main
 Departing—never to return again.

“M. B.”

STEETLEY RUINED CHURCH,
 DERBYSHIRE.

AN ivy-mantled ruin, yet still fair,
 With carved device and arch of Norman mould,
 That mark a structure consecrate of old
 To holy offices of praise and prayer:
 But who shall say when last was gather'd there
 By softly-tinkling bell the scatter'd fold,
 Or sacred anthem to the skies hath roll'd
 Save from the light-wing'd choristers of air?
 Roofless the aisle is left, the altar lone,
 Yet let none deem that from this still recess
 The God who once was worshipt there is gone.
 Still may the contrite heart its sin confess,
 Still thankful knees the green-turft chancel press,
 And He shall hearken on His holy throne.

“C.”



THE QUESTIONIST'S DREAM.

THERE goes six o'clock! no train now till twelve! so I'm booked, it seems, to spend a Christmas Eve in Cambridge. It was with anything but the complacent feelings which are generally supposed to follow in the train of self-sacrifice and the keeping of a good resolution that I made these ejaculations. The prospect was not pleasant. An empty wine-glass reminded me that a friend had just left me to go down by the six o'clock train. It was a miserable night, muggy, misty, unwholesome: it was a surplice night too, and I had just missed chapel. I was one of about seven remaining undergraduates. The others had all gone. How glad Smith was to 'bolt' as he called it! What joys had not Jones depicted in his pleasant home up in the North! How that wretch Robinson would persist in pitying me. Never mind, I shall live to be envied. No, I didn't much mind all that; but there were all Mr. Todhunter's treatises glaring at me and reminding me that I was a Questionist, and that a week hence I should be in the—well, it was not a pleasant thought, I did not care to continue it, but there was no doubt about it, I was a questionist, and I was miserable.

If the present was not agreeable, still less was the future. To-night, reading a-bed; to-morrow, breakfast, chapel, with holly and all its suggestions: after chapel, a blank till hall; then unpleasant reminders of the season in the shape of mince-pies (not home made), then a blank, then evening chapel, then a final blank, then bed-time. What a succession of blanks: what a violation of all the laws of Christmas time! I never thought to have been so like that fictitious relative of Viola's. Nor shall I be in one respect. She never told her calamity, whereas I do mine, partly; moreover, she had only one blank to complain of, while I had three, at least.

Well, but virtue, and self-sacrifice, and all that sort of thing: would, or could not they come to the rescue? not they: I only staid up because I was afraid I should be plucked. It would have been a much more meritorious action to have gone down, and I knew it, and felt humiliated accordingly. The idea of praising a man who wants to be Senior Wrangler, as Smith did, or wooden spoon, as I did, for sticking to his work! A Senior Op, now, deserves some credit. Why should he have worked for an ignoble mediocrity? He has no conceivable motive, nothing can account for such a phenomenon but an innate instinct of industry. Thus you see I could not console myself by putting my mind on its back, so to speak, for any extraordinary virtue. Then again, as regarded expediency, would it not have been better to have taken a rest? A week? At least a day? what a pleasant day it might have been! what a pleasant Christmas I had spent last year! What a roaring fire! And the old yule-log too, and the country-dance, and the blind-man's-buff, and the forfeits, and the misletoe, and that charming little—oh! good heavens: something must be done: here's Hymers' 'Three Dimensions.

"The osculating plane at any point of a curve is that which has closer contact with the curve than any other plane passing through the same point." "An osculating plane cuts the curve unless its contact be of an odd order." "The condition for a contact of the third order of an osculating plane is

$$\frac{d^2z}{dx^2} \frac{d^2y}{dx^2} = \frac{d^2y}{dx^2} \frac{d^2z}{dx^2}."$$

"When a curve in space is a plane curve, the plane in which it is situated is the osculating plane at every point."

Very good—I must master this before I read further. Rather odd though, that! an odd number of kisses better than an even! I began to picture to myself an osculating plane. I flatter myself I have a considerable power of concentration, and at last, forgetting the weather, the chapel, the mince-pies, the six o'clock train, and even the approaching New-year's day, I lost myself completely in my subject.

I seemed to see before me a fair and beautiful maiden, clothed in white, bearing in her right hand a sprig of misletoe. On her head she wore a circular coronet: her shoes were delicate white satin ellipses of considerable eccentricity. From her classical hat streamed back two winged

hyperbolas: from a white neck her neck-chain streamed down in a curve which, I need scarcely say, was a catenary: her blue sash, pinned by a brooch, in the form of a logarithmic spiral, fell into folds so lovely, that in them none could fail to discern the line of beauty: upon it was written, "Mathematics made easy." She stood before me with her arm flung gracefully round a man, in whom I thought I recognised —, well, modesty bids me to conceal what truth would fain have me proclaim.

I was gazing entranced on this beauteous apparition, when a chilly creeping shiver made me conscious of the proximity of a new neighbour. Inclined at an angle of about eighty degrees to the horizon, and leaning somewhat heavily on the arm of a gentleman, in whose features I thought I noted a strong resemblance to—, surely there can be no harm in mentioning the name of a gentleman who keeps in the New Court, up two pair of stairs, and is the author of very many compendious Mathematical treatises—but I won't though—for I hate personalities—leaning then on the arm of a gentleman, who shall be nameless, and who stood exalted on a vast volume, on the back of which I caught a glimpse of the word *Variations*, was an elderly female. Her arms were what is commonly called a-kimbo: but to my mind they resembled those jointed bars connected by an elastic string, spoken of in page 309, of the *Analytical Statics*, and were painfully suggestive in their motions, of virtual velocities. Depending from her two hands was a rigid rod: her shoes were black leather triangles, her long limp robe might be roughly described as a prism, her head-dress consisted of one of those black cylinders usually worn by the male sex: emblazoned on her breast was a diagram of the *Pons Asinorum*. Her eyes are best described by Mr. Harvey Goodwin as spherical, the front part being more convex than the rest: eyes, whose dull confusive glare seemed to betoken an absence of the "pigmentum nigrum," and from whose "retina" no gleam of compassion had ever been reflected. Before and around the female went a piteous cry, as of the hissing of innumerable geese, forcibly deprived of their plumage. Upon the cylinder supported by her head, was this label, "Mathematics made difficult."

Both figures stretched out their hands to me, as though each was appealing for my sympathy—against her rival—I shuddered as the rigid inelastic rod fell with a thud on the inelastic floor, and as I looked with admiration toward

the fairer form, the other faded from my gaze. Describing the most graceful of parabolas, the lady in white projected herself through the air toward me, and said, "Dear, dear Philocalus, you are now under my tuition: my fees are osculations: my realms the flowers: the clouds and the seas, my subjects: the mathematical elves and fairies, of whom, as yet, you poor Cambridge-men know nothing. You are now reading, I know, for the mathematical tripes, though that is not exactly the sort of examination I should, of choice, desire for my pupils; yet I will proceed at once to fit you for it, to the best of my power. Let our first lecture be on osculating planes."

I looked whither the maiden waved her hand, and saw a nymph, the fairest (but one) that it was ever my good fortune to set eyes upon. If she had a fault, it was, that she was so lithe and slender and fairy-like, that an over-critical eye might have almost called her linear; her ringlets streamed in a lovely curve through the air; she too, as well as my new teacher, bore a sprig of misletoe; but there was a strange wild magical look about her whole demeanour which I could not account for, till my instructress said, with a smile, "You see the witch of Agnesi." I looked again, and up from the horizon peered a strange thin looking creature, who approached the enchantress: her attraction was evidently too powerful for him: nearer and yet nearer he came, till at last, with a laugh and "three cheers for the misletoe," he kissed her, methought, somewhat roughly. Be that, however, as it may, his body instantly assumed a different and more definite appearance. I am not much of an artist, nor is it, I believe, the custom of *The Eagle* to allow illustrations: but if the Printer can trace the following lines, this was the appearance of the three limbs which constituted his body:

$$\frac{x' - x}{\frac{dx}{dt}} = \frac{y' - y}{\frac{dy}{dt}} = \frac{z' - z}{\frac{dz}{dt}}.$$

"Oh," said the big creature, "I must and will have another kiss." In vain the poor enchantress writhed dissent: he kissed a second time. A piteous shriek rent the air, and from a bleeding gash in the poor girl's cheek streamed a torrent of blood. "This is my sad fate," cried she, "after the second kiss my plane lovers always cut me." "But I," said the old Caliban, "will never cut you." "Oh," said she, angry at his stupidity, "why not have contented yourself

with a single kiss: but now, at least, let the contact be of the third—"Ha! shop! I don't allow such words as contact," interrupted my instructress. "Then kiss me dear, plane one, kiss me," said the witch, "a third time." The monster trembled with delight: his body had once more changed at the second kiss, and now his three new huge limbs: [it will be useful for you to recognise them, reader, so I'll draw them: they are something like one another; one was like this,

$$(y'z'' - z'y'')(X - x);$$

the other like this, $(z'x'' - x'z'')(Y - y);$

and the third like this,

$$(x'y'' - y'x'')(Z - z)\}.$$

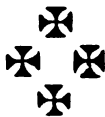
Each of his three ugly limbs, I say, trembled with pleasure as he stooped a third time to kiss the bleeding maiden, when suddenly my instructress a second time interposed, "Ha!" cried she, "three kisses! then there is a condition." "Any condition shall be fulfilled," bellowed the infatuated old lover. "Done," said the other, "'tis a hard one, though, see that you twist your ugly limbs till you make that one there $\left(\frac{d^2z}{dx^2} \cdot \frac{dy^3}{dx^3}\right)$ of the same size as this, $\left(\frac{d^2y}{dx^2} \cdot \frac{d^2z}{dx^3}\right)$." "Oh! how awkward," said poor Caliban, "but I'll try:" and he did it. But when he stooped with his poor contorted limbs to imprint the third kiss, the witch, evidently affected, cried out, "oh! kiss me not at all, or all in all, why can we not always be kissing?" "Agreed," cried the monster; when, for the third and last time, my mistress interposed. "So be it, my fair lady, provided you are ready, take all the consequences of your union: for know, in order to wed your plane lover, you will have to sacrifice all your good looks, and rumple your charming dress and pretty ringlets, and become perfectly plane yourself: then again you will have to leave your pleasant mountain air and elope with him to some flat country or other, (I should recommend the steppes of Ex-wye or Wye-zed as most convenient): there, and there only, can you enjoy perpetual love: and now," turning to me, "my dear pupil, my first lecture is over: were you to live a hundred years hence, when mathematics will be made easy, just like theology, and all that sort of thing, and everybody will be able to talk about them and criticise them without any trouble, then you would have more fellow-students; but now, farewell my only pupil,

and forget not osculating planea." "And now you two, will you be married or not? You will? Presto!"

It was done: down came the curve and plane together with a clang: the port from my broken wine-glass dripped across my knees, and I awoke, to remember that I was a Questionist.

Reader, good bye, forgive me this amount of shop. If I speak shop in the hope of preventing shop, abolishing shop for the future, is it not well done? May the reign of my instructress soon arrive, may the time soon come when there shall be no other levers but pokers, the oar, and the human arm, (perhaps also we may except the handle of the common pump) when there shall be no friction or elasticity but on billiard-tables, and every screw shall be done away but the cork-screw; when violets, roses, cockle-shells, cirrus clouds, and waves, shall expel Mr. Todhunter's books. And lastly, reader, remember my dream better than I remembered it myself. How could I think of the pretty white dress when I looked up at that statue of Pitt in the Senate-House? How could I think of the fair enchantress and the devoted Caliban, and those dainty elliptical slippers, when Aldis was close by me, grinding for life and death: when Proctors were looking to see that I was not 'cribbing,' when Stentorian examiners shouted time: or Boning rushed impetuously over the matting, scattering papers and misery around him. Woe is me! I forgot the condition for the third kiss. Else haply I had not now need to subscribe myself—

"THE PLUCKED ONE."





HOMER ODYSSEY: V. 43—75.

THUS he spake, and attending the slayer of Argus obeyed him :
Straightway under his feet he clasped his beautiful sandals,
Fashioned of gold, divine, that over the watery sea-swell,—
Over the land's dim tracts bare him on with the speed of the
storm-wind.

Seized he anon the rod wherewith the eye-lids of mortals,
Whomso he will, he seals, or from death's dark slumber awakes
them ;—

Grasped it in either hand, and in might sped forth on his pinions.

First on Pieria lighting, he swooped from heaven upon ocean ;—
Skimmed o'er the curving waves, as skims the cormorant o'er them,
When in the perilous gulphs of the wastes that know not a harvest,
Bent on its finny prey, it dips thick plumes in the sea-brine ;—
So rode Hermes, upborne on the billows crowding around him.

But when he reached the isle that lies in the distance, afar off,
Forth he stepped from the sea deep-violet-hued, to the mainland,
Wending his way till he came to a mighty cave, where the goddess
Bright with fair tresses dwelt, and he found her abiding within it.

High up-piled on the hearth a huge fire blazed, and the
fragrance

Breathed afar o'er the isle, of logs of cedar and citron,
Easily cleft by the axe ; and with sweet voice warbled the goddess,
Plying the loom, and with needle of gold her broidery wove she.

Circling the cave around had grown a far-spreading forest,
Alders and silvery poplars and fragrant cypress, and in them,
Drooping their trailing plumes, the birds of the air found a shelter,
Falcon and owls and mews, that, with long-drawn shriek, o'er
the billows

Ply their watery toil ; and close to the cavernous hollow
Flourished a well-tilled vine, and bloomed on it thickly the clusters :
There too, in order due, four fountains, one by another,
Flowed in runnels pellucid, meandering hither and thither :
Far stretched the velvet meads with violets bright and with parsley.
E'en an immortal there might gaze and wonder in gazing,
Gladdened in heart at the sight : so, standing, wrapt in amazement,
Lingered the messenger god, great Hermes, slayer of Argus.

“ C. S.”



OF MAN,
AND MORE PARTICULARLY THAT STAGE OF HIS LIFE
CALLED THE FRESHMAN'S.

READER, if on seeing the heading of these pages your mind awakes to the expectation, that it is some Verdant that addresses you, fresh from the victimisation of his college career ; if you conceive a panorama of cups, tandems, plucks, and more of the unrealities of an University man's life ; if you expect that I, though veiled in the incognito offered me by the select pages of *The Eagle*, am doomed to take the Addenbrooke Hospital for Trinity, and the University Press for a Church ; or, again, if your mind wanders off to the dread visions of my being screwed into my rooms by some jealous rival, or to the thrilling adventures of a long vacation in the Alps—I will answer, I will tell you, that I do not believe in extremes, that I mean to narrate my own homely personal adventures to whoever will listen to them, unpervaded by the odour either of washy sanctity or unmixed claret-cup. First however allow me to remark that the personal pronoun, I shall adopt, does not extend any further in its experiences, than the pages of *The Eagle*. It was a soft October afternoon, when I stepped out on to the platform of the Cambridge station, and having somewhat reluctantly consigned my luggage to the opening mouth of a dry torrent—which like the stream of Alpheus, forcing its way beneath waves of steam, and ships that cleave the air, rises to surface again and presents its varied offerings to the goddess Granta—with an air of perfect ease I stepped into an omnibus and said “to S. John’s.” How vain it is to set up as being better than we are ! I was a freshman, and I knew it ; and yet I thought no one else was

aware of the fact. The conductor smiled—such a smile have I seen on the face of a master, who hath put me on in a lesson, which I have not known—and said “If you please, Sir, ‘t’other’ bus is for S. John’s.” I got out, and giving my luggage into the other bus, determined to avoid any further mistake by walking up. I say ‘walking’ but I rather ran, for I felt that in me which told me I was like to miss my dinner. True that I did not know my way, but I thought one way would be as good as another, as the town seemed all in one direction, and I remembered one or two of the landmarks from a previous visit. I smiled with pity for freshmen in general, as I past the Press, thought of Ruskin as I past King’s Chapel which stood like a plumed hearse awaiting the end of Paterfamilias and Matthew Johnson; on I went between the Asiatic luxury of Mr. Beamont, and the European simplicity of Mr. Lightfoot, the Sestos and Abydos of Trinity, till I reached the gate of S. John’s, and there for the first time I remembered that I was nude of Academical equipment. How could I dine without them? Impossible, and yet I must confess that I was only partially sorry at having forgotten these indispensables to a freshman’s furniture; nay I took it as a proof that I was no common freshman, inasmuch as I was not subject to the usual weakness of wearing my gown at all hours, and on all occasions. Anyhow I lost my dinner and bought my gown. Once more returning I enquired for my rooms of the porter, “No. 20 letter X, new court,” he rattled out, without looking off his book, and I started in quest; in about half-an-hour I discovered them, and proceeded to take a survey. They consisted of four walls, as many doors, and a few chairs, also two tables rather the worse for wear, and a bookcase which proclaimed an occupant of somewhat limited researches. All were painted with a fine stone-coloured paint, shewing an utter want of taste on the part of the decorator, and of great patience and contentment on the part of my predecessor. At least so I thought.

My first thought was to discover the object of these doors. The first I opened satisfied all my difficulties; it led to a little room, set round with cupboards, in which I discovered a dapper little man, who addressed me by my name, and asked me if I wanted anything. Now the first impulse of the genus freshman on seeing anything approaching to a bedmaker, scout or gyp, is to expect to be legged and chiselled, or as the Romans elegantly express it, “de-

artuatus atque deruncinatus," to an extent hitherto unparalleled; in fact I have often thought that Plautus was alluding to the word 'gyp' when he used deruncinatus, 'crane' and 'gyp' being synonymous; however that may be, I politely declined assistance, and proceeded to unpack box after box myself, thereby incurring much discomfort, all to no purpose. My chief care was to dispose views of my late school in becoming order round my rooms, to hang my foot-ball cap on the chimney-piece, and to lay a handsomely bound copy of my School magazine on the table. This done I felt myself the public school man. And here let me remark the difference in advantages and disadvantages between the generality of men who come up from a public school or from home, or even a private tutor. What for instance are the feelings of the public schoolboy, as the echo of the first step that he places on the Cambridge platform proclaims him a "man"? technically so called? Perhaps it was only yesterday that he answered to his name in School calling over, only yesterday that he was leading on his house to victory in a foot-ball match, only yesterday that he debated with puny eloquence some question of the privileges of the sixth over the rest of the school; yesterday he was head of his house with half-a-dozen fags, obedient to his call and delighted to speak even to him; or perhaps again it was only to-day that he attended his last service in the chapel, the organ chaunt is still pealing in his ears, the words of his head-master still echoing in his heart, as he has dismissed him with the thrilling words "Quit you like men, be strong." To-day he feels as it were a link between the present and the past, to-morrow he will be as of the past, and what he feels more than ever, his school will be judged by him. He has come up with his heart expanded by school and house feeling, he has had it satisfactorily proved to him in his miniature Debating Society that Mahomet and Blue-beard were good men, and has gravely argued the advantages of narrow-mindedness in an imitation Union.

It is true that he comes up with a certain pride and priggishness of conversation, anxious to press his own heroes upon all society, but does not that somewhat argue that the "spell of school affection has drawn his love from self apart"? To sum up all the school-boy "by a vision splendid is on his way attended." "At length a man he sees it die away, and fade into the light of common day." But how does the other freshman? He comes up fresh from home, probably with no independence of sentiment, with a feeling that it

is his object to gain a high degree, or that he will have failed in his college career. At least this is the only teaching that will have been imprest upon him by the system to which he has been subjected; if he has other feelings they will be accidental to, not consequent upon, his former education. This is his misfortune, not his fault, and while perhaps he may be, and often is, superior to a public school man in simplicity of purpose, and purity of thought; yet on the whole he is generally, if he works, a slave to his books; if he is idle, a prey to a weak idea of fastness; in other words he has not the idea of public feeling to keep him up. And how, it may be asked, is public feeling to be kept up? Chiefly by such institutions as the boats, the rifle corps, and College cricket, for it is seldom that one finds a good College oar, or a member of a College eleven, unwilling to rejoice if one of his College have come out Senior Wrangler or Senior Classic. Witness the shouts in the Senate-House, when the respective tripos' are read out, shouts which tell of the union of gown and jersey, chapel and river. What means "muscular religion"? is a question I have often been asked, and all I can answer is that certain men have seen, how public feeling appeals to our hearts, and how the excitement of dashing along the banks of the river by the side of our College eight, is wont to evoke that sentiment.

But to return—these remarks have taken long to put upon paper, but I can assure you, reader, that they did not take long to go through my brain, as I past through our courts early next morning, duly arrayed in cap and gown, to chapel. I stopt for a moment hoping to find some architectural beauty on the exterior, but not longer. One glance was enough, and I entered. Ah! why did I not remark, that the rest wore surplices, I a gown. What hallucination had seized me? I rushed out and returned to my rooms, having again unmistakeably pronounced myself a Freshman. On returning I ate my breakfast, and then proceeded to call upon my tutor, not aware of the illegality I was committing; he however received me with great cordiality and informed me what lectures I had to attend, what fines I might possibly incur, to what mortals I was to doff my cap, and which of my co-freshmen I might best consort with. What struck me most in Mr. Alderman, was the entire falseness and absurdity of the general notion with regard to Dons. The real Don as described in *Julian Home* and other nursery tales is a *rara avis* in these days, a bird which when seen

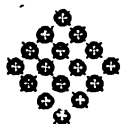
is usually shot at, whose only food is bitter chaff, and whose race consequently has become almost extinct. At least such is my short experience in this University. In the afternoon I took care to go out a walk in order that my chimney-piece might be well filled with cards for the benefit of my co-freshmen, nor were my anticipations unrealised. There were the cards of Smith the head of my School, when I first went thither, and who was now a fellow of Trinity, of Peterkin who was head of the eleven two years ago, of Jones, who had systematically punted me, as long as he and I were school-fellows, and finally of three or four kind members of the College who are the first to call on every freshman who comes up, with more than disinterested motives, as I soon found to my cost. How bitterly I repented my little ambition as I returned these calls in every direction during the next week. However not yet aware of such trouble in store for me, I was pleased at the time, and freshman-like, arranged the cards on my looking-glass: this done I went to hall, where I was greeted with the usual amount of tracts on "Indigestion," "The dangers of a young man just entering the University," and other equally benevolent contributions both for mind and body. After dinner I was taken by a benevolent school-fellow to enter the Union, an advantage which I would recommend every freshman to secure instantly on his arrival, as it ensures a comfortable perusal of every periodical one can wish for, and also reminds the enthusiastic Johnian, that there are other Colleges besides his own. No less does it keep the other Colleges in mind that our College is still flourishing, a fact which our friends, the other side of the wall, are apt to forget.

Why need I attempt to describe my first essay at rowing? how after waiting a long time at Searle's I began to think of moving up the river, and happened to light upon Logan's; how I thought rowing the best exercise ever invented; how I kept looking on the bank at each of my school-fellows that chaffed me, and was rewarded for my pains by "Eyes on boat, two;" how after a few days I went in for some scratch fours, and spoilt the most promising boat that was in; how finally I did not row in the Races? Why need I attempt to describe the excitement of the University fours, the agonies of seeing our boat bumped, and the numerous explanations possible? Is it not written in *Tom Brown at Oxford*?

But my title proclaimed a higher object in writing than I seem to have attained; I was to write of man; I have

given the data, and you must draw your own conclusions of my definition of a man. For myself I would try to give a small sketch of an individual's qualifications to be called a man. "The man" then must have trodden the Cambridge platform, he must have "wet the whistle," to use a slang expression, of every conceivable letter, luggage, beer, or commons carrier in the College; he must have been to Matthew and Gent's, he must have walked along the Trumpington Road, the *Via Sacra* of Cambridge; he must have learnt to distinguish King's chapel from the church in Barnwell; he must know Dr. Whewell by sight, and he must have joined a boat-club. Then and not till then may he call himself a man, and till he has served his year of probation he is doomed, no fate can avoid it, to remain, (why should he wish otherwise?) a freshman.

"R."



OUR CHRONICLE.

LENT TERM, 1861.

WE are glad to hear of the satisfaction expressed by our non-resident friends and readers at the inauguration, in our last number, of this Chronicle of events passing in, or connected with the College. It is gratifying to us, not only as a token of the success of our efforts to render *The Eagle* acceptable to its Subscribers, but as showing that our opinion of the sustained interest in our doings felt by those who were formerly amongst us, was not unfounded, and that the true Johnian spirit of loyalty and patriotism is still as flourishing as ever. Such a spirit of fellow-feeling, connecting not only those who are simultaneously in residence, but those also of a previous academical generation, it is the peculiar privilege of an institution such as our College Magazine to sustain. The Boat Club, the Cricket Club, the Volunteer Corps, can necessarily only serve as a link of union between those who are actually together within our walls—but those who are absent from us can through the pages of our Magazine communicate with us and with each other, and each, in his turn, contribute, or receive pleasure, and, we hope, profit also. And we are anxious to lay the more stress upon this feature of our work, to induce those of our contributors especially who pass from amongst us, to remember that *The Eagle* may still be to them a vehicle through which they may keep up a connexion generally inwoven with many kindly memories. Many of them can, by so doing, confer great benefits upon their juniors who are still going through their curriculum. For instance, how much good might some of them gain from such hints on the duties and requirements of men preparing for Holy Orders, as some of the former could give from their own experience; “Advice to Young Curates,” not simply theoretical, as viewed from the student’s chair, but practical, as gathered from the daily round through the streets and

lanes of our great cities. Or what interest might be excited in those who are gathered from other parts of the kingdom, by a graphic description of some of our marts of commercial industry, by those whose labours have called them thither!—an article on a Welsh Coalpit which once appeared in our pages, is an example. Besides which, Johnians are spread not only over all the United Kingdom, but over all our Colonies: why should not our offshoots in India, or Australia, or Natal, follow the example of “*Our Emigrant*,” whose descriptions of New Zealand have been such a valuable addition to our pages? And by doing so, they would not only be conferring good, but would themselves be receivers as well as givers. Just as No. Two or Three, though fairly exhausted and ready to “shut up,” takes fresh strength and courage from the thought of those who are beside him on the bank, and watching with keen interest the issue of the race, and pulls manfully on till the louder and still louder cheers tell him that his “pluck” is repaid, and the bump made; so the Curate, when disheartened by the degradation which he sees around him, will be nerved afresh for his work by the thought that his old companions are watching his course with kindly eyes, and wishing him God-speed. And as the school-boy’s eye is quickened often in his holiday rambles by the thought of the account he has to give of them on his return, so the eye of “*Our Emigrant*,” ever on the watch for something of which he may give an account to his readers at home, will become more and more acute to observe the beauties of nature around him.

The first part of our task this term is a melancholy one. We have to add to the list of vacant fellowships another vacant by death. Mr. C. J. Newbery, graduated as third Wrangler in 1853, and was elected a Fellow of the College in 1854. For some years he acted as Assistant Tutor, and in that capacity his personal kindness won no less respect than his able lectures. But the main feature of his life as a Fellow was his readiness on all occasions to identify himself with the Undergraduates, and to enter with heart and soul into every scheme for the promotion of healthy exercise and relaxation. A Johnian eleven was not complete, unless he formed one of the number—and when the Volunteer movement spread so quickly over the country, he was most active in organising a distinct company of the members of this College, and as Captain of that Company himself, won golden opinions. His loss has been, and will even yet be severely felt among us. Mr. Newbery had been

appointed one of the Moderators for the year 1861, but his illness obliged him to relinquish the post, which was supplied by Mr. A. V. Hadley.

Though again denied the honour of heading the list of the Mathematical Tripos, our College has not proved a traitor to its ancient reputation. Of 29 of its members who went in, 12 are Wranglers, (5 of them in the first ten,) 9 are Senior Optimes and 8 Junior Optimes. The result of the Classical Tripos will not be known till after the time that *The Eagle* will be in our Subscribers' hands.

At the public examinations of the Students of the Inns of Court, held this term, the Council of Legal Education awarded the studentship of 50 guineas per annum to Mr. Henry Ludlow of this College.

The list of those who are in the first class in each year at the Christmas Examinations is subjoined :

Third year.

Laing.	Williams, H. S.	Catton.
Taylor, C.	Jones, W.	Fynes-Clinton.
Main, P. T.	Groves.	Cherrill.
Torry.	Whitworth.	Spencer.
Dinnis.		

Second year.

Snowden.	Pooley.	Falkner.
Rudd.	Cotterill.	Rees.
Hockin.	Stevens.	

First year.

(*In the order of the Boards.*)

Lee-Warner.	Moss.	Creaser.
Burnett.	Terry.	Cutting.
Stuart.	Green.	Pearson.
Reed.	Smallpeice.	Proud.
Quayle.	Reece.	Robinson.
Barnes, J. O.	Ewbank.	Sutton.
Stuckey.	Meres.	Tinling.
Newton, H.	Clay, A. L.	Tomkins.
Hill.	Pharazyn.	Branson.
Baron, E.	Archbold.	

The Master and Seniors have given notice that there will be an Examination for Scholarships, commencing on Thursday, June 6th. This year four Minor Scholarships are to be awarded, of the value of £50. per annum, tenable for two years, or till election to a Foundation Scholarship;

and also an Exhibition of £40. per annum on the Duchess of Somerset's Foundation, tenable for four years. Candidates' names are to be sent in to the Master at least ten days before the commencement of the Examination.

We have already mentioned that No. 2 Company of the C. U. V. R. has sustained a severe loss in the death of its Captain. Lieutenant Scriven has also resigned, being no longer in residence. The new officers are Mr. W. D. Bushell, Captain; Mr. W. H. Besant, Lieutenant; and Mr. J. B. Davies, Ensign.

It will be seen by our list of Boat-Races, that our two Clubs have been, this term, moderately successful.

The Officers of the two Clubs for the present term, are :

Lady Margaret.

A. W. Potts, Esq., B.A., President.
R. L. Page, Treasurer.
D. S. Ingram, Secretary.
W. H. Tarleton, First Captain.
T. E. Ash, Second Captain.

Lady Somerset.

Rev. J. B. Lunn, M.A., President.
W. A. Whitworth, Secretary.
O. Fynes-Clinton, First Captain.
J. F. Rounthwaite, Second Captain.

An important Meeting was held in the Combination Room, on Thursday Evening, March 7th, for the purpose of agreeing to new Laws for the regulation of the Cricket Club. The Rev. W. C. Sharpe gave expression to the wish of the Master and Fellows to carry on the work they had begun, in setting apart a plot of ground for a Cricket Field, by promoting, to the best of their power, such schemes for securing healthy exercise and amusement for the Undergraduates, and themselves occasionally mingling with them in such sports. As nothing is yet definitely settled, we are obliged to postpone further details till our next Number, when we hope to give an account of the new constitution. The Club is, of course, to play hereafter on the College Ground.

The University Rifle Corps have met, as usual, for Battalion Drill once a-week, but their musters have been smaller than usual. On Wednesday, March 6th, they had

their first march out to Madingley, and went through various skirmishing evolutions.

The University Boat is, at the present time, in hard training. We are glad to hear that we are likely to have St. John's again represented in it, by Mr. W. H. Tarleton, the first Captain of the Lady Margaret Club.

The Cambridge University Musical Society has given one of its best Concerts this Term, in King's College Hall, which was kindly lent for the occasion, the Town Hall being destitute of stairs, and pending its removal. Mendelssohn's music to the "*Œdipus Coloneus*" was performed, with a second part, the programme of which was miscellaneous. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was one of the audience.

The University Pulpit has been held, during this Term, by the Rev. Dr. Kennedy, the Ven. Archdeacon France, B.D., and the Rev. T. J. Rowsell, M.A., all of this College.

The Vice-Chancellor has just received a munificent donation of £500., invested in the funds, from some friends of the late Ven. Archdeacon Hare, for the purpose of founding a Prize, to be called the "*Hare Prize*." It is to be given once in every four years, for the best Essay on some subject connected with the history or philosophy of Ancient Greece and Rome.

The Cambridge University Commissioners have just brought their labours to an end, by publishing the new Statutes of King's, Emmanuel, St. Peter's, Clare, Corpus Christi, and Downing Colleges.

Most of our readers will be aware, before this, of the great loss which the literary world has sustained by the death of Dr. Donaldson. A most able philologist, he was the one of modern scholars who, above all others, maintained abroad the reputation of English Scholarship, and his place amongst us it will be very difficult to fill. He had been appointed to examine for the Classical Tripos, so that the University has this year lost an Examiner for each Tripos by an untimely death. Dr. Donaldson was engaged, up to the commencement of his last illness, on a Greek-English Lexicon, which he has left uncompleted. This, and the re-editing of some of his older works, seem to have proved too much for his strength.

Just as we are going to press, we are able to record the award of University Scholarships. The Craven Scholar is Mr. R. K. Wilson, of King's College. The Porson Scholar is Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, of Trinity College. The Browne Scholar is Mr. W. H. Stone, of Trinity College.



HOW TO DEAL WITH THE BUCOLIC MIND.

No. I. *Village Schools.*

IN several numbers of *The Eagle* Non-resident Members of the College have been requested to send contributions on subjects with which they happen to be practically acquainted. The Country Curate even has more than once been invited to relate some of his experiences, for the benefit, I presume, of those now in residence at St. John's, who are intending to take Holy Orders, or to settle down as "County Squires" upon their hereditary estates.

As a Country Curate of seven years' standing, and a grateful subscriber to *The Eagle* from its commencement, I have accepted the invitation, and will, if agreeable to the Editors, forward a few sketches in illustration of the workings, and the proper treatment of *the Bucolic Mind*. First, in reference to *Education*.

My readers will be prepared to hear that the Bucolic mind is *not* favourably disposed towards education. A friend of mine in Nottinghamshire, some little time ago, asked a farmer in his parish if he would do something for the education of the lads employed on his farm, by sending them to school, at any rate, on alternate days. Would he not like to improve their minds and educate them a little? "No," said the farmer, "I'll have no education for 'em—I like my boys to be *strong and silly*." My friend had heard this kind of sentiment ascribed to South Carolina Planters, but he did not expect to find it openly avowed by an Englishman in the 19th Century. The number of those who would utter such an atrocious sentiment is certainly diminishing, but I fear for some years to come that the greatest obstacle to education in country villages will be the indifference, or the opposition of the small farmers. Heaven defend us from an Education-rate, pared down and doled out by a board of these parochial worthies.

The indifference of parents is another most serious obstacle, and their reluctance, not so much to pay the weekly 2d. or 3d., as to lose the wages which their boys can get. At nine years old a boy is often taken away from school and hired to a farmer, at "a shilling a-week and his victuals;" and it requires great self-denial on the part of a mother to forego this addition to the weekly earnings of the family.

The wishes of the children themselves put little or no difficulties in the way. On the contrary, as far as my experience goes, they come gladly to school, and at eight or nine years old begin really to take a pleasure in "getting on with their learning." I sometimes think with shame how precious little lessons I should have done at nine years old, if I had been as free, as most of them are, to go to school or to stay away, to work or to be idle.

A fourth set of persons to be considered, in reference to the education and improvement of the Bucolic mind, are the rapidly increasing and influential class known, in government reports, as "School Promoters and Managers;" and I venture to hope that some who may soon enrol themselves in this honourable class, will find in my paper a few practical suggestions.

I will first take the case of the *parents*, or rather the mothers of families, for in the labourer class the *mother* is almost invariably the arbitrator on points connected with the education, the food, and the clothing of the children. To "his missus" does the model labourer bring home his weekly wages, and the "missus" decides, without appeal, on their application.

In many villages the mother decides on sending the children to school "to keep them out of mischief," and to prevent their clothes being torn or spoilt. And consequently, as the true way to influence people is to follow up arguments originated in their own minds, the school Promoter will, in such cases, reserve his eloquence about mental improvement, &c., for an address to a Mechanics' Institute, and dwell on the care taken to keep the children out of mischief or danger. The great thing is to get the children sent regularly, *si possis recte*—if you *can*, on high moral grounds—*si non, quocunque modo*—if you *can't*, for the reason that comes most home to the Bucolic mind. I have no hesitation in adding that the requiring a small school-fee promotes regular attendance. When the weekly or quarterly payment is once made (of course it is paid in advance), the parent naturally desires "to have his money's worth," whereas, if the school

be entirely free, one little excuse or another is often allowed to keep the child at home. I know some wealthy land-owners have an objection to take "children's pence" in their little village school, but I am sure they promote regular attendance by taking them, and I would suggest that the difficulty might be met by giving rewards, equal to the whole sum received, at the end of the year to each child who had been constant in attendance. In the majority of schools, however, the weekly payments form a considerable part of the income required to support them. The school-fees (2*d.* a-week) in the village of one thousand people where I live, amount to £40 a-year, and the total amount of expenditure is about £125, exclusive of government grants to the teachers and apprentices. But though disadvantages attach to schools "free" by the liberality of the land-owner, who keeps them up, they are trivial compared with the evils that belong to those parochial schools that are "free," by the existence of some little endowment just sufficient to support a master. In many schools of this kind, the Master, having a fixed salary and no inducement to increase his numbers, is anxious to save himself trouble by keeping the number of free boys as small as possible. I have heard of an instance where the master was bound to admit on the free list all boys of the parish who could read the Bible in the presence of the church-wardens. His course of proceeding was as follows: each poor little candidate was called up, and an old "*black letter*" Bible was put into his trembling hands; of course he broke down utterly, and was rejected for another twelve months. I know another free school, a Church of England foundation, but now governed by three Wesleyan trustees, where the master *threatens* any Baptist children whom he wishes to keep out, with the Church Catechism, if they persist in coming, though he never teaches it to the others.

The endowed school here, of which I am a trustee, was formerly free. The master had the whole income of the charity, £42 a-year, but, as of course, he could not live on this, he used to charge all sorts of extras for books, ink, &c., to take in boarders, copy law documents, and in short, do anything to make a little money, while the interests of the free-boys were neglected. On his death, about five years ago, the trustees, with the assistance of the Charity Commissioners, carried a scheme for imposing a weekly payment on each scholar, and putting the school in connexion with the Committee of Council on Education. Of course the

parishioners, headed by their local orator, contested every step, but now the most prejudiced of them admit the benefits of the reform. The school fees, with the endowment, enable us to have a good certificated master, and to keep the school well supplied with books and all necessities, and we receive Government grants in one shape or another, amounting to nearly £50 a-year. One method I adopted to gain our improved system a fair start, was to call a public meeting on the Friday evening before the school was re-opened, and give a plain account of the several advantages to be gained from Government, with various educational anecdotes and small jokes, concluding with a caution that, as the then school-room was very small, we should only take a limited number, and that those who knew the old proverb "first come, first served," would, I was sure, be in good time on the Monday following. Our mal-contents had said we should not enter twenty, but we did enter *fifty-two the first morning*, and refused three as being under age. Having thus secured a fair trial for our new system and excellent master, we went on prosperously. H. M. Inspector came a few weeks after to see the alteration, and told me that a man said his boy had been to school before, for more than a year, and had only got to m-u-d—mud, *and there he stuck*, but you, he said, were "out of the mud" already.


Before the end of the first year, with assistance from government and liberal contributions from the wealthier parishioners, an excellent school-room was built, and the only thing required now is a little systematic attention to those small details which promote the efficiency of the school, and the regular attendance of the boys. Among the most successful means are Prizes at the annual examination, an Excursion party in the summer, confined to those who have attended regularly, and a system of Home lessons so arranged that the most interesting one, and the one most calculated to promote emulation, is given out on the Friday, to be brought up on the Monday. I may instance two that were very popular, a Description of the village they live in, and a little History of each boy's own life.

I will conclude my paper with a few remarks on the manner of keeping up a school in connexion with Government. The first thing is to engage certificated teachers. If they come direct from a training college they are called probationers, and receive, for the first two years spent in the *same* school, from £20 to £25 a-year from Government in augmentation of their salaries. After that time the rate

of their augmentation is fixed by the inspector according to their examination before leaving the training college, and their performance in their school. The teacher also receives from the Council office a gratuity of £5 for instructing the pupil-teacher apprentice. The *Pupil-teacher* is apprenticed at the age of thirteen to the head-teacher for five years, and receives payment from Government, increasing from £10 up to £20, if he passes the annual examination. The *Capitation grant* is a sum of money paid to the managers in aid of the school, at the rate of 6s. a-head for each boy, and 5s. for each girl who has attended one hundred and seventy-six days in the past year. H. M. Inspector for the district visits the school once a-year, and reports to the Committee of council on education as to its efficiency and progress. With regard to correspondence with the Council office, from which many excellent clergymen and school-managers shrink with horror, I will simply give three rules which I have laid down for my own guidance, and which have made my dealings with the Office absolutely agreeable. 1stly. *Be concise.* 2ndly. *Anticipate objections, when they are certain to be made.* For instance, when applying for aid to build our school, I voluntarily stated that it would adjoin the church-yard, but I shewed that the site proposed was *above* and not below it, and that it was in fact almost the highest and most airy situation in the whole parish. 3rdly and chiefly. *Treat them like gentlemen,* and don't worry them by asking things which *their* code of honour, the "Educational Minutes" forbid them to grant.

J. F. BATEMAN.

. Since writing the above paper I have received the report of the Royal Education Commission. Nearly all its suggestions seem to me most excellent and valuable, and though I have neither time nor space to give a summary of them, I cordially commend the Report to all my readers who are interested in the educational question.



SPENSER DESCRIBETH A GRASS-CUTTING MACHINE.

I.

THEN on he pass'd a sturdie Porter bye,
Nathlesse it was no Castle that did frown,
But manie clerkes liv'd here in companie,
And Wranglers were yclad in cap and gowne,
—The College of Saint John of high renown;
And learned deep in Mathematick lore,
The Students hight throughouten all the town:
Within, a spacious court with paved floor,
And squares of verdent sheen uprose his eye before.

II.

There on the grasse within this goodlie court,
A hideous monster fed with horrid tongue,
Ne knight with such a dragon-whelp had fought,
Ne poet such prodigious birth had sung;
And up and down it pass'd the grasse among;
And still with fearfull sownd its teeth did grind,
That all the bodies nerves and fibres wrung:
Its bellie low upon the earth did wind,
Four human legs before, and eke a pair behind.

III.

And but that it on simple grasse did feed,
And low its bodie trail upon the grownd,
It seem'd that salvage which bookmen reed,
The Anthr^{op} direct from those shoulders rownd
To grow, and ^{the} ^{re} ^{ce} ^{er} ugly heads are fownd.
But ^{wh} ^{oc} ^{we} that nothing mote compare
With th ^{at} mightie Beastes infernal sound,
Sa^{nt} ^{anie} feends concerting some fowle ayr
O ^{erie} rustie fyles which no man's eares may bear.

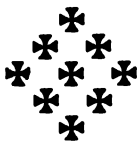
IV.

And much in sooth this sownd the clerkes opprest,
And did confound them in their studie quight,
Albeit no fear their bodies e'er possest,
The creature would ne scratch, ne tear, ne bite,
(Certes its sownd would almost kill outright)
And manie a charm they try'd within their ken,
To ease them from its power by day and night;
For well 'twas thought it was three proper men,
Bound by some evil bond which might be broke agen,

V.

Which quickly Geomet perceived trew,
And hasten'd to dissolve the cruell spell,
For gentle pitie mov'd him, when he knew
The creature did no harm, but worken well;
Nathleese that awefull noyse no tongue may tell;
Then loud he shouted out the magick word,
Beere! Beere! the yron from the bodie fell,
The curse was broke, the monster's corps was stirr'd,
Uprose three goodlie men—the sownd no more was heard.

F. H. D.





A DAY'S RAMBLE IN SOUTH YORKSHIRE.

WE are at home after the Theological. It is a delicious spring morning, loud with larks, and gay with cloudless sunshine. Everything invites a long ramble; but whither shall it be? "The choice perplexes." Westward are the wild moorlands of Derbyshire, beyond whose blue ridges, now shining so clear in the morning sun, are the rich green valleys and the savage mountains of the Peak; the palatial pile of Chatsworth, embosomed in that wooded valley through which the silver Derwent wanders on to be shadowed ere long by the gray crags of Matlock; and Baronial Haddon, with all its romantic associations. We look eastward, and Bolsover Castle frowns from its lofty range of hills, behind which lies the fair domain of Sherwood:—the woods and waters of Welbeck and Clumber, and farther south, the haunted groves of Newstead. But none of these shall tempt us to day: we will hasten over the fields to the nearest station; travel a few miles down the valley of the Rother, and start from Masboro' for a ramble among the quiet hills and dales of Southern Yorkshire.

Inferior doubtless as this neighbourhood is in many respects to several other parts of the county to which it belongs, there are perhaps few districts in England which combine in a tract equally small, objects of interest so many and so varied. Beginning from the mountainous region about Huddersfield, and the wild moorlands familiar to the traveller on the Manchester and Sheffield Railway, and gradually subsiding through a district of limestone—always so productive of the picturesque—until its irregularities all disappear in the levels of Hatfield Chase and the alluvial flats of Marshland, it has every variety of surface. But its history and its associations form its chief attraction. There where

Five rivers, like the fingers of a hand,
Flung from black mountains, mingle and are one,
Where sweetest valleys quit the wild and grand,

lies Sheffield, murky centre of toil and traffic, resounding with the din of the forge, the hissing of steam, and the rushing of innumerable wheels, but yet with so many bright spots of rural beauty, "like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm;" and with its long list of historic lords, the Furnivals, the Talbots, and the Howards:—there are the noble halls of Wentworth, Wharnccliffe, and Sandbeck, with many another fair seat of ancient gentry: there are the feudal castles of Tickhill and Conisboro', the gray abbey ruins of Roche, and many an old church full of interest to the antiquary, all included within a district twenty miles in length and never more than half that in breadth; nor must we forget to mention that there too the sportsman finds the combined attractions of the heather and the turf, in the wild moors of upper Hallam, and the classic stadium of Doncaster; and occasionally such a run with Earl Fitzwilliam's hounds as will form quite an epoch in his history. So much for South Yorkshire generally: it is but over a small part of this district that our ramble to-day is to extend, beginning from Masboro', taking a circuit of perhaps six-and-twenty miles, and ending at the Woodhouse Mill Station of the North Midland Railway.

Leaving the train at Masboro', we pass through the grimy village so called, the birth-place of Ebenezer Elliott, the stern "Corn Law Rhymer," and the Poet who has described in glowing colours the beauties of the neighbouring country. We cross the Don, after it has received its tributary the Rother, and wend up through the narrow streets to the fine old Church of Rotherham, built in the richly decorated style of the time of Edward IV., but owing to the character of its stone, (that unfortunate salmon-coloured grit found in the neighbourhood, particularly in the celebrated quarries of Anston, about ten miles off), much deteriorated by the action of the atmosphere.

This church would repay a lengthened visit, but we cannot stay now; we leave the smoky little town behind us, and wander for three miles through a country of quiet rural beauty, till we climb the hill on which stands, with its hall and spire-church, the little village of Thrybergh; a place with that air of substantial comfort about it so characteristic of the rural villages of Yorkshire, and the neatness and cleanliness which are the surest signs of a well-fed and contented peasantry. Thrybergh is an interesting village; its fine hall is modern, but it has two old crosses, and around one of them is entwined the evergreen wreath

of a beautiful tradition. It tells us how in very old times the lord of the manor had an only daughter, heiress of all his lands; how, when a youth of gentle birth had won her love, they made this cross their trysting-place; and how, when the young squire went to win renown in the holy fields of Palestine, by this cross they took their sad farewell. Time passed by, and at last a report reached Thrybergh that the young knight was dead in Holy Land. And so with many another fair maiden doubtless of those wild old times, the heiress of Thrybergh long wept for her lover slain by the hands of infidels in that far off land. But as the months rolled by, her father, doubtless longing to see, ere his death, his daughter united to one who would worthily uphold the dignity of his ancient house, encouraged a new suitor. And in those days a father's word was law; the poor maiden bowed to her fate, and the day was fixed for the marriage. And then the tradition tells us how she went the evening before to that cross, the old place of trysting, where she had so often prayed with clasped hands for her dear knight fighting in those distant lands; how, while kneeling there and weeping bitter tears, praying for strength to bow to her father's will, the stalwart warrior whom she had so long mourned, burst into her presence and clasped her in his arms! And that night there was joy in Thrybergh.

A walk of four short miles from Thrybergh brings us to still more haunted ground: soon we have before us that grand old keep, familiar alike to the antiquary and the reader of "*Ivanhoe*," the Norman castle of the great Earls de Warrenne,—the stronghold of Athelstan the Saxon. How calmly defiant it stands there above its belt of trees, a little grayer and hoarier may be, and long ago dismantled, but strong on its firm foundations as when first it frowned over the sylvan valley of the Don! The origin of the place, Konig's burgh, the King's burgh, is lost in the mists of antiquity. A tradition, as old as the days of Camden, points out a mound hard by as the grave of Hengist, and probably several successive strongholds had passed away before the present Norman keep arose within that spacious enclosure, fit abode for that mighty race, of the true old Norman metal, who dwelt in it;—for him who when Edward the First's quo warranto commissioners demanded his right to his broad lands, brought out a rusty sword with the proud declaration that by that sword he had won them and kept them hitherto, and by that sword, with God's grace, he

would keep them still. Not perhaps the most displeasing answer to be received from one of his barons by the greatest of the Plantagenets. Verily a sweet spot is the neighbourhood of this old castle to muse and dream away a long summer's day in; but more especially pleasant with a merry pic-nic party to scale that old tower and view the prospect which the great Wizard of the North has painted in such glowing colours, as it was in the far olden time; to go down into that dark suggestive dungeon, and return from its horrors to the sunny day, and the quiet shade of those ash trees, and spread a banquet on the chequered sward. Pleasant to talk over that matchless story, and to wander off in groups or pairs by the pathway which leads up those green slopes, and scramble through the hazel copees beyond; staying ever to catch some new glimpse of the grand old castle, or suddenly, from the edge of a high precipitous rock to see the long sparkling reaches of the sylvan Don;—your companion, may be, no imaginary heroine of romance, but a warm breathing maiden, peerless in her dark beauty as the Jewess, or blue-eyed and fair as the daughter of Cedric the Saxon!

But no such luck is ours to day; so, after a visit to the village inn, we turn away almost at right angles to our old road; we climb the hill, often looking back to take yet another view of the old castle, and from the high ground which we soon reach have an extensive view over a rich though rather flat country, amid which, five miles away, rises the fine tower of the new church of Doncaster. We pass the pleasant seat of Crookhill; turn aside to see the pretty church of Edlington with its fine Norman mouldings fresh as if but yesterday new from the carver's hand, and a short stage brings us to Braithwell, with its neat church, and old ruined cross, bearing an Anglo-norman inscription which an infatuated village mason some time ago attempted to "restore", in accordance with the village tradition. But if the rambler be as lucky as we once were, and his antiquarian studies have not entirely petrified him, surely his will forget those quaint dim letters, in that "phantom of delight" which greeted our vision from the farm hard by:—

A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

From Braithwell, two miles' walk brings us to Maltby, a pretty village lying in a valley, with a little stream flowing

quietly through green meadows, an old market-cross (we are in the country of crosses), and a neat church lately restored. We follow the course of this stream about a mile further, and then, turning down through a rocky grove, we find a delicious little valley rich in gray rock and hanging wood, in soft green pastures and spreading waters, and come first upon an old gateway, through which we pass, and a slight curve of the valley opens before us the ruins of the Abbey of Roche. There are monastic ruins finer, and standing amid grander scenery, but surely there are none where that sweet peacefulness, that calm religious beauty, so in harmony with the feelings and associations which such ruins awake, are found in such perfection as here. However, a fine and picturesque fragment of the choir and transepts still remains, and will amply repay both the architectural student and the lover of the beautiful for a long and attentive examination.

Reluctantly do we leave this sweet valley of repose, and follow a path which leads through the copse on the other side of the stream, and soon brings us out in the level grounds above the valley, and we have the distant spire of Laughton-en-le-Morthen in full prospect before us. Towards this landmark, far seen over a vast extent of country, we bend our course, winding along through lanes profusely rich in autumn with the blackberries which the soil of this district produces in full perfection, till at last we come to a small hamlet called Slade Hooton, where is one of those ancient halls, now probably occupied as a farm-house, of which the parlour is used only on rare occasions of village or domestic festivity, but where dwelt in olden times one of what the historian of the district would call "a family of lesser gentry." No very "genteel" place, some people of modern notions would say, but look over the door there at the shield, duly emblazoned with "two lions passant," and put there in an age when it was not so easy to "send name and county," and obtain by return of post a fictitious symbol of gentility from certain persons who reap a rare harvest on the ignorance of their self-complacent victims. Why, as late as 1666, when the last Heraldic visitation was made, that grand old Dugdale, "Norroy," had power, which he used too, "to proclaim and render infamous" all unlawful and proofless assumption of the title or insignia of a "gentleman"!

Whither have all these old families gone, who lived generation after generation in these village halls? The

world has been turned almost upside down since then: some few names have preserved their ancient dignity, but how few! And many a sturdy yeoman among these secluded villages, nay, many a humble day labourer is entitled, as the quaint parchment registers of the parish church could testify, to bear arms before whose antiquity the shields of not a few proud peers of the realm would be utterly thrown into the shade. What an unmeaning mockery is a modern coat of arms! Heraldry is no longer a living reality—all its interest depends upon association, and what Longfellow says of houses is no less true of it:

We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot
Buy with gold the old associations!

How empty is the mere device! But what a thrill it can awaken in us to know that the shield, charged with that self-same device, was one among the many whose brave bearers dimmed the lustre of the French lilies at Creci or Agincourt; or that, still further back, shone victorious beneath the walls of Acre, or on the plains of Ascalon, though gashed with Paynim falchions, and dinted by Paynim spears!

But during all this digression we are supposed to have left Slade Hooton far behind; to have dropt into its pleasant valley, and to have climbed the steep hill opposite and entered the village of Laughton. An old-fashioned place is this Laughton-en-le-Morthen, or "Leetin-i'-th'-morning," as the rustics in far off districts call it, who see its tall spire bright, day after day, with the beams of the early sun; a place which has seen better days, but is far from the noisy thoroughfares of the modern world, and gets on in the old jog-trot way as well as it can. How finely the old church stands at the head of the village street! The ale-house, no doubt, looks attractive just now, but if you have a spark of noble curiosity in you, you will certainly go and look at the church first, and then, when you have come and had your crust and ale in the sanded parlour, you will willingly return to it again. How gracefully those flying buttresses soar from the pinnacles and melt into the spire! How finely tower and spire blend together in those receding battlements, every particle of masonry in battlement and pinnacle leading you gradually up the tapering spire

till your eye rests upon its summit, near two hundred feet from the grassy graves below!

On the north side of the church there is a round arch rudely formed of rough stones of unequal size, evidently worked in from a former building; perchance the very doorway under which the great Thane Edwin, the brother-in-law of the Harold who fell at Hastings, has often passed; for that mound west of the church marks the site of his dwelling, albeit that very useful and generally correct institution, the Ordnance Map, informs us, in peculiarly Roman characters, that it is the site of a Roman encampment. A Roman camp forsooth consisting of a huge mound surrounded by a circular vallum! Let us cross the low church-yard wall, and see the place more closely, for this is of all spots the one to rest in. Here may we lie on the soft turf, with that glorious spire soaring above us, golden with the sunshine from the west, and standing clear against the blue sky. Fair green valleys and woods and sloping hills stretch far away beneath us, bounded to the west by those wild blue mountains of the Peak; we are, as it were, "ring'd with the azure world," and dreaming ourselves back into the distant part we seem to be in the hospitable hall of the great Saxon chieftain, while the gleeman sings his tale to the golden-haired daughter of Godwin, and the mead-cup flows, and the revel waxes louder and louder, in the days on the hateful curfew had been taught to ring out its tyrannizing notes from the rude old Saxon tower.

But the day is fast declining: we must betake ourselves with energy to the remainder of our journey. Away then down the hill that slopes from the south side of Laughton. That small spire peering from its valley side about a league to the south-east in Anston, where are the celebrated grit-stone quarries; and those woods more to the south grace the domain of Kiveton Park, the estate which came to the ancestor of its present owner, the Duke of Leeds, in so romantic a manner. It was part of the dowry of that rich merchant's only child whose infancy the brave young city apprentice, afterwards Sir Edward Osborne, rescued from the waters of the Thames, and whose hand the grateful father promised should be granted to none before it had been offered to her gallant deliverer. And the old man kept his promise, and Kiveton, though now no hall stands there, still belongs to Sir Edward's descendants, who have since blended with their own the illustrious blood of D'Arcy and Conyers.

We turn away from the village of Todwick, and the next place we enter is Aston, perhaps four miles from Laughton, in some respects an interesting village, for there for many years was rector, a man of considerable note in his day and generation, William Mason, of St. John's College, Cambridge, afterwards elected to a fellowship at Pembroke, the author of *Elfrida* and *Caractacus*, and the friend and biographer of Gray. Here he carried into practice, as far as his limited extent of surface would permit, the principles of the picturesque laid down in his long didactic poem "*The English Garden*," and what is more, gained the affection of his parishioners by a kind and diligent discharge of his pastoral duties. His remains lie in the chancel, where a marble tablet, with a medallion portrait, has been erected to his memory. Stiff and formal though Mason's poetry may appear now, there is much to admire in it, and few readers could fail to derive pleasure from the perusal of an account both of the man and his poetry in Hartley Coleridge's interesting work, the "*Northern Worthies*."

From Aston a down hill walk of two miles, (our hostess told us it was reckoned two miles down, and two and a-half up again) brings us to Woodhouse Mill, a small station on the North Midland Railway, whence the train soon brings us back to the spot where we availed ourselves of its services in the morning, and our day's ramble is ended.

Thus have we endeavoured to lead our readers on an imaginary ramble in a district where we have more than once spent what Wordsworth beautifully calls—

One of those heavenly days which cannot die—

and, if we have given pleasure to one of our readers; if we have afforded agreeable reminiscences of Old England to our future Governor General, administering British justice to the dusky tribes of India, or to Our Emigrant on his broad sheep-walks far amid Australasian seas; or, if for one half-hour we have transported one victim to the nervous anticipations of approaching June, from the sleepy flats of Granta to the cool valleys and breezy ridges of South Yorkshire; we shall not have walked or written in vain.

"H."



TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

Yours is the world! said Jove enthroned on high,
Take it, mankind, and share it as you will;
'Tis yours for time and for eternity,
But oh! remember you are brothers still.

With busy hands, and cunning's varied wiles,
Men old and young, each sought his share to claim.
The Farmer stored the fruits of Ceres' smiles,
And through the woods the Lordling chased his game.

The Merchant grasped whate'er his gains required,
The Abbot quaffed the generous mountain wine.
To bridge and building Royalty aspired
And loudly swore:—The tithe of all is mine.

And now the world with all its wealth is shared,
When lo! the Poet comes o'er distant plains.
Alas! the greedy race have nothing spared
And naught of worth without a lord remains.

Alas! he cried, shall I of all the world,
Thine own true son, forgotten be, alone?
Thus at great Jove his dire complaint he hurled,
Which soon was wafted to the Thunderer's throne.

If in thine own sweet dream-land thou hast stayed,
The God replied—Then quarrel not with me;
When worldly men the world's division made
Where was my son? The Poet said,—With thee.

Mine eyes did seek from thine a clearer sight,
Mine ear drank music from the Heavenly Host,
Pardon the soul, that with thy wondrous light
Intoxicated, earthly wealth has lost.

Too late, said Jove, too late, the world is given;
The mart, chase, harvest, are no longer mine;
But would my Bard entwine his bower in Heaven,
Come when thou wilt, a welcome shall be thine.

“BIS.”



DISSENTERS AND FELLOWSHIPS.

THE question of the admission of Dissenters to Fellowships has been of late brought with unusual prominence before the notice of the University. The largest and most influential of the seventeen Colleges of Cambridge, after fourteen years of comparative obscurity in the mathematical honour-lists, has at last emerged into splendour only to find brilliant disappointment. Her bright and shining lights turn out to be mere will-o'-the-wisps whose lustre is just sufficient to reveal the future difficulties of her path without giving her guidance. In other words the two consecutive Senior Wranglers of Trinity College will merely bestow on her the reputation of their success, while there seems little prospect of their being able, either as fellows or even as lecturers, to confer on her any other benefit. Both these gentlemen are Dissenters, and as such are unable permanently to hold a College Fellowship.

It may be that hidden deep beneath the surface of the Academic world there lurked a layer of liberality or innovation which has now, in the natural course of things, cropped out for the first time into distinct vision: or it may be that the present crisis has like an earthquake heaved this unseen stratum into its present prominent position: or lastly it may be that, without supposing the existence of such feelings in any greater degree than we were wont, it is merely the magnitude of this present inconvenience which has been working powerfully on the minds of those who have been brought into close contact with it. Be the cause what it may, the effect is plain. Agitation on University matters mostly begins from without: but now, perhaps for the first time, we have a specimen of Academical agitation. The Agitators have not wanted their Advocate or their Champion. The reasonings of the former and the name and influence of the latter have been doing their work in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Mr. Fawcett's arguments are not strikingly original. They are such as must have occurred to any man of common sense and must have been duly considered by any one who would venture to express an opinion on the subject in question. "That policy is intelligible," we are told, "which during so many centuries succeeded in preserving an intimate connection between the Universities and the state-church . . . but the key of this position . . . has now been surrendered, for Dissenters are now encouraged to study at the Universities." Further, "the one solitary pretext for the exclusion of Dissenters from Fellowships," the fact that to the hands of the Fellows of each College is trusted a large amount of Church-Patronage, we find to be practically "a purely imaginary objection," owing to the "universal custom of appointing to a College living by seniority." As to the various schools and other charitable institutions dependent on Colleges for support, "we have no right whatever to assume beforehand, that a Dissenting majority would be backward in assisting the spiritual and educational wants of those districts in which College property is situated."

So easily is our guard beaten in, so triumphantly does our opponent hit home at each attack, that perhaps it was scarcely worth while to shew the needlessness of all these tricks of fence, by telling us that after all "it is extremely improbable that those who dissent from the Established Church would ever become a majority in any College." This ~~must~~ needs cause one a little hesitation. Not the slightest, not the very slightest inconvenience can be anticipated from a majority of Dissenting Fellows, and lastly—there is no chance of there being such a majority. Can it be that Ulysses is at heart afraid that there may be something wrong about his fence, and that he may as well use his shield to make all safe? A prudent course certainly: but even this prudence is too imprudent for the man of many wiles. He is triumphant, his foes are prostrate, but for fear he may be in some danger that he does not see, for fear the foes he has just killed may not be quite dead, he will brandish over their humiliated heads the shield of Ajax the terrible, and from that safe refuge kill them over again—he will call in the Public Orator to the rescue.

It is here that we meet Mr. Fawcett's strongest argument: an argument the more difficult to meet because it is not contained in the form of a proposition, but consists of three

words at the extreme end of the letter, in which no distinctions of object, subject, or predicate can possibly be made. In fact the signature of the Public Orator is in itself no contemptible argument for the truth, or at least the plausibility, of the statements to which it is appended. If only Mr. Clark had adopted that convenient custom of "giving no reasons," while he merely expressed his agreement with the Petitioners, the argument would have been irresistible. But since he does condescend to give reasons, we are bound to examine them.

It would be too much perhaps to expect that both the defenders of the Petition should agree in their mode of defence. As if to shew us the folly of such expectations, our Ajax resumes a piece of armour which Ulysses has just flung away as useless. We were told a moment ago that the connection between Church and University has been "virtually surrendered." Now on the other hand we hear that it "will not be endangered." Further "an immense majority of the students will be, as heretofore, Churchmen, and . . . in the governing body of the several Colleges . . . Dissenters will form a minority inappreciably small."

Clearly the Public Orator has a sincere contempt for the cautious maxim "It is possible." Yet surely he must be a bold man who, at a time like this, would say that anything is impossible. Thirty-two years ago few perhaps would have thought to see Dissenters studying, even as Undergraduates, at the Universities. While a great nation and a great church loosening themselves, under the glowing heat of public opinion, from the old rivets which once clamped them together, are still fermenting in the crucible of reform and progress, it is hard to foretell the shape in which they will issue. Mr. Clark is a hardy prophet: it is sincerely to be hoped he is a true one.

One must make some allowance perhaps for sponsorial fondness, which may well deceive sometimes the wisdom of the very wisest. This petition, this little bantling of his, seems so innocent, so pretty in its infancy, that a god-fatherly confidence in its future harmlessness is at least excusable. It is scarcely however justifiable. "Please, Mum, it was only a very little one," was perhaps a legitimate excuse for Mr. Midshipman Easy's wet-nurse. At least it had the merit of being both humble and true. But how dares the Public Orator, or any mortal man, with unhumbled exultant mien forcing a living baby on the recognition of Alma

Mater, who betwixt shocked delight and half-pleased anger hardly knows whether to accept or reject the offering, venture to assure her that it will always be "a very little one?" Are we not forced to confess that the more humble wet-nurse must yield the well-won palm of audacity to her less scrupulous rival? True it is that at present the god-child is harmless: there are undoubtedly some neat points about her. But she comes of a bad stock. It was not Principle and Expedience that combined to give her birth: Principle stood aloof and she sprang, a one-parented child, leaping at the sound of the Public Orator's delivering hatchet, from out the brain of spited Expedience. Of such an offspring it is not easy to calculate the horoscope. Her sponsors have told us what the child's destiny will certainly not be: let us more humbly, after careful examination of her phrenological peculiarities, venture to conjecture what it possibly may be.

The remedy proposed by Mr. Fawcett for the present evils (evils which undoubtedly have a real existence) is a petition to parliament for permission to each College to admit or not to admit Dissenters to the number of its Fellows. It may appear at first sight that the effect of this petition will be to allow Colleges to make such elections in certain cases, while in others they might use their prerogative of rejecting a Dissenting candidate, although as qualified in learning and academical standing as other successful competitors, simply because he is a Dissenter. A moment's consideration will shew the fallacy of this supposition. Either Dissenters must, in the event of this petition being granted, be admitted to Fellowships on exactly the same footing as Churchmen, or else All Souls' herself will soon rejoice in her comparative quiet as she hears of the uproar of personal bickering and unseemly contention, which will soon disturb the cloistered quiet of every College in Cambridge. Again, if while one Dissenter is admitted, another of equal learning but more heterodox tenets is to be rejected, it will soon be necessary to establish a new Sexvirate that shall sound the different depths and shallows of Dissent, test the objectionableness and formidableness of respective sects, arrange on their several platforms the Methodist, the Independent, the Baptist, particular or otherwise, the Romanist, moderate or ultramontane, while a still keener acuteness of discrimination will be required in order to assign his rightful place to any learned competitor who may happen to have no particular creed at all.

Such a discrimination is clearly out of the question. It is clear that Dissenters, if admitted, must be admitted on the same footing as Churchmen. But before considering the possible consequences of their admission, it may not be amiss to glance at another supposition.

One who has signed this petition has said that it is his confident belief that, if the petition is granted, in no case will any use be made of it by the important College for whose particular interests it would almost seem to have been originally set on foot. It is hardly necessary to point out that, if this should be the case, the odium which at present attaches to the Act of Parliament will be immediately transferred to the heads of the electors. At present, to use Mr. Fawcett's own words, "even a Senior Wrangler cannot feel that he is personally aggrieved because excluded. He is not excluded by the desire or owing to the prejudices of his College." But it is not pleasant to foresee what may hereafter be felt toward those who conscientiously vote against the election of Dissenting Fellows by candidates whose competition may have been sanctioned, and whose election almost recommended, by the special abrogation of an Act of Parliament.

It is possible however that the petition may not only be granted but also acted upon. It will be well to consider the consequences of such action. At present there appear to be none that can be productive of anything but unmixed good. Those gentlemen who would be immediately benefited by it are not likely to make the University regret her concession. Nor is it probable that in any large College great change would ensue. With respect to the smaller Colleges however the case is different. In these the governing body is small. Six or seven resident Fellows, in some cases even less, are sufficient to bear all the burdens of the administration of a small College without flinching. These gentlemen are between them, Master, Bursar, Tutors, Prælectors, Chaplain, Librarian, Steward, and Lecturers. To such a convenient and quiet place of study it is not impossible that two or three well-read Dissenting Undergraduates should repair. In all probability they would in time become Fellows. They might possibly reside as Lecturers or Tutors. Gradually, without any definite attempt on their part, they would attract around them, not unnaturally, men of the same way of thinking and feeling as themselves. As the old Fellows died or married, they would elect, again without the slightest attempt on their part, Dissenting Fellows.

Thus, there is nothing very improbable in the existence of five or six resident Dissenting Fellows in a small College. But such a phenomenon would assuredly present many curious points worth noting.

Even now it is not always an easy matter to obtain a sufficient number of resident fellows to conduct the administration of a small College. If out of the twelve resident and non-resident fellows of Corpus, the nine of St. Catherine's, the eight of Magdalene, the fourteen of Jesus, the nine of Clare, and the nine of Sidney, six or seven were resident Dissenters, the difficulties of their administration would not be diminished. It is not impossible that there might come a time when no resident Fellows in orders could be obtained. The daily service in chapel might then be perhaps dispensed with. Or if the fellows felt it their duty to enforce on the Undergraduates a worship in which they did not themselves join, and for which some of them might feel a conscientious repugnance, a chaplain might be procured from a neighbouring College. Or, because a College chapel which can count none of its officers in the number of its worshippers is an unseemly sight, the service might be transferred to some other chapel, till better times should come, and a fresh race of fellows that knew not dissent. The divinity lectures, if delivered by the authorities of such a College, would at least have the merit of deviating from the common ruts of such lectures, but they too, together with the chapel-service, would probably be transferred to a more orthodox atmosphere.

These changes were not perhaps contemplated by our forefathers, when in the fore-court of each College they built the College chapel. But they are not all. There have been heard lately rumours, true or false, of the omission of a sacred name in the College grace, out of respect to the feelings of a single person dining in the Hall. The mention would be more blasphemous than the omission of such a name in the presence of a governing body to whom that name meant nothing. One need surely not have lived very long up here to learn, that every public act of University life is either attended by some living act of worship or haunted by its spectre. To pass over the daily life in chapel and hall, a man is admitted as a scholar of his College in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost: in the same holy name he is admitted to his bachelor's degree: it is in the chapel that the elections alike of Fellow and Scholars are conducted. An open recognition of certain re-

ligious truths pervades all our academical life. In each act of that life is recognised the principle of the connection between the Church and the Universities, which, as we are told by one of the Petitioners, has been virtually surrendered, and by the other will not be endangered.

If these recognitions are indeed mere dead forms: if, despite the efforts of such men as our Professor of Modern History, they are dead without hope of resurrection, if no one any longer believes that as a scholar of his College, or as a graduate of his University, he has certain new duties to do: if there is no man to whom the admission in the name of the Holy Trinity is anything but a joke, or at best, a mysterious eccentricity of our fathers which he cannot understand, then it were well that they too should be swept away down with the current of public opinion, whereon are floating the wrecks of all that makes life liveable. But if there are still up here those who do believe in the connection between worshipping and doing, praying and working, People and Church; it ill beseems them to do anything that may appear to betoken disbelief therein; to surrender a great principle here because it has been surrendered elsewhere.

The consequences of the success of this petition, would probably be not unfrequently those above described. The necessity of taking orders after a certain number of years, which is attached to some Fellowships would render a Dissenter's tenure more brief than usual, and, if not abrogated, which in all probability it soon would be, might somewhat diminish the resulting inconvenience. But it is not the results that should cause us most fear. It is that, be the results what they may, the petition in itself ignores that very connection between the Universities and Church which it professes not to endanger. For if men who openly dissent from the National Church are to be recognised as legitimate governors of the Universities, then indeed it will be hard to say what is the link between the two.

It is not true that this connection has been surrendered, for it is not true that the Universities have been thrown open to Dissenters. For those Dissenters who differ so slightly from the Church, that they are not unwilling to attend her daily service,* for those and for no others is the University thrown open. No instance can be pointed out in which the University has recognised dissent. Still, however much

* In one or two Colleges non-attendance at chapel has been connived at, but not recognised.

it may be denied in practice, the fact that the University is not a mere learning-shop, is at least recognised in theory. Still, if nothing else, at least the weekly bidding-prayer in St. Mary's church, reminds the men of the University that they are not to consider themselves individual students connected together by the bonds of present interest and convenience, but that, as members of a College, a University, and a Church, they are bound to one another by the stronger ties of religion and brotherhood. But if among the very governors of the University were men who dissented from her church, this solemn prayer would become a most jarring mockery.

Yet, though the University is not responsible for them, the present anomalous system is certainly not without its evils. It is hard that a man who has taken the very highest honour here, should be unable to devote himself to those studies for which he feels himself adapted, studies which might tend to the good alike of himself and of his college. There are, and every right-minded man will be glad to know this, many Dissenters who, so far from feeling repugnance toward the National Church, attend her services with sincere pleasure and respect: there are some who so nearly approach her pale, that they would soon cease to be Dissenters, were they not deterred by the prospect of gaining something from the change. It is a pity surely, that such men should be forced to quit the University at once for the School or the Bar, while their less learned but more orthodox competitors fill the lectureships which they could fill more ably; that any man, above all such a man, should have to leave Cambridge without having had opportunity for study. No one is ignorant, that during the three years of preparation for the Mathematical or Classical Tripos, little can be done that deserves that name. A man during those three years must read to shew what he can do. Afterwards he may read in order to do. Such reading requires much leisure and some little money. A poor Dissenter cannot read thus unaided, and the Fellowships, one object of which is to encourage study, are closed against him.

This is no slight hardship. It is easy to say that the exclusion must have been foreseen by him at the time of his entering the University. Three years of Academic study makes some men unfit for any thing but the prosecution of those studies, and force on them new prospects and new pursuits. The exclusion which appeared a trifle to a freshman presents itself in a different light to one who has

acquired a taste for study. Foreseen or unforeseen, when realised and at hand, it is not unlike a hardship, and well deserves such remedy as can be given without abandonment of a right consistency. Now a Fellowship may be viewed in two ways: firstly, as a prize for past, and encouragement to future efforts, and secondly, as a salary for certain duties which the Fellow either performs or may be called upon to perform. By giving Dissenters all the emoluments, privileges and duties of Fellowships, so far as they trench not on the government, strictly so called, of the colleges, their desires would be fully satisfied, and the interests of learning advanced, while no principle would be sacrificed. A certain proportion of the Fellowships of each College might be set apart, to which, under these conditions, Dissenters should be eligible on the same footing in other respects as Churchmen. By properly regulating this proportion, the inconveniences above-mentioned would be avoided. It certainly would be somewhat more difficult for a Dissenter to obtain a Fellowship than for a Churchman, but there would be no longer any necessity for excluding a man thoroughly adapted for Academic life and studies. There might be certain difficulties about arranging the technicalities of such a system, but the Platt Fellowships which till very lately existed in St. John's College, bear witness to its practicability. These Fellowships were prizes and nothing more, conferring on their owners no share whatever in the government of the college. This kind of Fellowship might be revived and extended for a new purpose, and, if it were thought advisable, might receive a different name corresponding to the difference of purpose.

This measure is suggested in the full belief that the reasons for which Dissenters are at present excluded, are not pounds, shillings, and pence, but far more important reasons. It would not be easy to devise a more effectual method of shewing the real nature of the so-called narrow-mindedness and exclusiveness of the University. None could then fail to see that it was not money or even power, but right for which the University was striving; and the nineteenth century would not perhaps be the worse for beholding the extraordinary spectacle of a body of men contending for that from which they cannot expect to derive any pecuniary advantage.

Again, this measure is not suggested as a final measure. But till the present relation of Church and State, anomalous

as it is, and transitory as it must be, undergoes its impending change : till either the English people so change as to become members of the present National Church, or the Church so changes as to become once more the Church of the English people, or lastly the National Church sinks into a mere sect, leaving England, which God forbid, without a Church at all, this measure is suggested as one likely to further learning and goodwill without sacrificing that great principle of the connection between Church and State, to illustrate which our two Universities exist.



THE NEW ZEALAND FAIRIES.

NOR only in these haunted dells of ours,
Among the green fields where our fathers dwelt,
And in the forests of this older world,
Have lived the fairy people: other lands
Their feet have lightly trod: the Southern Cross
Has seen them gambol in the forest glades
Of isles about whose green delightful heights
The blue Pacific twinkles; and the moon
Has lit their dances on the shining sands
Of coral creeks in Australasian seas.
And there they are a finer race than ours,
Human in height and feature, fairer-hair'd
And fairer-skinn'd than any Maori,
A people always merry, whose bright lips
Are ever gay with laughter or with song.
For many an one has seen them; with the rest
Kanawa saw them, saw them to his cost,
For they had nearly scared him from his wits.
Kanawa was a chieftain of his tribe,
And once was out with certain of his men
And dogs to hunt the kiwi—wingless bird,
Whose feet are swifter than a stormy wind—
And being thus benighted, on a hill
Amid the forest glooms, they found a tree
That spread enormous shadow overhead,
And under, rising high above the earth,
Its huge roots ran in twinings serpentine,
Twisted, and coil'd, and knotted, and deform,
With many a snug recess wherein to lie
Warm and close-shelter'd for a night's repose.
So out some distance from the tree they piled
Great store of gather'd boughs and bushes dry,

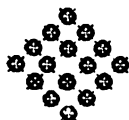
And lit it, and the fire shone broad and bright,
And made a wondrous scene beneath the tree
Of rosy lights, and shadows: then they found
Each his own cell among the twisted roots
For slumber; but ere long from far there rose
Voices amid the darkness, nearer still
And nearer, many voices as of men
Women and children singing thro' the wood.
Heavens! how the men were frighten'd! but the night
Was all about them, and the tracks unknown
Amid the darkness of the haunted woods.

And so they hid their faces and were still
Amongst the deep recesses of the roots,
As is the woodland thing that if you touch,
It gathers up and stiffens and is dead.
Kanawa only, tho' he shook for fear,
Dared let his eyes go wandering in the dark;
And then he saw the fitful firelight flash
On fair white faces of the fairy crowd,
Who singing thro' the darkness came, and peer'd
Into the shadows. By and by they crept,
Now one and now another, lightly climb'd
The huge arms of the roots that circled him,
While he lay still and held his breath for fear.
But merrily they circled round and sang;
And when the fire flash'd brighter, off they flew,
And peer'd about from distant crevices,
Returning ever when it flagg'd again.

And at the last he thought a happy thought—
He took the little image that he wore
Carved of green jasper, from about his neck;
And took the jasper ear-drop from one ear,
And from the other one of ivory,
Made of the white tooth of the tiger-shark,
And thought 'perchance if he should offer them
As gifts, that they would go;' and on a twig
He hung them, frightened at their very touch.
And lo, the fairies, singing merrily,
Pick'd up the shadows of the jewellery,
And pass'd them each to each admiringly;
And there the trinkets hung all shadowless
Between the lighted tree-bark and the fire.

So did they: and when now their merry song
Was ended, pass'd away into the wood,
Nor touch'd the chieftain's jewels, well content
To have the shadows.—O amongst us men,
Amid the noisy bustle of the world,
Are there not many of us, all content

To leave the fair reality untoucht,
So we but have the shadow? So they went.
But soon as morning glimmer'd thro' the wood,
And the gray parrot scream'd his earliest scream,
Kanawa left the mountain with his men,
Nor stay'd to hunt for kiwis; glad enough
To see the thatcht roofs of the village huts,
And dusky faces of his tribe once more.



MUNICIPAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE 19TH CENTURY.

How spake of old the Royal Seer ?
(His text is one I love to treat on.)
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotas Mataioteton.

TRULY our age is an age of iron : the broad expanse of country with its happy villages and their heavenward pointing spires, the ancient city with its stout old burghers or Society of Merchant Venturers, are not the England of to-day ; still indeed, from ten thousand steeples as of old float up into the summer air the praises of a happy peasantry, and many an old town or cathedral city still lives its sluggish life with no more outward evidence of the lapse of time, than is shewn by the hands of its old church clock as they come back day by day at noon to the same old place, to start once more upon the same old journey. But be it for better or worse, the smart young England of our time is something different from these things. The great cities of the country with their smoke, their noise, their bustle, and their stinks, their kings of iron or of cotton and their myriad workmen, joined to one another, and to their great metropolis, the largest and best representative of them all, by hard lines of railway where the song of the birds is lost in the scream of the locomotive, as it dashes through the tunnelled hill ; these certainly now constitute the most prominent feature of the nation. We do our best to justify the Pacha's description in *Bothen*. "Whirr, whirr, all by wheels !—whiz, whiz, all by steam !" Most of the old towns have changed with the changing times, and accepting the new conditions of prosperity have retained their position as vigorous constituents of the national life. Some, indeed, which scorned to suffer themselves to be trampled down under the encroaching wheel of the locomotive, have passed out of the notice of their more enterprising sisters, and live their hermit life at

a distance from the haunts of men, happy in the calm contentment which reigns throughout their grass-grown streets. The majority, however, have opened wide their gates to the advancing civilization of the day, emancipated themselves as they fondly hope, from the last superstitious trammels of a semi-barbarous feudalism, and grasped with alacrity the iron hand of progress.

So it is with Slowbeach:—dear old Slowbeach, how well do I remember the time when I wandered along your shady streets, or amid the grey ruins of your mouldering castle, reading, with boyish zest, some wondrous tale—the woes of the “Fayre Una,” or

the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid,

whilst the rooks were cawing peacefully o’er the crumbling walls, and the shadowed elms were dancing ’neath the breath of summer on the sunny lawn; when I fished for trout, which I seldom caught, in the limpid water of your little river, or floated idly across your clear blue bay; or, glorious privilege, sat in awful silence in the parlour of the Slowbeach Arms whilst the burly Aldermen enjoyed, in dignified repose, the fragrance of the soothing weed, and mingled with the curls of smoke which eddied from their senatorial lips sage opinions on the rights of farmers, and the state of politics. Ah, well! this was a long time ago. I had never met Matilda then—poor Matilda—she used to say she should like to be a student’s wife, to cheer him in his lonely hours of thought, and soar with him in spirit through the realms of fancy. She’s Mrs. Jones now, and a very rising man Jones is too; a trifle hard in money matters perhaps, but a rising man. I met them in their carriage the other day with two fine children on the front seats—God bless me, how old it made me feel—she is really getting quite fat and matronly, who’d think that she had once the smallest waist in the county? It’s a fact though, for I remember one day,—but what has a working architect to do with such things as these? It was just before Mrs. Jones’s marriage that I left Slowbeach, and after a dozen years of constant and not unsuccessful exertion am a great deal happier, I dare say, than if I were the proprietor of those two red-cheeked young Joneses—happier!—of course I am; I’m sure I can’t tell what people can find to like in the children, two more vulgar boys I never saw; and as for Mrs. Jones, why every one knows poor Jones’s weakness, and they do say that—but

whatever they say, no one shall call me uncharitable.—I had always a longing though after the old place; there was something about the rooks, and the elms, and the bright bay, which I have not quite found in any thing else since: I used to fancy it was boyish imagination, and all that sort of thing; but I almost think now there may have been something real in it after all. I have changed my opinion about some of these things since my unfortunate connection with the Orkney and Norwegian Submarine Telegraph Company—I lost a good deal of money by that scheme. Slowbeach, however, has long ceased to be what it was: a great change came over it soon after I left; large coal-fields were discovered in the neighbourhood, iron-works erected, docks excavated, and a vast export trade established. Curious to see the changes which had taken place I was much pleased one morning at receiving a letter from an old friend at Slowbeach, who told me that having had his fair share in the prosperity of his rising young town, he wished to acquire increased facilities for trade by adding some additional buildings to his already extensive workshops. A most favourable opportunity now offered itself for erecting them, but there would be great difficulty in getting the plans ready in time to have them approved at the next meeting of the local Board of Health: would I, knowing the premises, see what I could do for him, and so save him from waiting another month, which he assured me was a matter of considerable importance in a town of such commercial activity and business-like habits as Slowbeach now was; he added also that I should find the town much changed and improved from the dull old place which I formerly knew. I readily accepted the commission, and in the few days which intervened before the meeting of the Board managed by dint of considerable personal exertion, and the aid of some suitable drawings which I luckily had ready, to work up my plans into a satisfactory condition. This done I forwarded them for the preliminary inspection of the local surveyor, and on the day before the Board meeting placed myself in the train with an express ticket for Slowbeach. On approaching the town I found every thing much altered; a forest of masts extended over what had formerly been a moor: my little trout stream had been applied to the perhaps more useful purpose of supplying water to the numerous docks; and instead of the coach-office with which my latest recollections were connected, a handsome station in the most approved style of railway architecture had planted itself in

the centre of the main street. O my honest friend, director of the West Grimington Extension, well is it for you that a great authority has laid down that railway travelling is a process so intrinsically obnoxious as to make any well meant attempts to soothe the harassed minds of your poor passengers by architectural display a mere mockery of their sufferings: were it not for this, how agonizing would be your remorse as you lay tossing on your sleepless bed, and the undigested remnants of the last directorial feast evoked before your eyes a long and ghastly train of weird uncouth stations, which you had forced upon the public gaze, poor long straggling stations with impossible platforms and rows upon rows of weak minded looking iron pillars, fat bulky stations which had tried to be respectable and failed miserably in the attempt, gloomy looking stations which appeared to swallow up incontinently every train which fell in their way, Barbaro-Gothic stations, Greco-Manchester stations; O what an awful procession it would be!

From such reflections as these I was soon roused to a vigorous struggle for my carpet-bag by the harsh voice of the guard shouting "Slo'beach, Slo'beach junction, change here for Struggleforth, Grimington, and Smashwell," and having at length successfully asserted my claims to my property, and ignominiously defeated two old ladies, who had lost their own luggage, and with painful moral obliquity were about to carry off my bag as a compensation for their misfortune, I drove through the somewhat noisy and not particularly well pitched streets to the Slowbeach Arms, which still retained its leading position among the Inns of the town. The first face which I saw here carried me back at once into the early times; just inside the door of the Hotel was the old waiter whom I remembered from my boyhood:—there he was, not a whit older than when I left him: just the same amount of baldness about his shining head, and the seams of his well-worn coat; and under his arm as it seemed to me was the same identical napkin which he had held there when he viewed with pitying interest my departure from the same spot a dozen years before. I glanced down for a moment at my own expanding form (I am getting just a trifle corpulent I own) and thought of the slim young man whom he saw drive away from the gate—what right had *he* to be the same as ever? Hang the fellow, he ought to have died long ago; does he mean to insult me with his youth? I went up to speak to the old man, and giving utterance to the thought

which his unchanged appearance naturally provoked, I asked him his opinion of the docks and all the new improvements: "Think Sir," said he, "'taint much I think about 'em: I arn't been down to see 'em yet." And such they told me afterwards was the fact: indeed it was notorious that he had not possessed a hat these twenty years.

Refreshed by a night's sleep I took a walk the next morning round the docks with my friend, and then proceeded to the new Town Hall where the sittings of the Board were held. I here found that the plans would not be approved until after the rest of the business had been transacted, and was therefore, as the rain was falling, forced to wait in the lobby in company with an intelligent but thirsty policeman who protected the sacred precincts. By enabling this stalwart guardian of the municipal dignity to drink my health after the termination of the meeting, I at once acquired his good will, and he proceeded to give me many interesting particulars about the various members of the Board of whom we had a good view through the half opened door of the council-chamber. Their faces were for the most part unknown to me; the portly and complacent burghers whom I remembered had given way to a wiry looking lot of men with a generic resemblance to the Scotch terrier; and who were evidently better fitted for worrying out municipal abuses than their easy-going predecessors. Just opposite to me however sat a jolly looking publican of the old school, whose jovial face and goodly circumference contrasted favourably with the diminutive form and spare visage of a gentleman of watery appearance who sat on his right hand, and who was, my friend the policeman informed me, a very successful dealer in marine stores, and one of the leading teatotallers of the town. They were confronted by an energetic man with straw-coloured hair which looked as if it had fallen accidentally upon his head and stuck there: it appeared that this gentleman whose name was Swiper, was one of the most rising men in Slowbeach, a professed friend of the people, and a demagogue of the first water. Just as I arrived, the rosy son of Bacchus before alluded to, was engaged in delivering a fierce invective directed against Councillor Jolter for some futile proceedings which he had taken to repress the prevailing vice of the town, and which had put the Board to considerable expense. The Councillor attacked, either from a natural timidity or a consciousness of his mistake, did not attempt any answer; but the worthy representative of

the pump, thinking the opportunity too good a one to be lost, at once took up the cudgels in his defence, and turning upon his assailant told him that the prevalence of the vice complained of was chiefly owing to "those houses where poison was licensed to be drunk. So long as those houses were allowed to sell liquid fire and double-distilled damnation, so long would the demoralizing system complained of be kept up: he hoped the time would come when those houses would be shut up, if not by moral suasion, by the strong arm of the law."* The gallant publican, undismayed by the attack at once retorted, that "he was not surprised at the remarks of his friend, coming as they did from him; he had spoken to Mr. Jolter, but it would appear that his friend was champion of the light weights, and was ready to cut him up into old junk; indeed he was reminded by the way he was met of Balaam and his ass, when Balaam could not speak his ass spoke for him."

Mr. Swiper here burst energetically into the dispute, and being joined by several other members of the Board, the confusion became too great to allow of anything being heard distinctly. At length the contest began to resolve itself into a duel between Mr. Swiper and a gentleman named Crump who sat near him, between whom a special enmity appeared to subsist. The first voice which rose distinctly above the tumult was that of Alderman Crump, who said: As a member of this Board, I ask whether the time is to be wasted in this way?

Mr. Swiper: I want to show the town what you are, sir,——

Mr. Smith: I rise to order. I beg to move that these two gentlemen retire into the other room, and not go into family matters here.

Alderman Crump: I shall be glad to vote an encomium upon you, Mr. Swiper, if you will behave yourself better in future.

Mr. Swiper: I don't want your encomium.

Several members suggested that Mr. Swiper should allow the business of the meeting to proceed.

* The speeches are quoted from the *Slowbeach* paper. Surprised at such a pitiful display of feeling in the council, of what is represented by the author as an important town, the Editors took the trouble to ascertain its magnitude as given by the last Census, and find to their astonishment that it contains upwards of 30,000 inhabitants.—Ed. *Eagle*.

Mr. Swiper: I don't think it is right that Mr. Crump should have such latitude, and I to be put down.

Alderman Crump (with great warmth): I won't have my name mentioned in this matter.

Mr. Swiper: He has put his speech before you all (great uproar and confusion, and several members rose to leave the room).

The Chairman: Now, gentlemen, I hope you won't leave. Here are moneys that must be paid, and I want your consent.

Mr. Swiper: You are all one-sided, like the Bridgnorth election. If I stop here all night I will be heard, and will repeat it at every meeting till the 9th of November.

Mr. Smith: I propose that Messrs. Crump and Swiper retire.

Mr. Swiper: I will make a proposition that Mr. Crump meet me before a public meeting of the burgesses to decide this point.

Alderman Crump: I will give you this promise—a vote of thanks if you'll behave yourself.

Mr. Swiper: I don't want your thanks—my poor father worked hard to maintain you when you were a pauper on the parish.

Alderman Crump: I deny it. I have maintained myself from childhood up till now.

Mr. Swiper: My father helped to support you and gave you an education.

Alderman Crump: You are too contemptible to notice (going up to Mr. Swiper with his hand lifted up). I won't strike you.

Mr. Swiper: You are *afeer'd* of me.

Alderman Crump: (in a tone of contempt): *Afeer'd* of you, indeed—you are too contemptible to notice.

Mr. Swiper: You are the Tom Sayers of Slowbeach. (Laughter.)

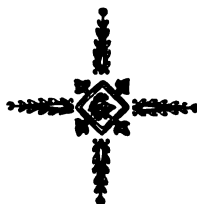
Alderman Crump: I wouldn't touch you with my hand, but I might with my foot. (Exit Alderman Crump, leaving the members quite dumbfounded.)

The meeting then broke up in the greatest confusion, leaving the business of the day undone.

And what of the poor plans?—well, accidents will happen in the best regulated and most prosperous towns, and my friend must be content to wait another month. Nothing was left for me but to return to London as soon

as possible: but before doing so I hurried off to see the old castle once more. How glad I was to find that the spirit of progress had not burst in upon its peaceful seclusion. I mounted to the ruined keep, and looked around; the sun had burst forth in splendour after the late rain, and every tree and flower and blade of grass was raising its head to meet his genial rays; the birds were singing joyously above, and the lambs were bleating amidst the fragments of the shattered walls; all was peace and beauty, harmony and order:—the whole of nature with ten thousand tongues was singing praises for the mercies of the All Father; and, remembering the mean and petty jealousies I had just left, I bowed my head for very shame lest my presence there should be a discordant note amidst that glorious harmony.

“ ENOD.”





OWEN'S NEW CLASSIFICATION OF MAMMALS.*

[IF Galileo could be dropped quietly amongst us, now in this nineteenth century, he would find public feeling very much altered with respect to scientific matters. No outcry would now greet him from indignant conservative savans; no grim inquisitors would be kindly arranging rack and thumbscrew for his benefit. He would no longer be denounced as a fool by one party, and anathematised as a heretic by another. No longer would he be requested to go down on his venerable old knees and to solemnly swear astronomical lies. But Philosophical Societies, and Scientific Associations would be delighted to hear him; Mathematical Journals would be rejoiced to print his papers; and a discerning public would gladly receive and honour him, if the sages to whom they looked up and their own common sense approved his doctrines. There is an honest candour pervading society now-a-days which is peculiarly favourable to the development of science, and which has already produced fruit in the shape of numerous improvements and discoveries. Among the latest of these is a new Classification of Mammals introduced by Professor Owen.]

For some years past there has been a decided tendency on the part of Naturalists to forsake the old school of Artificial Classification for something more natural and comprehensive. This has been pre-eminently the case in Botany, where the old Linnean system has now quite succumbed to the labours of De-Candolle and others; the result being the almost universal adoption of the "Natural System." In Zoology too we can trace the same change,

* *Classification of Mammals.* Reade Lecture in the University of Cambridge, by Professor Owen. J. Parker and Son. 1859.

though we find perhaps fewer Naturalists of original genius in this department of science. From the time of Aristotle to that of Cuvier (above two thousand years) very little had been done by naturalists towards obtaining a satisfactory system of Mammal Classification. Aristotle included in this sub-kingdom all viviparous animals, calling them Zootoka; and with his wonted acumen selected the formation of the extremities and the dental structure as the chief marks for arrangement. After him Ray and Linnæus endeavoured with doubtful success to improve upon his plan. The principal advance made was the substitution by the latter of Mammals for Zootoka; and this is an important change, as the act of suckling is always a mark of a warm-blooded animal, whereas Aristotle's term would erroneously include some species of genuine fish which bring forth their young alive. It was reserved for the famous Cuvier to propound that Classification which has for many years been generally adopted throughout the whole scientific world. This great Naturalist selected as characteristic features the jaws, the teeth, and the extremities. Starting with three sub-classes of Mammals, viz., those with nails, those with hoofs, and those whose hinder extremities are imperfectly developed, as the whale; he proceeds to sub-divide. The Unguiculate (with nails) he separates into orders according to their dental organization; the Ungulate (with hoofs) according to the peculiarity of a thick hide or that of chewing the cud; the Mutilate (maimed) he makes into one order, the whale-tribe. The outline at least of this system is pretty generally known, and its defects have latterly been a common subject of complaint. Its faults are various, the chief being, perhaps, that in this scale of mammal life, our old notions of superiority and inferiority among the brute creation are quite upturned. Few of us would, for instance, be likely to place a mole in a post of honour above the dog, or a kangaroo above the elephant or horse. Yet such is their relative position according to Cuvier. We at once see something forced and unnatural in this; we condemn the arrangement as not according to the general character, and particularly not according to the individual sagacity of these creatures.

Now to us who recognise an Author of Nature, and see design and final cause in the works of Nature around us, the reflection is not at all out of place, that there is an accurate balance between the organised structure of the bodies of animals, and the sagacity or intellect which is

destined to control those bodies. The human hand for example, beautiful machine as it is, would be useless to a hedge-hog or a seal; and again, the tusks of an elephant or the fangs of a tiger would be superfluous to man whose ingenuity and skill enable him to procure his food without those engines of violence. Now, from such thoughts we should conclude that a Classification, like an Examination list, according to the intellectual powers (if I may use the expression) of the members of the Mammal kingdom, would probably be at once systematic and natural. Assuming therefore the brain as the seat of mental power or sagacity in man and beast, it would follow, if we acted upon our theory, that the brain would be the starting point for a good sound classification.

And this is precisely Professor Owen's starting point. He proceeds however not on theory but on fact. He finds by actual dissection in the course of his Anatomical labours at the Zoological Gardens, that there is a close connection between the cerebral and the general bodily developments of the creature, and that dividing the Mammals into four great classes, taking the brain for his guide, he has also marked out four distinct degrees of advancement in bodily structure.

The characteristics of a highly developed brain are, two large lobes, complicated and numerous convolutions, a complete covering of the cerebellum, and a conspicuous presence of that fibrous link of union between the two lobes called by anatomists the Corpus Callosum. These are all present in the brain of man, and in his alone. Man therefore forms a sub-class to himself named Archencephala.

Going downwards, we next find brains with convolutions more or less complicated and partially extending over the cerebellum and olfactory lobes. Of such are the Carnivora and Pachydermata of Cuvier—the dog, monkey, elephant, whale, &c. These are named Gyrencephala.

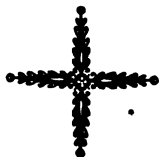
Still descending we meet a marked decrease in the size of the brain, so much so that it no longer covers the cerebellum or olfactory lobes. We see here no convolutions, all is smooth, with the corpus callosum in a very rudimentary state. This marks the third sub-class, Lissancephala; of which the Edentata and Rodentia of Cuvier, the bat-tribe, &c. are members.

Lastly, we arrive at the lowest type of brain; lobes very small, no corpus callosum, olfactory lobes, optic ganglions, and cerebellum totally uncovered, and altogether

the whole apparatus in a very incompact state. This marks the sub-class, *Lyencephala*, containing marsupials (animals with pouches) such as the kangaroo, opossum, &c.; and the monotremata, such as the duck-mole, so called from their peculiar abdominal structure.

These are the four great sub-classes. A further division into orders follows according to the extremities, teeth, food or other characteristics; the whole forming an almost perfect scale of Mammal nature from man down to the implacental beasts who scarce deserve to be called viviparous. What is here given is of course merely a sketch of a system at once natural and precise. It agrees with our well established notions of the relative superiority of the various animals, and proceeds from a principle which, at the very outset, acknowledges the unity of design in the works of Nature.

“*λαβυρίνθειός τις.*”





THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

PRYTHEN unlasp the casement: let me hear
Once more the ruffled waters of the lake
Surge on the castle's base: their wild unrest
Vexes me not as heretofore;—I feel
Fresh pulses stir within me, and new life
Dulls in mine aching ear the too keen sense
That knew a torture in all sound, and stills
The feverous impatience, born of pain,
That dwelt about me. Surely there is joy
Even in weakness and in weariness,
As after a fought field, or else this hour,
So passing sweet, by its own witchery
Hath poured a seeming sweetness into pain.

The cloud hath left my mind. I am again
E'en as I was before the blinding blow
Of that fell battle-axe crushed through my casque;
And, as I reeled and sought with aimless hand
The unsupporting air, the mingled noise
Of conflict and fierce clang of struggling hoofs
Grew hollow, and before my sick'ning eye
Spread a broad blackness, and I knew no more.

E'en as I was?—'Tis but an idle boast.
This trembling hand but ill, methinks, could rein
A war-horse pawing at the trumpet-call:—
This arm,—whose sheer and unresisted force
Clove through steel harness and drave back good knights,
As I have sometimes seen from yon hill-side
Start a huge mass, and crush the plume-like fern
And snap the saplings, driving ruin down

Into the seething lake,—might scarcely brook
The burden of the sword it used to wield.

'Tis strange,—this calm of new-returning life:—
Hast thou not seen me, if some paltry hurt
Hath let me from the field, chafe fretfully,
As chafes an anchored skiff, and strains and tugs
Its anchor, if a wind hath stirred the bay
And o'er the bar and on the jutting ridges
Dashed the white foaming billows;—so have I,
If any note of battle touched mine ear,
Fought with a wound that held my sluggish arm,
Struggling in impotent impatience.
'And yet from this more deadly-seeming wound
I rouse me, and find pleasure but in rest,
And joy to be delivered from the thrall
Of the wild dreams and shapes fantastical
That thronged the wayward paths of sense distraught:
For now I seemed to lie on desert sands
And fain would rest me ere the morning strife;
But ever, through the canvass, troubled me
The pale malignant moon, and the hot dust
Filtered through every joining of my mail:
Or else fierce treacherous faces of the foe
Glared on me, and a leaden weight weighed down
My arm, and death seemed terrible if slain
By coward hands I perished, from my peers
Dissevered. Then, anon, I was at sea,—
A shoreless sea and death in every wave;—
For, in the mad confusion of my soul,
The ocean-floor became a battle-field,
And every angry surge a crested knight
Hissing a shout of onset in mine ears.
And tossed, and overborne, and stricken down,
I sank before them, and the blood-red west
Flashed on my fading eye and blinded me,
As one who falling feels the flag he bore
Droop, muffling him in darkness ere he die.

But now 'tis o'er.—The weary laggard hours
Slide by on quiet pinions, and I feel
Thy gracious touch and ministering hand,
And hear remembered accents of sweet tone
That are to me as angel utterances.

O lay thy gentle hand in mine, and while
Day softly melts in evening, sing once more
The melody that broke my deadly trance,

That I may feel and hear thee nigh, and know
A blessed calm, as of some ransomed soul
Shadowed by wings of guardian spirits, that hears
Sounds of unearthly sweetness, and forgets
The pain and grief and turmoil of the world.

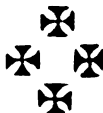
SONG.

High o'er yonder rugged fell
Stars in holy light are steeping,
Lake and cave and silent dell,
And the dews of night are weeping
Over petals drooping, sleeping.

And I weep at this still hour,—
Weep for thee. O may'st thou borrow,
E'en from sympathy's sweet power,
Strength to battle with the sorrow
That may find thee on the morrow.

Yet sweet dews the flowers repairing
Vanish when the mid-day burneth;
But my love, thy sorrow sharing,
Toward thee still in sorrow yearneth,—
To thee evermore returneth.

"C. S."





ON THE ADVANTAGES OF BELONGING TO THE LOWER ORDERS OF SOCIETY.

A Fragment.

Plures nimia congesta pecunia cura strangulat.

I LIKE to stroll about Portland Place or Belgravia when the sun shines and my clothes are new and my person got up for the occasion. It makes me feel rich to be in the neighbourhood of so much material wealth! The flunkeys in gorgeous apparel pass me by with a quiet respect. Flunkeys know but two frames of mind, courage and scorn; between these poles they acknowledge no possible mesothesis. The policeman does not watch me—the old ladies with their poodles seem to regard me as one of themselves, and being idle for the nonce and on the stroll, I am open to be considered even a rich old lady. But the flags of Belgravia pall on a man after a time—and playing at being rich is an expensive game—even though it be confined to walking about in dandiactal fashion, and impressing errant flunkeys. Moreover, there is no spot where the sun always shines, and even the west has its rain and mud and concomitant sorrows—and then comes the rub—when a man has to cast about for an object and finds himself oftentimes puzzled to know where he shall turn or what he shall do.

I have more than once been in this frame of mind myself, with just enough in my purse to make me “careful,” and no more. I am not a theatre-going man—our English actors shock me—the second characters seriously jar against

my nervous system—the cant of the best stars afflicts my soul—in music I am fastidious, and I have no box at the opera—or put the case (a not unfrequent one) that I should find it inconvenient to buy a stall ticket—meanwhile it rains!—or it snows—and parliament is prorogued—and I am at my hotel, &c. &c. &c. In the name of all that's dreary what *am* I to do?

The cause of all this desperation of perplexity is, that I am a miserably respectable outcast. Ten years hence, perchance, I may be an honoured member of the University Club, or a don at the Athenæum: who knows? ten years hence Salathiel may have chambers in the temple, into which I may drop when I choose; or Sallustius may have a bachelor's room for me in his palace in Westbourne; or Hippocrates may be in vogue and welcome me to physiological splendour in Saville Row; all that *may* come, but it has not come yet, and now?—

In such a grim frame of mind I have more than once looked abroad and cursed my stars which ordained that I should belong to the “gentilates” of this world. Brethren of the upper middle ranks—there's no use denying it—we are a pitiable lot. We comfort ourselves with our bath in the morning—with our daily shave, with our coffee and chops—with our best of tailors and our dilletantism—but we're a pack of finnikin jackanapes after all, and if you would not call me one—if you only wouldn't call me one—I should like to be an out-and-out-cad!

Compare the gent's resources to our's, and how jovial a life is open to him. He has a soul above (or below—which is it?) tailordom; he roams the streets with easy jaunt; in the careless glee of a spirit at ease he whistles aloud at his own sweet will, and is unconscious of the gaze of the multitude; if his hat be a bad one he careth nought, he is not bound to wear a hat at all; if his boots be other than clean he maketh his bargain with the next urchin at the corner, and chaffeth the operator or tosseth up with him for the fee. He is at home in every billiard-room, even supposing he hath never been there till the present hour: who would strive to ‘trap’ him of the seedy paletot?

Doth he long for Cremorne or Rosherville? there goeth he, and is ‘hail-fellow’ with the nearest, and at his ease with the fairest; he hath no difficulties at finding his element, his element is to be found everywhere, and if any presume to observe him he asketh thee—“What are ye a staring at?” You and I would be strange in a skittle

alley. He is joyous even there, and standeth a pot with yon sharper a-straddle of the railings.

Just look at a gent outside a 'bus' and see him in his glory; you and I hate a 'bus' I suppose, I know I do; outside is dreadful, inside is overwhelming. I am myself subject to a nightmare after a heavy supper, and the vision of that nightmare, as I call it up to my mind, brings the big drops of horror on my brow; my vision is a vision of a ride inside a 'bus' with a woman in black on my right hand, and a woman in red on my left, and two women in yellow in front of me, with each a baby in her enormous arms, and two children, warranted under three, particularly requested to keep quiet, standing by my unhappy legs, and all the women and all the children with colds, and all strongly and decidedly objecting to the windows being opened, and I there—and I got in at the Eastern Counties Railway, and have to be carried to the Great Western Terminus, and I mayn't get out, and no body else has any intention of doing so either: that is my nightmare, and no wonder that when I awake I am exhausted! And yet I like children; I am partial to the fair sex; I had rather ride than walk any day; I hate being in a draught! How is it that such a vision as this should be so unspeakably abhorrent to me?

Why, only because I, and such as I, have educated ourselves to a morbid sensitiveness! The lower orders of society would find such a ride from Shoreditch to Paddington in the highest degree exciting, and your gent would have been invited to tea by all your females before they had got as far as the Bank. What lots of hard cake those precious three-year-olds would have been promised before Holborn Hill was reached! *We* ride in cabs, we do! We get mercilessly imposed upon; we get ruthlessly elanged by cabby if we pay him less than twice his legal fare; we smoke ourselves into convulsions of coughing; if a Hansom do not chance to be on the stand we run all sorts of hideous risks of cholera and scarlet-fever and small-pox and heaven knows what else. While there, high above us, kicking his happy heels, paring his nails in the sunshine, humming a Negro melody, smoking his short clay, and surveying the world from his eminence, sits the enviable cad, whom you and I would be horribly ashamed of associating with, and who cares as little for us as we do for the Emperor of Japan!

I used formerly to hold it as an axiom that soap and

water cost nothing. I have lived to see the outrageous fallacy of the diction. I begin to see that cleanliness, dependent on soap, is a terrifically expensive luxury. In the first place it is almost impossible to say how far you may carry your love of soap!

In our youth we seldom advanced beyond the wrist in our soapy ablutions, save few of us favoured our feet once a week with a visitation: as years went on the domain of soap was ever advancing: and think of a man soaping his very head every morning of his life. It is terrible to think of the next step being internal administration. But think of the laundress and her bills; think of the future of soap when we are householders, and the steps have their daily scrub, and the stairs and the floors and the chairs and the tables. Why the thought is enough to make my next nightmare turn into a procession of soap-boilers bent on reforming the world with old brown Windsor. All this is quite unnecessary. Our forefathers were happy men, and wise ones, learned men too, and holy; they lived long and they laboured stoutly; yet if they lived among us now we should certainly call them a dirty lot. James I. very rarely washed his hands; Queen Elizabeth eat her beef with a chop-stick; Henry VIII. wore particularly greasy breeches, wiped his fingers, reeking from the venison-pastry, on the dogs that crouched at his feet, and if they were out of the way, on the lappets of his jerkin. With all the talk of our age, I often think there's a great deal of stuff in it all. I think it was in Mr. Petherick's delightful book that I was reading the other day, how certain little Africans dress in Nile mud: they blush at complete nudity, so they roll themselves in the sluice of the Nile and bask in the sun, and lo! they are clothed! By and bye they become out at elbows, and their anxious parents are distressed at their shabbiness, whereupon the urchins are sent with shame to the river bank and commanded to mend their attire; they obey—roll themselves again in their native mud, and return bright as new pins! Are they clean or dirty? Miss Nightingale could say, 'disgustingly': I am sorry to differ from that lady, but I think there is much to envy in that easy supply of garments.

So to return to our cad; he is not embarrassed by the craving for an exaggerated purity; happy in his independence, he may be as dirty as he pleases; he can do very well without that luxury. He has never known the joy, and he does not pine in the absence of it; his gain

is a real and solid one. Is it nothing to be able to repose in a third class carriage with two man-of-wars men, one singing "The Bay of Biscay O!" and drinking rum incessantly? Nothing to find pleasure in a cheap train to Margate, or an Isle of Man excursion boat?

I own I have tried low life at times, but found myself unfit for it. I didn't like it, and I attribute it to a moral or intellectual defect in my constitution; but I stand up for the freedom of the lower orders on principle, and I despise myself for my inability to throw myself into it. It is with a melancholy sense of weakness and shame that I confess myself deficient in that greatness of soul which allows of my throwing myself into hearty sympathy with vulgar enjoyments: I contemplate them reverentially at a distance. Intellectually I admire the cad; practically I fear I loathe him! It is the loathing of a deep rooted envy perhaps, but it is there! It is not the entire admiration which I accord to the heroes of Arctic discovery; rather is it the sort of contemptuous envy I award to the eccentrics who climb high mountains for no other purpose than to stand in uncomfortable positions.

But I have once or twice tasted the real sweetness of the life of the lower orders.

Not when I've wandered through Belgium in a 'welveteen' jacket, trying to pass for a snob, and failing, by persisting in weakly washing myself, and consequently being treated with most irritating homage: not when I've paid a visit to a small tradesman in Wales, and insisted on being considered one of the family, and found myself unearthed on Sunday by the parson sending his compliments and requesting me to read the lessons. Not when I've attended a sixpenny ball in Liverpool, and danced with the fair daughters, whose Argus-eyed mothers looked on, and as I gallantly led the damsels to their seats, persisted in addressing me as my lord. Not here, not here! but in that paradise of the lower orders of society, those innocent—cozy—private—cool—and very vulgar tea-gardens on the Avon, which any one who knows Clifton ought to know, and if he's wise, ought to resort to; there surrounded by exceedingly frowsy parties of four or six, waited on by very shabby maidens; drinking execrable tea; but bringing your own tobacco; sung to by the nightingales over head, and below the Avon rolling its waters to the sea; you may for ninepence have an insight into the really bright and purer side of our small tradesmen's life, and learn to see that

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they have resources you and I can only very rarely catch a glimmer of. Such a place as those Clifton tea-gardens we respectable people have not. Nay, we have no real places of amusement at all; we have no billiard tables, no cafés, no bowling greens, no skittle alleys, no innocent casinos, no nothing! In all these matters we are at an immense disadvantage as compared with the lower orders of society.





OUR SEVENTH JUBILEE.

WE cannot allow the Commemoration Services of the three hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of our College's existence, as a corporate body, to be passed over with a merely casual mention among the subjects of our Chronicle. The event in itself deserves separate notice, but more especially so with reference to other circumstances.

It may be as well to mention for the information of those of our graduate readers who associate the sixth of May with feasting only, and the Commemoration Service with the receipt of shillings in chapel on the day after the end of each term, that the three Services are now thrown into one, which is held on the sixth of May, the day set apart in memory of St. John's miraculous deliverance before the Latin gate. The length of the Service is relieved by the help of the choir, who chant those portions of the Service which are appointed to be said or *sung*. The Sermon on this occasion, being a special one, was preached by the Rev. the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity: than whom no worthier representative of the good old College could possibly have been found. The learned Professor based his discourse on the words found in Haggai ii. 4—9. He alluded to the hindrances experienced by the Jews in building the house of God, "then ceased the work of the House of the Lord which is at Jerusalem"; (Ezra iv. 24.) and to the effect of the prophesying of Haggai and Zechariah: "then the prophets Haggai, and Zechariah, the son of Iddo, prophesied unto the Jews, in the name of the Lord, . . . and then rose up Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, and Jeshua the son of Josedech, and began to build the house of God which is at Jerusalem, and they prospered through the prophesying of Haggai the prophet, and Zechariah, the son of Iddo, and they builded and finished it." He then went on to remark on the principle of the Prophetic

Scriptures, how nearer events are made the symbols and pledges of Messiah's coming and kingdom, instancing Isaiah's prophecy of deliverance to Hezekiah, which had its perfect fulfilment in Christ the Virgin-born, (Isaiah vii. and ix.) and the visions of Zechariah, (iii. and vi.) which clearly pointed to Christ the Prince of Peace. After referring to erroneous views of Prophecy lately put forth, and to the unfairness of the Edinburgh Reviewer in citing Bishop Pearson as a voucher for Rowland Williams, the preacher proceeded to remark on the foundation of our own College as somewhat similar in its attendant circumstances to that of the later Temple. We were now celebrating our seventh Jubilee—for the Charter of Incorporation was first sealed in 1511. Many difficulties and hindrances were thrown in the way, the plan being cut short of its original dimensions by the death of the foundress, the Lady Margaret, before the completion of her designs. But Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and then Chancellor of the University, aided by Ashton, fought his way through all, and the College was opened with solemn religious ceremony in 1516, with a number of Fellows and Scholars diminished from the original intention,—viz. thirty-two Fellows instead of fifty, and twenty-four Scholars instead of fifty. The College prospered in its work, so that its members in a Petition presented Nov. 21, 1547, to the Lord Protector Somerset, could say:—"Primum alimus optima ingenia optimis disciplinis et moribus, deinde ex nostro cœtu profisciscuntur qui reliqua fere singula Collegia expleant et ornant. Deinde in Vineam Domini mittimus plurimos operarios, in Rempublicam aptos et idoneos viros." And Roger Ascham, in his "Scholemaster" says, "He," (Dr. Medcalfe) "at his departing thence left such a companie of Fellows and Scholars in S. Johnes College, as can scarcely be found now in some whole Universitie: which, either for Divinitie, or for Civil Service to their Prince and Countrie, have been and are yet to this day, notable ornaments to this whole Realm: yea S. Johnes did then so flourish, as Trinitie College, that princely House now, at the first Erection was but *Colonia deducta* out of S. Johnes, not onely for their Master, Fellowes, and Scholers, but also, which is more, for their whole, both order of learning, and discipline of maners: yet to this day, it never tooke Master, but such as was bred up before in S. Johnes: doing the dewtie of a good *Colonus* to her *metropolis*, as the auncient cities of Greice and some yet in Italie at this day, are accustomed to do." (p. 55).

But are we not now, as it were, witnessing the beginning of a new House? We have just received a body of Statutes by which the benefactions, which have been liberally bestowed upon us since the foundation of our first House, during a period of three hundred and fifty years, are consolidated. We are beginning under a new system inaugurating a new period of our history. May we not apply to ourselves the prophet's exhortation to be strong, remembering that the LORD of Hosts is with us? May we not hope and pray that the "glory of the latter house may be greater than that of the former;" that it may extend its front to the street, and spread forth its branches to the River, by enlarged buildings? But first of all, and above all, we must think, like David, of a "house for the LORD." Is not the time come for a new chapel? Many said of old, "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's House should be built;" but can it be said now? The ancient Labyrinth, once a chapel of St. John Baptist, is longing again to be devoted to its original uses, and joined to God's house—the place is too strait for us. When Dr. Powell, near a century ago, gave £500 for the stone front of the south side of the first court, many felt, "that a new Chapel would have been a real ornament to a flourishing Society that were crowded to death in their too contracted one," (Nichol's *Literary Anecdotes*.)

Surely we have not lost the public spirit which animated our College of old:

Privatus illis census erat brevis,
Commune magnum — :

when Dr. Wood gave £2000 for the new Court beyond the Cam, and every Fellow the fourth part of his dividend, each receiving for several years £120 only, instead of £160. Let us take to ourselves the words of the text and say—"The silver and the gold are thine, O Lord;" we will not rest until we have raised a Chapel more worthy of the College, more answerable to the bounty of our benefactors, and to Thy manifold blessings."

But, as Fuller says (History of Cambridge) "The glory of Athens lyeth not in her walls, but in the worth of her citizens: buildings may give lustre to a college, but learning giveth life."

We must cherish hopes of still larger numbers to be trained here to serve God in all the offices of Church and

State, in all walks of learning and science, in study of the word and works of God. Much rests upon us, and our successors, if the glory of the latter house is to surpass that of the former—we have a high standard of achievements to attain to. We must have forty Senior Wranglers in the next hundred and fifteen years. We must have in the next three hundred and fifty years better Divines than Becon, Whitaker, Sibbs, Beveridge, Cave, Wilson, the unanswered and unanswerable opponent of Socinianism, and the last two occupants of the Lady Margaret's chair, Marsh and Blunt; better Preachers than Pilkington, Ashton, honest Lever, (who procured the endowment of Sedbergh School,) Powell, Balguy and Ogden; better Bishops than those four of the famous seven, who went to the Tower in triumph rather than in mourning, Lloyd of Norwich, Lake of Chichester, White of Peterborough, and Francis Turner of Ely, sometime Master of the College. We must have better scholars than Sir John Cheke and Roger Ascham his pupil, the famous tutor to Queen Elizabeth, than Pember, Gataker, Bentley, "prince of Critics," and Butler, with his numerous pupils; better Hebraists than Chappelow and Edmund Cartell; nobler benefactors of mankind than William Wilberforce, the champion of the slave, and John Hulse the endower of the Hulsean Lecture and Essay, and the Christian Advocacy; defenders of ancient foundations more sturdy than Earl Powis; wiser statesmen than William Cecil Lord Burleigh, and Strafford, and Falkland; braver warriors than Fairfax and Cornwallis. We must have physicians more talented than Linacre, Denny, Gilbert, Browne, Gisborne, and Heberden; better naturalists and botanists than Nicholson, Glen, Jenyns, and him who now lies peacefully resigning his soul to God, and even as life wanes, telling with brightening face what flowers are peeping from the ground, what trees are putting forth their buds;* better poets than Sackville, and Herrick, and Churchill, and Akenside, and Matthew Prior, than Kirke White, so soon snatched away from us, and the poet of nature, whose proudest boast was that he had "never written a line which dying he could wish to blot;" better astronomers than Fallows, and the younger Herschel, who was content to spend years in voluntary exile that

* Professor Henalow, who we regret to say, has since passed away to his rest.

he might complete the Catalogue of the Stars, and Adams, who cast the line of his analysis into the depths of space and brought to view another member of our system. And last, not least, we must have nobler missionaries than Henry Martyn, who gave up his splendid prospects of advancement here, that he might do his Master's work elsewhere, and Haslam, and Whytehead, than our pair of Bishops in Africa, Cotterill and Colenso, or that other pair who, first fellow-oarsmen in the Lady Margaret boat, have since traversed the southern Pacific in the same Missionary ship, the bishops of Newcastle and New Zealand, Tyrrell and Selwyn. Better men than these must we have, or if not better, more like them, and in more continuous supply, every year adding to their number. We must have more University scholars, more University Prizemen.

And have we not hope of more peace, that we may be more united, and work together, heartily and earnestly endeavouring to maintain the former reputation of our College? "Wherefore be strong, O Master! be strong, O President! be strong, O ye Fellows and Tutors! and be strong all ye Scholars and Students! and *work!* cultivate all manly exercises; let the Lady Margaret be, as of old, head of the River, but let her sons, by their own diligence in study, be also at the head of the Tripos lists."

We regret that this imperfect sketch is all that those of our readers, who did not hear the sermon, will have of it. The Professor will only consent to its publication in one way; by a lithographing process, to be done not by Messrs. Day and Son, but in solid stone and mortar. And there seems to be some hope of this being accomplished, for the interest of our resident members is already excited. We shall be amply satisfied if these reminiscences of the *ἐπεα πτερόεντα* of the Preacher induce any to give a helping hand to that object, should it be found to be feasible.



OUR CHRONICLE.

EASTER TERM, 1861.

THERE are, I should think, but few men who have spent their three years at Cambridge, who do not look back upon their May Terms as the pleasantest part of their time here.

An interesting essay might be written on the elements which make up this pleasure. Of course first and foremost is the great charm of female society of which so many of us are temporarily deprived, and the pleasure to those who do not enjoy that, of meeting among the usual haunts of familiar faces of town and gown, faces before unknown, but all lit up with enjoyment: but there are other constituents too of the pleasure in question. There is the idea of being at the head of an establishment, so to speak, and doing the honours of it to your visitors: there is the pride which a man will naturally feel in introducing parents or sisters to his friends in College. It is well for us to have once in a way these gentle reminders that there are slight rules of polite society, that there are ladies to whom we owe our devoir of respect and attention. Those of our readers who are at present in residence, have had a fair amount of this during the past week, and I doubt not there are some hearts feeling somewhat novel sensations at the sudden termination of the few moments of bliss they have enjoyed, especially if it be succeeded, as in some cases it is, by the pains and perils of the Senate-House. And doubtless some Mary Porter returned to some country vicarage, feels some little pang at the separation from that dear Tom Brown.

The transfer of the congregation for the conferring of

Honorary Degrees and the reciting of Prize Exercises, which has always been associated with the somewhat late Commencement, to the middle of the May Term, has formed a nucleus for a week of festivities, in which Oxford, by its Commemoration Week, has always heretofore had the advantage of us. The gaieties were ushered in as usual by the Boat-Races, an account of which will be found later in this Article. On Tuesday, May 14th, Cambridge was honoured with a visit from its Chancellor, on the occasion of the Rede Lecture, delivered this year by Professor Willis. The subject of the lecture was very interesting, "The History of Trinity College, Social and Architectural, from the Foundation of King's Hall and Michael House to the present time." The Professor, however, confined himself almost entirely to the latter, which rendered his lecture less interesting to the mass of those who heard it, to say nothing of those who could not hear, and who formed a large proportion of those present. The Chancellor's visit only lasted for a few hours.

On Saturday, May 18th, the town was the scene of a great martial display. The Volunteers of the Inns of Court in conjunction with our own Corps, were reviewed on Parker's Piece by General M'Murdo, in the presence of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and a numerous body of spectators. The details of the review our readers will have seen elsewhere—suffice it to say that the whole was quite a success. The members of the Inns of Court were entertained at dinner by the different Colleges, and seemed highly gratified with the hospitality they received. Nearly seventy of them dined in the hall of St. John's, with the Fellows of the College, and those Volunteers of No. 2 Company, who had joined in the Review, all the Riflemen being in uniform. In the evening the Procession of the Boats took place, and was better attended than we have seen it for some time: the band of the C. U. V. R. C. playing during the time in the grounds of King's College.

The hundredth Concert of the University Musical Society took place in the hall of Caius College on the evening of Monday, the 20th. The first part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Music to the Antigone of Sophocles, Professor W. Sterndale Bennett conducting, and Professor Kingsley reading the dialogue: the second part was of a miscellaneous classical kind. The room was very much crowded; indeed the applications for tickets considerably exceeded the available space.

Tuesday was the day fixed for the conferring of Honorary Degrees. Seldom has our Senate-House witnessed such a crowd as were assembled then within its walls. The admission to the body of the building for persons not members of the University, was by tickets. The Undergraduates' gallery was crowded to suffocation within a few minutes of the opening of the doors; many having been attracted by a rumour that the Chancellor was to be present in person. The following degrees were conferred: that of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*, on the Rev. Frederic Gell, B.D. of Christ's College, Bishop Designate of Madras; that of Doctor in Civil Law, *honoris causa*, on the Earl of Elgin; Vicount Stratford de Redcliffe; Sir W. R. Hamilton; Sir Roderick I. Murchison; Major-General Sabine; Dr. Robinson of Trinity College, Dublin; Mr. John Lothrop Motley, author of the History of the Dutch Republic; and Mr. George Grote, the Historian of Greece. At the conclusion of this ceremony, the following gentlemen recited their exercises:—

Henry Lee Warner of St. John's College, his Exercise for the Camden medal; subject: "*Alpinæ vives.*"

Arthur Sidgwick, Trinity College, his Greek Ode; subject: "*Tantalus.*"

Augustus Austen Leigh, King's College, his Latin Ode; subject: "*Padus Flavius.*"

Henry Yates Thompson, Trinity College, his Greek and Latin Epigrams.

Charles Edward Graves, and Henry Whitehead Moss, of St. John's College, their Exercises for the Porson Prize.

Frederick William Henry Myers, Trinity College, his English Poem for the Chancellor's Medal.

On Wednesday afternoon the Horticultural Society held their annual show in the grounds of King's College. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales was present, and the concourse of people was, if anything, larger and gayer than usual. This was the close of the festivities.

But we must come to our chronicle of Johnian events. On Monday, March 18th, the following gentlemen were elected Fellows of the Society:—

Joseph Hirst Lupton, B.A., bracketed 5th Classic and Junior Optime, in 1858.

James Webster Longmire, B.A., 3rd Classic, Senior Optime, and 2nd Chancellor's Medallist, in 1859.

Walter Baily, B.A., 2nd Wrangler, 1860.

George Richardson, B.A., 3rd Wrangler, 1860.

John Vavasor Durell, B.A., 4th Wrangler, 1860.

Joseph Merriman, B.A., 5th Wrangler, 1860.

Robert West Taylor, B.A., bracketed 17th Wrangler, and 5th Classic, 1860.

On the Thursday following, the list of the Classical Tripos showed E. A. Abbott, B.A. of this College, Senior Classic: the Senior Chancellor's Medal was also adjudged to the same gentleman.

Our readers will have seen that out of seven names of those who recited exercises on Tuesday the 22nd of May, three were those of Johnians.

Subjoined is the list of the Voluntary Classical Examination:—

April, 1861.

First Class.	Second Class.	Third Class.
Evans, J. D.	Bateman.	Green-Armytage.
Falkner.	Evans, A.	Carey.
Graves.	Hickman.	Davis, J. W.
Gwatkin.	Pooley.	Valentine.
Ingram.	Rees.	Willan.
Spencer.	Rudd.	
	Snowden.	
	Taylor, C.	
	Thompson, J. C.	

The Boat-Races, which began on Wednesday, May 8, have been this year subject of greater excitement than usual. We subjoin a list of the Bumps in the First Division:—

May 8.

1 1st Trinity I.	11 Magdalene }
2 Lady Margaret I.	12 Corpus I. }
3 3rd Trinity I.	13 Peterhouse
4 Caius I. }	14 Lady Somerset I. }
5 Trinity Hall I. }	15 Sidney I. }
6 Emmanuel I. }	16 1st Trinity III.
7 2nd Trinity I. }	17 Jesus I. }
8 Christ's I. }	18 Clare I. }
9 1st Trinity II. }	19 Lady Margaret II.
10 Trinity Hall II.	20 Caius II.

May 9.

1 1st Trinity I.	11 Corpus I.
2 Lady Margaret I. }	12 Magdalene }
3 3rd Trinity I. }	13 Peterhouse }
4 Trinity Hall I.	14 Sidney I.
5 Caius I.	15 Lady Somerset I. }
6 2nd Trinity I.	16 1st Trinity III. }
7 Emmanuel I. }	17 Clare I.
8 1st Trinity II. }	18 Jesus I.
9 Christ's I. }	19 Lady Margaret II. }
10 Trinity Hall II. }	20 Caius II.

May 10.

1 1st Trinity I.	12 Peterhouse
2 3rd Trinity I.	13 Magdalene }
3 Lady Margaret I.	14 Sidney I. }
4 Trinity Hall I.	15 1st Trinity III.
5 Caius I.	16 Lady Somerset I. }
6 2nd Trinity I. }	17 Clare I. }
7 1st Trinity II. }	18 Lady Margaret II.
8 Emmanuel I. }	19 Jesus I. }
9 Trinity Hall II. }	20 Caius II. }
10 Christ's I. }	
11 Corpus I. }	

May 11.

1 1st Trinity I.	11 Christ's I.
2 3rd Trinity I.	12 Peterhouse }
3 Lady Margaret I.	13 Sidney I. }
4 Trinity Hall I.	14 Magdalene }
5 Caius I. }	15 1st Trinity III. }
6 1st Trinity II. }	16 Clare I.
7 2nd Trinity I. }	17 Lady Somerset I. }
8 Trinity Hall II. }	18 Lady Margaret II. }
9 Emmanuel I. }	19 Caius II.
10 Corpus I. }	20 Jesus

May 13.

1 1st Trinity I.	11 Christ's I. }
2 3rd Trinity I.	12 Sidney I. }
3 Lady Margaret I.	13 Peterhouse }
4 Trinity Hall I.	14 1st Trinity III. }
5 1st Trinity II.	15 Magdalene }
6 Caius I.	16 Clare I. }
7 Trinity Hall II.	17 Lady Margaret II.
8 2nd Trinity I.	18 Lady Somerset I.
9 Corpus I.	19 Caius II.
10 Emmanuel I.	20 Pembroke

May 14.

1 1st Trinity I. }	11 Sidney I.
2 3rd Trinity I. }	12 Christ's I.
3 Lady Margaret }	13 1st Trinity III.
4 Trinity Hall }	14 Peterhouse }
5 1st Trinity II.	15 Clare I. }
6 Caius I.	16 Magdalene }
7 Trinity Hall II.	17 Lady Margaret II. }
8 2nd Trinity I.	18 Lady Somerset I.
9 Corpus I. }	19 Caius II.
10 Emmanuel I. }	20 Pembroke

May 15.

1 3rd Trinity I.	11 Sidney I. }
2 1st Trinity I.	12 Christ's I. }
3 Trinity Hall I.	13 1st Trinity III. }
4 Lady Margaret I.	14 Clare I. }
5 1st Trinity II.	15 Peterhouse }
6 Caius I. }	16 Lady Margaret II. }
7 Trinity Hall II. }	17 Magdalene }
8 2nd Trinity I. }	18 Lady Somerset I. }
9 Emmanuel I. }	19 Caius II.
10 Corpus I.	20 Pembroke

May 16.

1 3rd Trinity I. }	11 Christ's I.
2 1st Trinity I. }	12 Sidney I. }
3 Trinity Hall I. }	13 Clare I. }
4 Lady Margaret I. }	14 1st Trinity III. }
5 1st Trinity II.	15 Lady Margaret II. }
6 Trinity Hall II.	16 Peterhouse }
7 Caius I.	17 Lady Somerset I. }
8 Emmanuel I. }	18 Magdalene }
9 2nd Trinity I. }	19 Caius II. }
10 Corpus I.	20 Pembroke

We have received the following report of the Matches played by our Club during this term :

1. St. John's First Eleven v. Emmanuel.
St. John's 189. Emmanuel 185.
2. St. John's v. Ashley.
Ashley 232. St. John's 57.
3. St. John's v. Christ's College.
St. John's 130. Christ's 113.
4. St. John's Second Eleven v. Caius Second Eleven.
St. John's 193. Caius 120.
5. St. John's Second Eleven v. Christ's Second Eleven.
Christ's 171. St. John's 108.

END OF VOL II.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY SECOND DIVISION.

May 8th.

20 Caius 2	34 Trinity Hall 3
21 1st Trinity 4 }	35 2nd Trinity 3 }
22 2nd Trinity 2 }	36 Caius 2 }
23 3rd Trinity 2 }	37 Clare 2 }
24 Pembroke }	38 Christ's 3 }
25 Christ's 2 }	39 Queens' 2 }
26 King's }	40 Corpus 3 }
27 Emmanuel 2 }	41 Lady Margaret 4 }
28 Catharine }	42 Caius 4 }
29 Queens' 1 }	43 1st Trinity 5 }
30 Lady Margaret 3 }	44 1st Trinity 6 }
31 Corpus 2 }	45 Christ's 4 }
32 Lady Somerset 2 }	46 Sidney }
33 Emmanuel 3 }	47 2nd Trinity 4 }

May 9th.

20 Caius 2	33 Emmanuel 3 }
21 2nd Trinity 2 }	34 2nd Trinity 3 }
22 1st Trinity 4 }	35 Trinity Hall 3 }
23 3rd Trinity 2 }	36 Clare 2 }
24 Pembroke }	37 Caius 3 }
25 King's }	38 Christ's 3 }
26 Christ's 2 }	39 Corpus 3 }
27 Catharine }	40 Queens' 2 }
28 Emmanuel 2 }	41 Lady Margaret 4 }
29 Lady Margaret 3 }	42 1st Trinity 6 }
30 Queens' 1 }	43 1st Trinity 5 }
31 Corpus 2 }	44 Sidney 2 }
32 Lady Somerset 2 }	45 2nd Trinity 4 }

May 10th.

20 Caius 2	34 Emmanuel 3 }
21 2nd Trinity 2 }	35 Clare 2 }
22 1st Trinity 4 }	36 Trinity Hall 3 }
23 Pembroke }	37 Caius 3 }
24 3rd Trinity 2 }	38 Corpus 3 }
25 King's }	39 Christ's 3 }
26 Catharine }	40 Lady Margaret 4 }
27 Christ's 2 }	41 Queens' 2 }
28 Lady Margaret 3 }	42 1st Trinity 5 }
29 Emmanuel 2 }	43 1st Trinity 6 }
30 Corpus 2 }	44 Sidney 2 }
31 Queens' 1 }	45 2nd Trinity 4 }
32 Lady Somerset 2 }	
33 2nd Trinity 3 }	

May 11th.

20 Jesus 1	33 Lady Somerset 2 }
21 2nd Trinity 2 }	34 Clare 2 }
22 Pembroke }	35 Emmanuel 3 }
23 1st Trinity 4 }	36 Trinity Hall 3 }
24 3rd Trinity 2 }	37 Corpus 3 }
25 Catharine }	38 Caius 3 }
26 King's }	39 Lady Margaret 4 }
27 Lady Margaret 3 }	40 Christ's 2 }
28 Christ's 2 }	41 1st Trinity 5 }
29 Emmanuel 2 }	42 Sidney 2 }
30 Corpus 2 }	43 1st Trinity 6 }
31 Queens' 1 }	44 2nd Trinity 4 }
32 2nd Trinity 3 }	

May 13th.

20 Jesus }	33 Clare 2 }
21 Pembroke }	34 Lady Somerset 2 }
22 2nd Trinity 2 }	35 Emmanuel 3 }
23 1st Trinity 4 }	36 Corpus 3 }
24 3rd Trinity 2 }	37 Trinity Hall 3 }
25 King's }	38 Lady Margaret 4 }
26 Catharine }	39 Caius 3 }
27 Lady Margaret 3 }	40 1st Trinity 5 }
28 Emmanuel 2 }	41 Christ's 3 }
29 Christ's 2 }	42 Sidney 2 }
30 Corpus 2 }	43 2nd Trinity 4 }
31 Queens' 1 }	44 1st Trinity 6 }
32 2nd Trinity 3 }	

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY SECOND DIVISION.

These Races commenced on Monday, the 25th ult. Owing to the recent heavy rains, the river was high and the stream strong, which latter fact must account for the unusually large number of bumps. We subjoin a list of the boats and the bumps made during the three days' racing:—

MONDAY.

20 Caius II.	35 3rd Trinity III. }
21 2nd Trinity II. }	36 Trinity Hall III. }
22 1st Trinity IV. }	37 Christ's III.
23 Emmanuel II. }	38 Corpus III.
24 Queens' I. }	39 Jesus II. }
25 3rd Trinity II. }	40 Clare II. }
26 Pembroke I. }	41 Caius IV. }
27 King's }	42 Queens' II. }
28 Corpus I. }	43 Lady Somerset III.
29 Christ's II. }	44 Lady Margaret IV. }
30 Emmanuel III. }	45 1st Trinity V. }
31 Catherine }	46 Sidney II. }
32 Lady Somerset II. }	47 Pembroke II. }
33 Lady Margaret III. }	48 Christ's IV. }
34 Caius III. }	49 1st Trinity VI. }

TUESDAY.

20 Caius II.	36 2nd Trinity III.
21 1st Trinity IV. }	37 Christ's III.
22 2nd Trinity II. }	38 Corpus III. }
23 Pembroke I. }	39 Clare II. }
24 3rd Trinity II. }	40 Jesus II. }
25 Queens' I. }	41 Queens' II. }
26 Emmanuel II. }	42 Caius IV. }
27 King's }	43 Lady Somerset III. }
28 Christ's II. }	44 1st Trinity V. }
29 Corpus }	45 Lady Margaret IV. }
30 Catharine }	46 1st Trinity VI. }
31 Emmanuel III. }	47 Christ's IV. }
32 Lady Margaret III. }	48 Pembroke II. }
33 Lady Somerset II. }	49 Sidney II. }
34 Caius III. }	
35 Trinity Hall III. }	

WEDNESDAY.

20 Caius II.	35 Caius III. }
21 2nd Trinity II. }	36 2nd Trinity III. }
22 1st Trinity IV. }	37 Christ's III. }
23 3rd Trinity II. }	38 Clare II. }
24 Pembroke I. }	39 Corpus III. }
25 Christ's II. }	40 Queens' II. }
26 King's. }	41 Jesus II. }
27 Emmanuel II. }	42 Lady Somerset III. }
28 Queens' I. }	43 Caius IV. }
29 Catharine }	44 Lady Margaret IV. }
30 Corpus II. }	45 1st Trinity V. }
31 Lady Margaret III. }	46 1st Trinity VI. }
32 Emmanuel III. }	47 Christ's IV. }
33 Lady Somerset II. }	48 Sidney II. }
34 Trinity Hall III. }	49 Pembroke II. }

It is intended that the account of the First Division Boat Races shall, hereafter, form a part of "Our Chronicle."

FIVES AT ST. JOHN'S COURTS.

A long contest between 32 gentlemen, handicapped by H. Gray in his usual satisfactory manner, was brought to a conclusion by a match between

A. Bateman } and { H. Jenner
H. Y. Thompson }

which spirited contest ended in the success of Messrs. Bateman and Thompson; each side having won two games, and the score in the last being 16 to 12.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OAR RACES.

THURSDAY, May 10, (Second Division).

20 Caius 2	33 Trinity Hall 3
21 Lady Somerset 1	34 Catherine
22 1st Trinity 4	35 Jesus 2
23 Clare 1	36 Lady Somerset 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	37 Caius 3
25 Emmanuel 3	38 Christ's 3
26 Corpus 2	39 1st Trinity 5
27 Pembroke	40 1st Trinity 6
28 Queens' 1	41 Caius 4
29 Christ's 2	42 Corpus 3
30 Lady Margaret 3	43 Lady Somerset 3
31 2nd Trinity 3	44 Clare 2
32 King's	45 Queens' 2

FRIDAY, May 11, (Second Division).

20 Lady Somerset 1	34 Trinity Hall 3
21 Caius 2	35 Lady Somerset 2
22 Clare 1	36 Jesus 2
23 1st Trinity 4	37 Christ's 3
24 3rd Trinity 2	38 Caius 3
25 Corpus 2	39 1st Trin. 5
26 Emmanuel 3	40 Caius 4
27 Queens' 1	41 1st Trin. 5
28 Pembroke	42 Corpus 3
29 Christ's 2	43 Lady Somerset 3
30 Lady Margaret 3	44 Queen's 2
31 King's	45 Clare 2
32 2nd Trinity 3	
33 Catherine	

SATURDAY, May 12, (Second Division).

20 Emmanuel 3	33 2nd Trin. 3
21 Clare 1	34 Lady Somerset 2
22 Caius 2	35 Trinity Hall 3
23 1st Trinity 4	36 Jesus 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	37 Caius 3
25 Corpus 2	38 Christ's 3
26 Queens' 1	39 Caius 4
27 Emm. 3	40 1st Trin. 5
28 Pembroke	41 Corpus 3
29 Christ's 2	42 Queens' 2
30 King's	43 Lady Somerset 3
31 Lady Margaret	44 Clare 2
32 Catherine's	

WEDNESDAY, May 16, (Second Division).

20 Clare 1	32 Lady Margaret 3
21 Emmanuel 2	33 Lady Somerset 2
22 Caius 2	34 2nd Trinity 3
23 1st Trinity 4	35 Jesus 2
24 3rd Trinity 2	36 Trinity Hall 3
25 Queens' 1	37 Christ's 3
26 Corpus 2	38 Caius 3
27 Pembroke	39 Caius 4
28 Emmanuel 3	40 Corpus 3
29 King's	41 Queens' 2
30 Christ's 2	42 Clare 2
31 Catherine	43 Lady Somerset 3

THURSDAY, May 17, (Second Division)

20 2nd Trinity 3	32 Lady Somerset 2
21 Caius 2	33 Lady Margaret 3
22 Emmanuel 2	34 2nd Trinity 3
23 1st Trinity 4	35 Caius 3
24 Queens' 1	36 Christ's 3
25 3rd Trinity 2	37 Trinity Hall 3
26 Pembroke	38 Jesus 2
27 Corpus 2	39 Corpus 3
28 King's	40 Caius 4
29 Emmanuel 3	41 Clare 2
30 Christ's 2	42 Queens' 2
31 Catherine	43 Lady Somerset 3

THURSDAY, May 10, (First Division).

1 3rd Trinity 1	11 Jesus 1
2 1st Trinity 1	12 Lady Margaret 2
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Trinity Hall 2
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Peterhouse
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 2nd Trinity 2
6 Magdalene	16 Emmanuel 2
7 Caius 1	17 Sidney
8 Emmanuel 1	18 Corpus 1
9 Christ's 1	19 1st Trinity 3
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Lady Somerset 1

FRIDAY, May 11, (First Division).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Peterhouse
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Trinity Hall 2
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Lady Margaret 3
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Jesus 1
5 2nd Trinity 1	15 Corpus 1
6 Caius 1	16 Sidney
7 Magdalene	17 Emmanuel 2
8 Emmanuel 1	18 2nd Trinity 2
9 Christ's 1	19 1st Trinity 3
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Lady Somerset 1

SATURDAY, May 12, (First Division).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Lady Margaret 2
4 Trinity Hall 1	14 Corpus 1
5 Caius 1	15 Jesus 1
6 2nd Trinity 1	16 Sidney
7 Emmanuel 1	17 Lady Somerset 1
8 Magdalene	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Christ's 1	19 2nd Trinity 2
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Clare 1

WEDNESDAY, May 16, (First Division).

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 3rd Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
3 Lady Margaret 1	13 Sidney
4 Caius 1	14 Jesus 1
5 Trinity Hall 1	15 Corpus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	16 Lady Margaret 2
7 2nd Trinity 1	17 Lady Somerset 1
8 Christ's 1	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Magdalene	19 2nd Trinity 2
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Clare 1

THURSDAY, May 17, (First Division.)

1 1st Trinity 1	11 Trinity Hall 2
2 Lady Margaret 1	12 Peterhouse
3 3rd Trinity 1	13 Sidney
4 Caius 1	14 Corpus 2
5 Trinity Hall 1	15 Jesus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	16 Lady Somerset 1
7 2nd Trinity 1	17 Lady Margaret 2
8 Christ's 1	18 1st Trinity 3
9 Magdalene	19 Clare 1
10 1st Trinity 2	20 Caius 2

FRIDAY, May 18, (First Division).

1 1st Trinity 1	12 Peterhouse
2 Lady Margaret 1	13 Corpus
3 3rd Trinity 1	14 Sidney
4 Caius 1	15 Lady Somerset 1
5 Trinity Hall 1	16 Jesus 1
6 Emmanuel 1	17 1st Trinity 3
7 2nd Trinity 1	18 Lady Margaret 2
8 Christ's 1	19 Clare 1
9 1st Trinity 2	20 Caius 2
10 Magdalene	
11 Trinity Hall 2	

UNIVERSITY OF BOAT RACE

UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OAR RACE

UNIVERSITY OF BOAT RACE		UNIVERSITY EIGHT-OAR RACE	
Boat	Crew	Boat	Crew
1	...	1	...
2	...	2	...
3	...	3	...
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98	...	98	...
99	...	99	...
100	...	100	...

Auction

THE EAGLE.

It is proposed to establish a Periodical with the above title, for the admission of Articles to be written by Members of St. John's College exclusively.

The promoters of the Periodical believe that there are many who will be glad of an opportunity to improve themselves in English Composition, and at the same time to test the soundness of their own speculations, by offering them to the criticism of others. Nor are they entirely without hopes of benefiting the wider circle of their readers: equals may gather hints from equals, and it is possible that those of larger experience and more prolonged study may welcome this means of helping others along the path of knowledge.

The Articles admitted will relate to subjects of general interest, avoiding, as far as may be, religious and political controversy, and the technicalities of Mathematics and Classics.

As there is no intention of assuming the office of public instructor for a Periodical which must depend upon Undergraduates for its chief support, it has been thought advisable that it should be printed in the first instance for Subscribers only.

The Subscription will not exceed 7s. 6d. for the three Numbers, which it is intended to issue in the course of the year.

Among the present Subscribers are the Master, the President, the Tutors, the Deans, and a large body of the Fellows, Bachelors, and Undergraduates.

It is respectfully requested that those who are disposed to become Subscribers, or to contribute Articles for "The Eagle," will communicate before the end of the month with the Secretary, Mr. W. H. BARLOW, B.A., St. John's College.

February 23, 1858.

THE MATHS

The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the natural numbers and the integers, and then proceeds to the rational numbers. The second part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The third part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The fourth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The fifth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The sixth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The seventh part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The eighth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The ninth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers. The tenth part of the book is devoted to the study of the properties of the real numbers. It begins with a discussion of the real numbers and the complex numbers, and then proceeds to the study of the properties of the real numbers.

vol. 1.

125370

THE EAGLE.

A MAGAZINE SUPPORTED BY MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

PRINTED FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

LENT TERM, 1858.

Cambridge:

PRINTED BY W. METCALFE, GREEN STREET.

1858.

03

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As a guarantee of good faith, it is *essential* that the name of every contributor should be made known either to the Secretary, or to one of the Committee.

Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

The Authors of "The Magic Stream" and "Sir Edgar Wood-ville" are thanked for their contributions: but the length of both pieces renders them scarcely admissible in a periodical of this nature.

The Committee regret to decline the excellent paper of F.C.W., but are compelled to adhere to their promise, in the prospectus, relative to technicalities.

The contributions of "Sumpter" and C. A. F. are declined with thanks: that of S. is reserved.

It is hoped that M. and W. M. T. will forward something for the next number, though their present contributions are hardly adapted for insertion.

Ω is thanked for his valuable researches: their form however is not suited for the general reader; and the same remark applies to the paper "Light and Truth."

The lines entitled "The Return" arrived too late for present insertion.

Rejected communications will be returned to the Authors on application to the Secretary

It is requested that articles intended for insertion in the next number be forwarded to the Secretary before May 1st.

St. John's College, March 20th, 1858.

LIST OF BOAT RACES.

2ND DIVISION. Monday, March 1.	1ST DIVISION. Tuesday, March 2.	2ND DIVISION. Wednesday, March 3.	1ST DIVISION. Thursday, March 4.
26 Caius 2	11 Catharine	26 Caius 2	11 Emmanuel 2
27 Lady Margaret 3	12 Emmanuel 2 }	27 Lady Margaret 3	12 Catharine 1 }
28 Lady Somerset 2	13 Christ's 1	28 Lady Somerset 2	13 Christ's 1 }
29 2nd Trinity 3 }	14 Clare 1	29 Caius 3	14 Clare 1 }
30 Caius 3 }	15 Peter's 1 }	30 2nd Trin. 3 }	15 Trinity Hall 2 }
31 Trinity Hall 3 }	16 Trinity Hall 2 }	31 Jesus 2 }	16 Peter's 1 }
32 Jesus 2 }	17 2nd Trinity 2	32 Trinity Hall 3 }	17 2nd Trinity 2 }
33 1st Trinity 4 }	18 3rd Trinity 2	33 1st Trinity 4 }	18 3rd Trinity 2 }
34 Christ's 2	19 Jesus 1	34 Corpus 1	19 Jesus 1 }
35 Corpus 1	20 Christ's 2	35 Christ's 3	20 1st Trinity 3 }
36 1st Trinity 5	21 Pembroke 1 }	36 1st Trinity 5 }	21 Lady Margaret 2
37 Pembroke 2	22 Lady Marg. 2 }	37 Pembroke 2	22 Pembroke 1 }
38 Magdalene 2 }	23 1st Trinity 3	38 1st Trinity 6 }	23 Christ's 2 }
39 1st Trinity 6 }	24 Lady Somerset 1	39 Magdalene 2 }	24 Lady Somerset 1
40 Lady Margaret 4	25 Emmanuel 3	40 Lady Marg. 4 }	25 Emmanuel 3
41 Emmanuel 4	26 Caius 2	41 Emmanuel 4 }	26 Caius 2
42 Lady Somerset 3		42 Lady Somerset 3	

2ND DIVISION. Friday, March 5.	1ST DIVISION. Saturday, March 6.	2ND DIVISION. Monday, March 8.†	1ST DIVISION. Tuesday, March 9.
26 Caius 2 }	11 Emmanuel 2 }	26 Emmanuel 3 }	11 Christ's 1
27 Lady Marg. 3 }	12 Christ's 1 }	27 Caius 2 }	12 Emmanuel 2
28 Lady Somerset 2	13 Catharine 1 }	28 Lady Somerset 2	13 Trinity Hall 2
29 Caius 3 }	14 Trinity Hall 2 }	29 Jesus 2	14 Catharine 1 }
30 Jesus 2 }	15 Clare 1	30 Caius 3 }	15 2nd Trinity 2 }
31 2nd Trinity 3 }	16 2nd Trinity 2 }	31 1st Trinity 4 }	16 Clare 1 }
32 1st Trinity 4 }	17 Peter's 1	32 2nd Trinity 3 }	17 Peter's 1 }
33 Trinity Hall 3 }	18 3rd Trinity 2 }	33 Corpus 1	18 1st Trinity 3
34 Corpus 1 }	19 1st Trinity 3 }	34 Trinity Hall 3 }	19 3rd Trinity 2 }
35 1st Trinity 5 }	20 Jesus 1	35 1st Trinity 5 }	20 Lady Marg. 2 }
36 Christ's 3 }	21 Lady Marg. 2 }	36 Pembroke 2	21 Jesus 1
37 Pembroke 2 }	22 Christ's 2 }	37 Christ's 3 }	22 Christ's 2 }
38 Magdalene 2 }	23 Pembroke 1 }	38 Lady Marg. 4 }	23 Lady Som. 1 }
39 1st Trinity 6 }	24 Lady Som. 1 }	39 Emmanuel 4 }	24 Pembroke 1 }
40 Emmanuel 4 }	25 Emmanuel 3 }	40 Lady Somerset 3	25 Lady Marg. 3 }
41 Lady Marg. 4 }	26 Lady Marg. 3 }		29 Caius. 2
42 Lady Somerset 3			

• Disputed and rowed again.

After the race, the Jesus 1 and the Lady Margaret 2 rowed their race over again, Jesus was bumped at Grassy.

† The 1st Trinity 6, and the Magdalene 2, had been taken off before this (Monday's) race.

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[May, 1858.]

No. II.]

THE EAGLE.

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THE Editors of the Eagle, after carefully considering various plans for providing for its future good management and permanency, have agreed upon the following scheme:—

The Editors shall be five in number, one of them being a resident Fellow, who shall vacate his office by resignation alone. The other Editors, of whom two at least shall be Undergraduates, shall be elected for one year, by such Members of St. John's College as are Subscribers, and, when elected, shall proceed to choose from among themselves a President and Secretary. One Editor shall be elected at the end of each Term by the votes of the Subscribers, from such Candidates as are proposed by any of the Subscribers. If there are any other vacancies to be filled up, the Editors reserve the power of nominating to them.

Any Member of St. John's College desirous of becoming a Candidate for the Office of Editor in the October Term, must have his name, with the name of his proposer, sent in to the Secretary before 4 o'clock, P.M., on Monday, the 24th instant: the list of the Candidates will be sent round, and the election will take place towards the end of the week.

The price of the three numbers of the "Eagle," which form one year's issue, is fixed at Five Shillings. Subscribers are requested to pay their subscriptions to Mr. E. JOHNSON, Trinity Street, who is authorised to collect them. Extra separate Numbers can be procured by Annual Subscribers only, at a charge of 1s. 6d. or 2s. according to the size of the copy. Any Member of St. John's College desirous of becoming a subscriber, may do so on application to Mr. E. JOHNSON, in whose hands also is the supply of back numbers.

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No. VII.—Vol. II.]

[March, 1860.

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1860.

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Each contributor will be made responsible for correcting the proofs of his own article.

The Committee of Editors wish it to be distinctly understood that the insertion of an article by no means implies their acquiescence in the opinions contained therein;—their sole rule of selection is to insert that article, which, from the thought it exhibits, or some other merit, shall appear most deserving of the reader's attention.

Notices of rejected communications will not in future be inserted, but the articles will be returned to the Authors by the Secretary.

It is particularly requested that articles intended for insertion in the next number be forwarded to the Secretary on or before November 9th, 1861.

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The Subscription for the fourth year's issue, comprising Numbers IX., X., and XI., is fixed at 3s. 6d. It is requested that it may be paid without delay to Mr. Elijah Johnson, Bookseller, Trinity Street.

The Subscription for last year's issue, (Numbers VI., VII., VIII.), was fixed at 3s. 6d. The Committee will feel obliged if those Subscriptions, which are not yet paid, be forwarded at once to the same address.

Subscribers may obtain extra copies of any of the numbers on application to Mr. E. Johnson, at a charge of 1s. 6d. or 2s., according to size. Subscribers' names will be received by the Secretary or by Mr. Johnson.

St. John's College, May 25th, 1861.

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